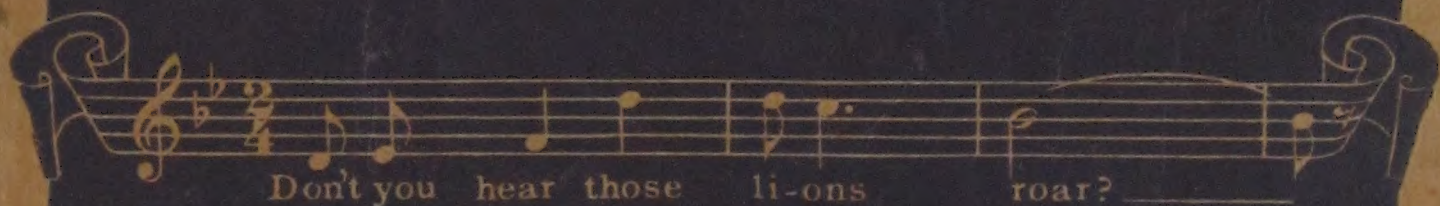


SONGS
— *for* —
LIONS

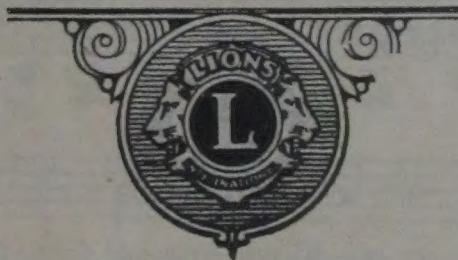


SONGS FOR LIONS

*It's the song ye sing, and the smile ye wear,
That's a-making the sun shine everywhere.*

—RILEY.

LIONS INTERNATIONAL



McCormick Building, 332 S. Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.

Foreword

LIONS, here is our first song book. You have asked for music and here it is! We, at International, have tried to make it a book full to the brim with just the kind of songs that will make the singing in your club a success. We know that it is by no means perfect but it is a step in the right direction. We urge your constructive criticism so that future editions will be an improvement over this one.

Some songs are given without music but this is because we were unable to secure the necessary permissions.

Acknowledgment is hereby made to the many Lions and friends of Lions who have been so gracious in granting us permission to use original compositions and in assisting us to gather state songs and other material. Acknowledgment is also made to Hall & McCreary Company for permission to use certain copyrighted texts and arrangements from The Golden Book of Favorite Songs and The Gray Book of Favorite Songs.

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By
Lions International

We Are The Lions

3

R.L.B.

International Lions Club Song

Lion ROY L. BURTCH

1. Ev-'ry week, our Li-ons meet, They talk, they sing, they dine —
2. Lib-er - ty, our slo-gan is, New tho'ts, new hopes, new plans —

mf

They sow seeds, in words and deeds, Yes, all have one big time HOO-RAY!
Li - ons stand, for na-tions grand, They serve with help-ing hands

CHORUS

We are the Li-ons, Rip roaring Lions, We roar from coast to coast —

L-I - O - N-S, Friend-ship's the true test, On ev-'ry Li-on we boast.

Don't You Hear Those Lions Roar

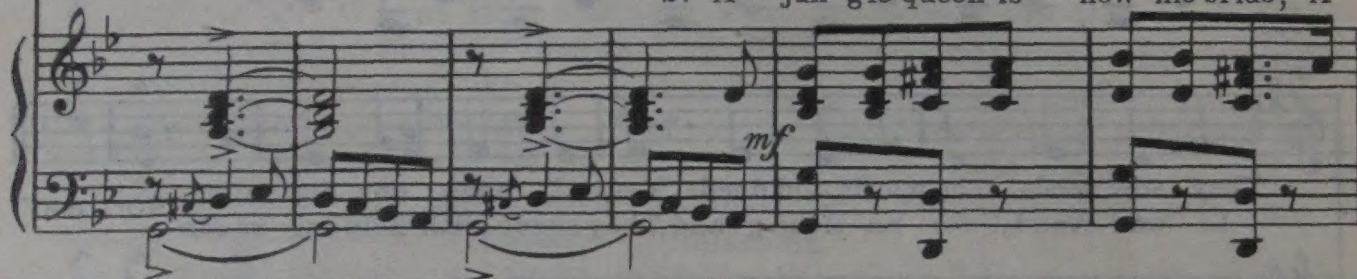
JOSEPH W. THURSTON

Dedicated to Lions International

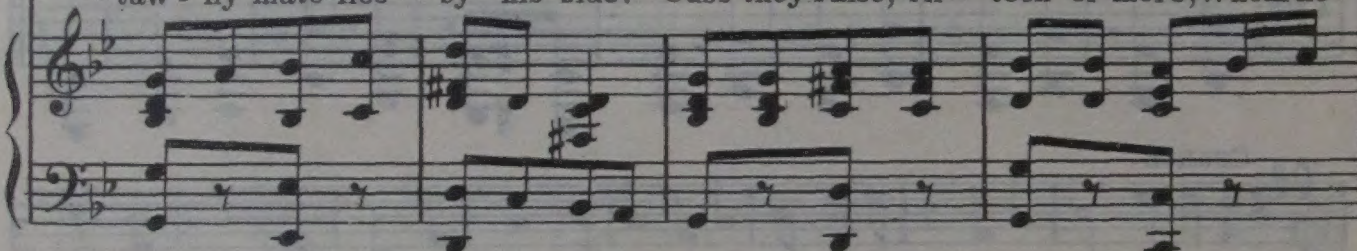
ROBERT KELLOGG

Moderato

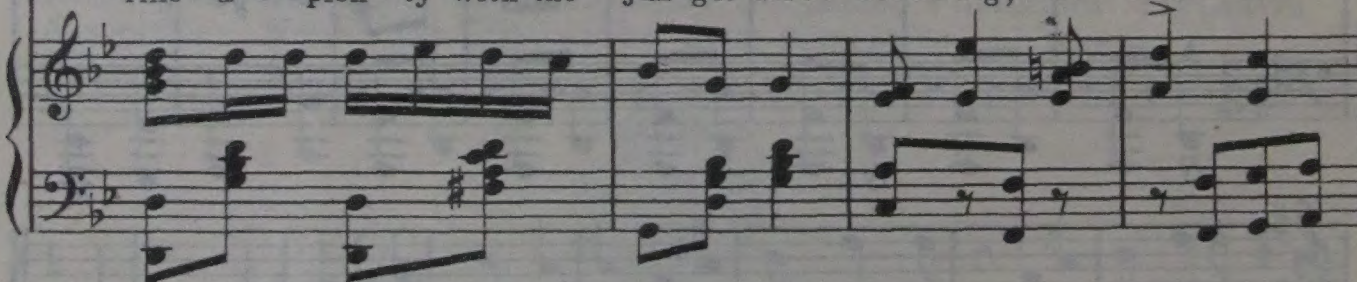
1. He makes his home in a jun-gle den, He
 2. A jun-gle queen is now his bride, A



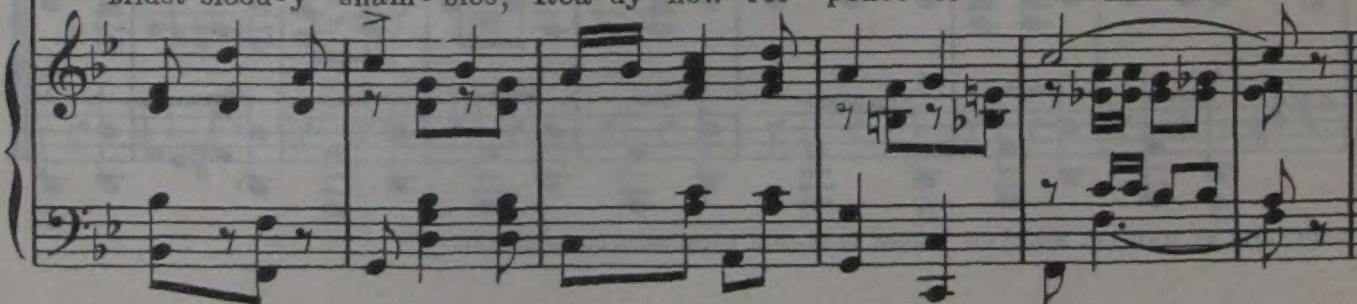
feeds on meat and al - so men; King of beasts, he kills and preys, He's the
 taw - ny mate lies by his side. Cubs they raise, fif - teen or more, Whom he



lord of the for-est, 'til he ends his days. Roar-ing, he bites 'em!
 fills a - plen - ty with the jun-gle lore. Growl-ing, he ram - bles



Snarl-ing, he fights 'em! Mon-arch of all he sur - veys
 Midst blood-y sham-bles, Rea-dy now for peace or war



Don't You Hear Those Lions Roar—Continued

5

CHORUS

Don't you hear those lions roar? Don't you hear those lions roar?

You can hear them roaring ev'-ry week As they feed and growl for more.

You should hear those li-ons roar Their snarl-ing, rumbling roar.

So, Roar Li-ons! Bite'em! Bite'em! Bite'em! Don't you hear those lions

hear those li-ons hear those li-ons roar! Don't you roar.

The Roaring Lions

M. L. W.

MARIAN LEITCH WOZENCRAFT

Hear the roaring Lions *(ROAR) trem.* The ripping roaring Li-ons

(ROAR) trem. *(spoken)* Bite 'em *(spoken)* Bite 'em *(spoken)* Bite 'em *trem.* Ev-ry body likes a Li-on And

if you should find a man Who says he does n't want to be one Why you know he's ly-in! The

Li-on is the pep-to-mis-tic chap, He's got the snap, He gets there. That is why it's great to

be one And that's why they're ev-ry where. I'm glad I be-long to the

The Roaring Lions—Continued

7

Li- ons Club I like the way they roar (ROAR)

Then roar, roar, roar for the Li- ons Club and then roar some more I

like to be- long to the Li- ons Club They're al-ways do- ing

some-thing that's worth-while. Then give me the Li- ons Club

all year round Then give me the Lions Club all year round And a great big Lion SMILE!

gliss.

may be omitted

Lions Marching Song

E. RITCHINGS

Moderato

1. Li-ons all in fel-low-ship u-nit-ed; In one bond of broth-er-hood we stand;
 2. Li-ons all our du-ty lies before us, Many tasks a-wait our helping hand;

To the cause of help-ful-ness we're plighted, Everywhere you go throughout the land.
 There's no need for doubt or hes-i - ta-tion, When our course of ac-tion we have planned.

"Lib-er-ty in all things" is our watchword, And we make In- teg- ri-ty our aim;
 All to- geth- er, Li- ons! let us pull, then; Show the world we know what we're about,

For our na- tion's safe-ty we are working through those principles we name, So
 And in time suc-cess will crown our efforts, There can nev-er be a doubt. Then

Lions Marching Song—Continued

9

CHORUS

Roar, Lions and boost the cause a-long: Roar, Li-ons, we're fif-ty thousand strong;

Roar Lions, to fight against the wrong, the Lions Club will stand to-geth-er. geth-er.

Lions Guest Song

LION ROY L. BURTCHE

Lively

Ev - 'ry Li - on wants you, — To join our club and

roar, — Our guests are tell - ing, We keep you a yell-ing,

For good acts the Li - ons roar. — roar. —

Roar, Lions, Roar

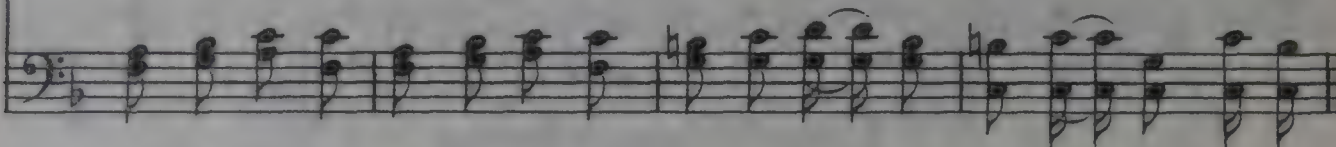
ED. CHENETTE

Not too fast

1. There's an-i-mals live in the zoo, The el-e-phant and the kangaroo, And
 2. St. Pet-er said, "A zoo I'll make, To which the best from this earth I'll take," And



li-on cubs, but that's not all, Those cubs they grew to be some tall: And it's
 when that view it was un-fur'd, The Lions were sittin' on top of the world: And it's

*CHORUS (with pep)*

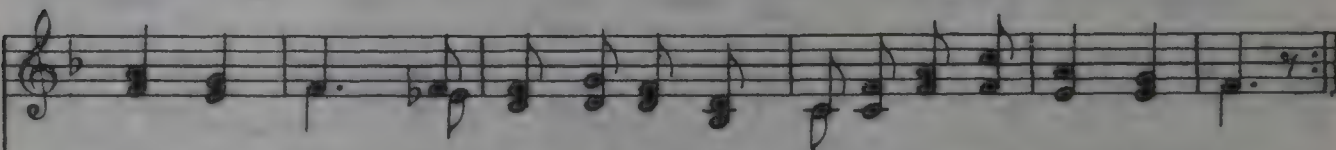
Roar Lions Roar oh it's Roar Lions Roar; The den is big, the



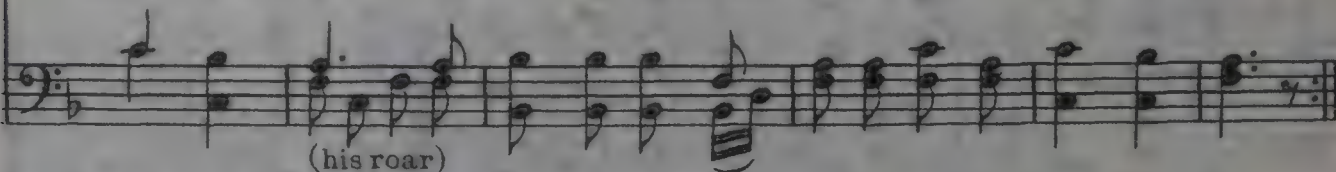
(his roar)



pack is strong, You tell the world we're get-tin' on, So Roar Lions Roar, oh it's



Roar Lions Roar, The world's our meat and we are eat-in' Roar Lions Roar.



(his roar)

Lions Guess

(Tune of "Guess")

11

ROY L. BURTCH

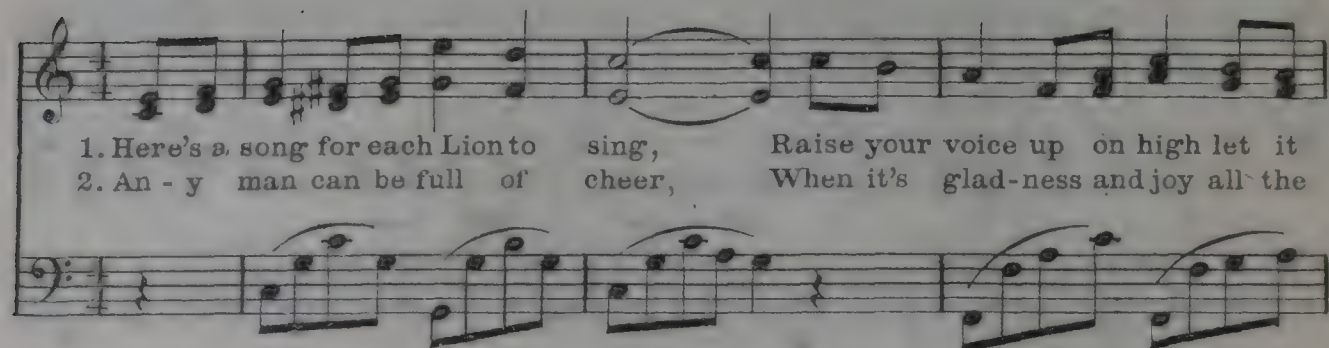
The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a melody line in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The piano part includes chords, arpeggios, and a steady bass line. The lyrics are written below the melody line.

Guess who's been do-ing the big things, Guess why they cover our
land, Guess why they all lunch to - geth - er,
Guess who serve their town so grand. Guess why they roar when
sing - ing, Guess it's the talk you see, Guess, guess,
guess if you want the best, It's the Lions Club for me.

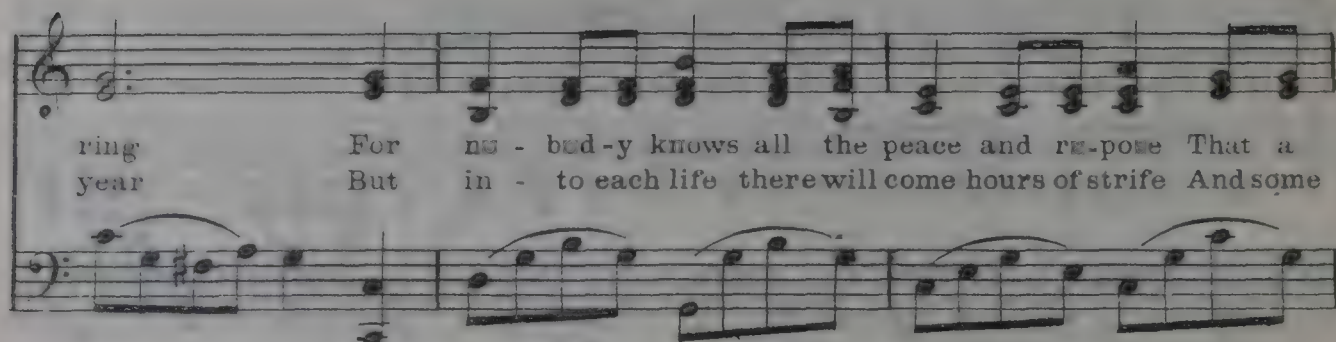
Keep Smiling On

Dedicated to Lions International

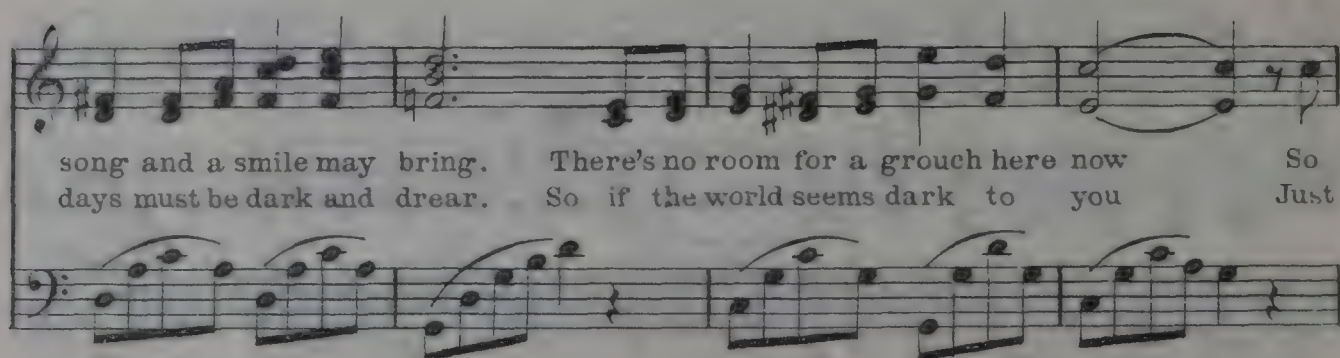
Lion WALTER DECKER



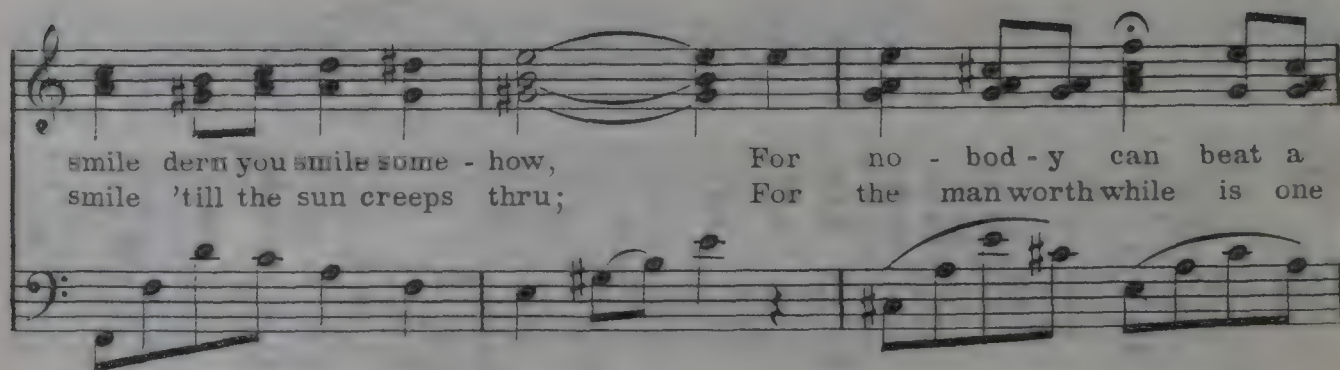
1. Here's a song for each Lion to sing, Raise your voice up on high let it
 2. An - y man can be full of cheer, When it's glad-ness and joy all the



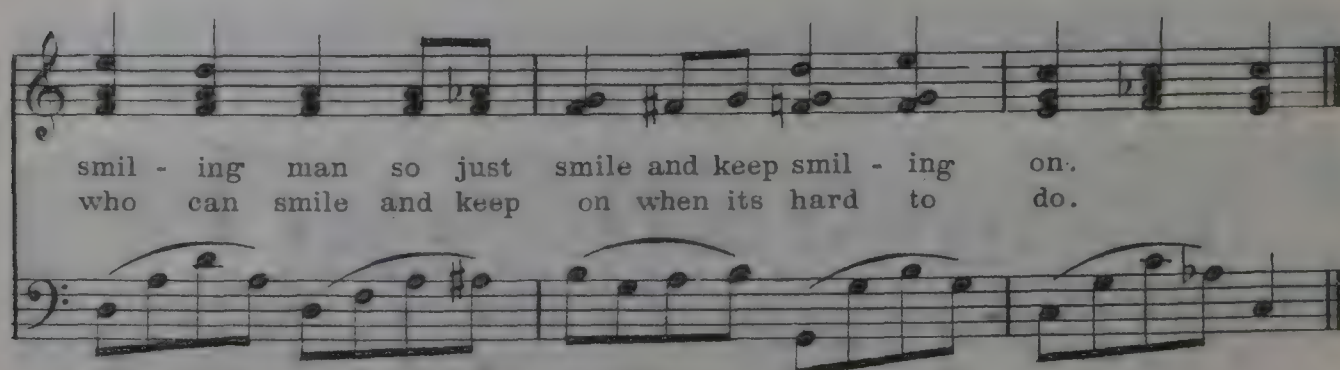
ring year For no - bod - y knows all the peace and re - pose That a
 But in - to each life there will come hours of strife And some



song and a smile may bring. There's no room for a grouch here now So
 days must be dark and drear. So if the world seems dark to you Just



smile dern you smile some - how, For no - bod - y can beat a
 smile 'till the sun creeps thru; For the man worth while is one



smil - ing man so just smile and keep smil - ing on.
 who can smile and keep on when its hard to do.

Keep Smiling On—Continued

13

QUARTET CHORUS

Just keep smil - ing, keep smil - ing on, Keep a
note of pure joy in your song Gold - en sun-beams will play round your
heart ev - 'ry day If you just keep on smil - ing on.

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Lions Everywhere

R. L. B.

Lion ROY L. BURTCH

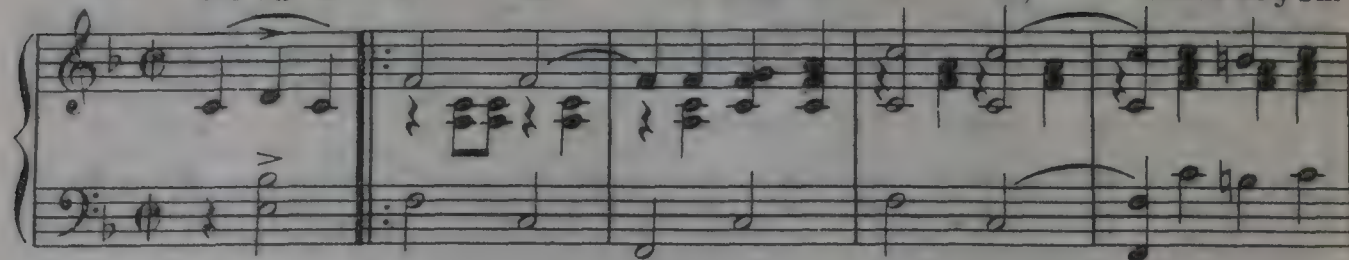
The Li-ons Club is one big club In the town where we live and
stay Sure they are no lonesome hours, in this Li-ons Club of ours; We
love and help each oth-er day by day We have good talks ex-press our
thoughts We all must do our share There's no club,
bet-ter than the Li - ons It's Li - ons ev - 'ry - where.

Copyright by Lion Roy L. Burtch. Used by permission.

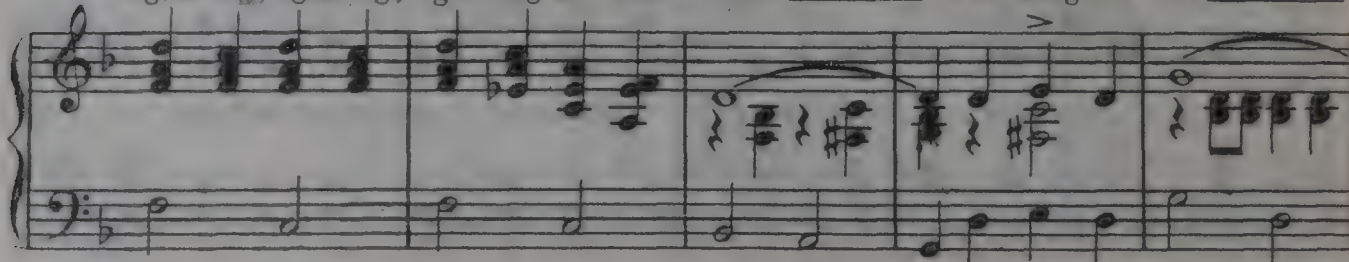
The Fighting Lion

JOHN A. HEIST

J. A. H. For I'm a Li - on a roar-in' Li - on, That's why I'm



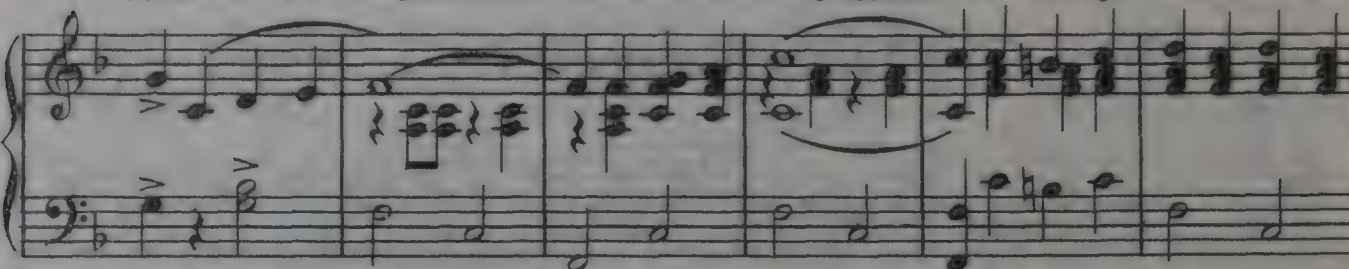
fight-ing, fight-ing, fight-ing all the time _____ The King I'll be _____



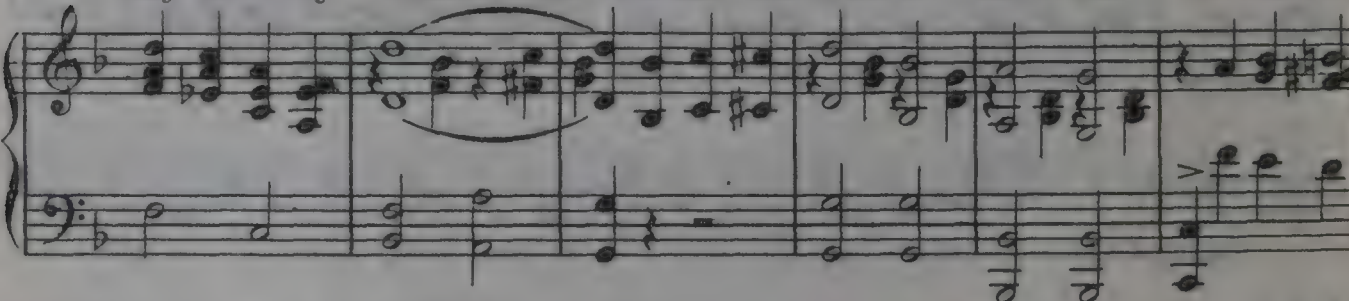
_____ of In-dus-try _____ That all the world may know our pow-er and im-men-si-



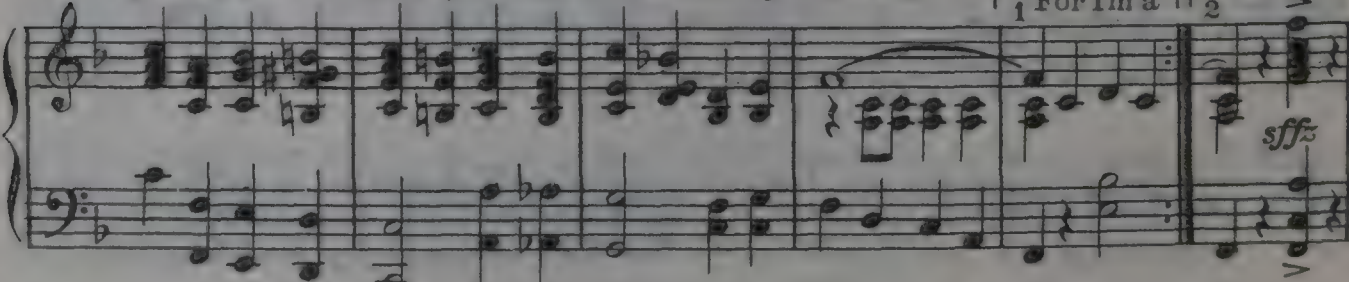
ty. I'm here to say _____ we have our way _____ For ev-'ry Li-on leads the



way in ev-'ry clime _____ We want the world to know that we want to



go For I'm a Li-on, Li-on, Li-on ev-'ry time. _____



(A) Lionize

Tune: "Maryland, My Maryland" (Page 61)
 What call is that we hear today?

Lionize, Oh Lionize.
 It comes from near and far away,
 Lionize, Oh Lionize.
 That call is meant for me and you
 To try and see what we can do
 To make our fondest dreams come true
 Lionize, Oh Lionize.

We place our faith in civic pride,
 Lionize, Oh Lionize.
 We cannot quit or step aside,
 Lionize, Oh Lionize.
 Too long the grafter foe holds sway
 And politicians rule the day,
 We know we have a better way,
 Lionize, Oh Lionize.

In hope and faith and loyalty,
 Lionize, Oh Lionize.
 Extend the hand of charity,
 Lionize, Oh Lionize.
 And when at last the race is run,
 And time brings 'round tomorrow's sun,
 They'll not forget what we have done.
 Lionize, Oh Lionize.

**(B) We're Going to Roar
Some More**

Tune: "It Ain't Gonna Rain No Mo'"
 The Lion Boys are all Good Sports
 And they're always in for fun,
 And when they start to do a thing
 They do it till it's done.

Oh we're going to roar some more, some
 more,
 We're going to roar some more.
 We roared last night and the night before
 And we're going to roar some more.

(C) Lions

Tune: "Ain't We Got Fun"
 In the morning, in the evening,
 Ain't we got fun!
 Not much money, oh, but honey, ain't we
 got fun?
 The rent is paid, dear. We haven't a bus.
 But smiles were made, dear, for Lions
 like us.
 In the Summer, in the Winter,
 Ain't we got fun.
 Times are bum and getting bummer,
 Still we got fun.
 There's nothing surer, without the Lions,
 the world w'd be poorer.
 In the meantime, in between time, ain't
 we got fun!

(The above song originated at the Burlington,
 Iowa, Lions Club.)

(D) Brother Lion

Tune: "Oh! Mr. Gallagher"
 No. 1. Oh, Brother Lion.
 No. 2. Yes, Brother Lion. Come what's
 on your mind this noontime,
 Brother Lion?
 No. 1. Everybody's here for fun—do
 your share and do not run—for
 we want to let you know we
 are not dyin'.
 No. 2. Oh, Brother Lion.
 No. 1. Yes, Brother Lion.
 No. 2. You don't want to go away from
 here a sighin'. Buck right up,
 and help us sing, for new mem-
 bers it will bring.
 All. Then you'll hear more Lions roar-
 ing in our good old Lions' den.

(E) Roaring Now For You

Tune: "Barney Google"
 Roaring Lions, we are roaring now for
 you,
 Roaring Lions, we're loyal, square and
 true.
 If you think we're not so much,
 You will find that you're in dutch,
 Roaring Lions, we are roaring now for
 you.
 Roaring Lions, we are roaring now for
 you,
 Roaring Lions, you are loyal through and
 through,
 You are always on the square,
 And you always treat one fair.
 Roaring Lions, we are roaring now for
 you.
 Oh, New Jersey, we are roaring now for
 you,
 Oh, New Jersey, where the skies are ever
 blue,
 You're a State that can't be beat,
 And you take them off their feet,
 Oh, New Jersey, we are roaring now for
 you.

(F) R-O-A-R Lions

Tune: "Li'l Liza Jane"
 We stand for strength and we stand for
 pep
 Big Lions all.
 We'll show this town we're on the map,
 Big Lions all.
 R-O-A-R Lions, we're Lions all.
 R-O-A-R Lions, we're Lions all.
 When we get started, watch our smoke,
 Fierce Lions all.
 We'll make things hum and that's no joke,
 Fierce Lions all.

*Success seems to be largely a matter of
 hanging on after others have let go.*

(A) The Lions Forever

Willis Doane Rich, Boston

Tune: "Battle Cry of Freedom" (Page 30)

I would rather be a "Has Been" than a
 "Might Have Been," by far,
 Roar Cubs, that Lions must be "Doers"!
 For a "Might Have Been" was never, but
 a "Has" has been an "Are"!

Roar Cubs, that Lions must be "Doers"!

Chorus:

The Lions forever! Hurrah cubs, Hurrah!
 Down, with the laggard, Up with the
 "Are,"

While we rally round our Den, Cubs,
 Work with heart and brain,
 Roaring that Lions must be "Do-ers"!

(B) Lions' Clan

By Mrs. Roy Meeker, Marshalltown

Tune: "On, Wisconsin"

We are Lions, Yes, we're Lions,
 Brave we are and true; And we stand
 With out-stretched hand Our Duty glad
 to do.

Pull together, Failing never
 To serve whenever we can, We're the
 bunch

That's full of punch, The Lions' Clan.
 With fearless heart, We'll do our part,
 Our country to advance; Hold to the
 right,

With all our might, And serve at every
 chance.

We count all others as our brothers,
 And live as earnest men, And you can
 hear

Us roar, when near Our Lions' Den.

(C) Lions Forever

Tune: "Battle Cry of Freedom" (Page 30)

We have rallied here to dine, boys,
 We've rallied once again,
 Boosting the principles of Lions,
 And we've brought along our smile, boys,
 Our wives and sweethearts, too,
 Shouting our loyalty to Lions,

Chorus:

Lions forever! Hurrah, boys, hurrah!
 Fling wide our banner and stand by our
 creed

While we tarry at our dinner, boys,
 And pledge to meet again,
 Shouting for Lions, forever.

(D) I Love a Lion

Tune: "I Love a Lassie"

I love a Lion, a haughty, growling Lion,
 Who can roar like the thunder up
 above,

Be as swift as a blighter,
 A rangy, rampant fighter,
 Leo, my jungle love.

(E) The Lions' Booster

Tune: "When You Wore a Tulip"

If I had a rooster, a wonderful rooster,
 That rooster would have to be
 A loud-crowing booster, a hard-scratch-
 ing booster,

For the Lions' coterie
 Or I would arrest him, and when I had
 dressed him

That Cock-a-doddle-do
 No more would wake up the neighbors
 with his vocal labors,
 For I'd have a chicken stew.

(F) True Lions

Lion "Blackie" (W. M.) Black

Tune: "Auld Lang Syne" (Page 71)

True Lions love to gather thus,
 To share the weekly meal.
 True Lions love in friendship's clasp
 The hand of friend to feel.
 Our songs to sing, our roar to give,
 In this is our delight.
 Let's all join in and make the Lions
 A Club of might and right.

So let us stand together Lions,
 With joy and right good cheer,
 For peace and rest and all that's best;
 For this our homeland dear.
 And for the City that we love;
 And for our mother State,
 We'll roar, we'll bite, we'll boost, we'll
 fight,
 From early until late.

(G) Lions Collegiate

Tune: "Collegiate"

Lions, Lions,
 Yes, we are all Lions
 Nothing else worth trying
 No! Ma'am!
 Singing, Roaring, and we're always rear'in
 But we're ruff and ready
 Yea.
 Knocking, Frowning—things we never do
 And we haven't any use for tightwads,
 soreheads.
 Very, very seldom in a hurry
 Never ever worry
 We are Lions. Rah! Rah! Rah!

(H) Lions Bold

Tune: "All Alone"

We're Lions bold, on the town we're sold
 Cause there's none so staunch and true.
 We are told and we must behold
 Ac-ti-vi-ties great, in town or state.
 We're not alone in this wondrous work,
 But we must lead all the rest,
 Helping all the boys—and all the girls—
 And all the folks, to do their best.

*To accomplish a work of art, one
 must learn the art of work.*

(A) Kick All the Grouchers Off the Old Green Earth

Tune: "Pack Up Your Troubles"

Kick all the grouchers off the old green
earth

And roar, roar, roar;

For they've annoyed us ever since their
birth,

Roar, boys, make them sore;

What's the use of worrying,

And fretting to the core?

So kick all the grouchers off the old
green earth,

And roar, roar, roar.

(B) Lions' Code

Tune: "Peggy O'Neill"

If you lend a helping hand,

That's the Lions' code;

If you love your Native Land

That's the Lions' code.

Serve with never a tho't for yourself

Strict attention or up on the shelf.

All hospitality, pep and vitality

That's the Lions' code.

(C) Lions, Till We Meet Again

Judge John F. Garner, Quincy, Illinois

Tune: "Till We Meet Again"

Smile, true Lions, while we sing adieu,

Smile, and sing with hearts so very true,
and be loyal thru and thru—

Boost your club whate'er you do.

The songs we sing, the smile we ever
wear,

Makes the sun shine brighter everywhere.

Send Lionism thru the air

Till we meet again.

Let's go! (Yell).

(D) L-L-L-Lions

Tune: "K-K-K-Katy"

L-L-L-Lions, lovely Lions,

You're the only k-k-k-klub that I adore.

When it's n-n-n-noontime at the k-klub
room,

I'll be waiting at the k-k-k-klub room
door.

(E) Iowa Corn Song

Ioway, Ioway.

State of all the land,

Joy on ev'ry hand.

We're from Ioway, Ioway.

That's where the tall corn grows.

Used by permission of George Hamilton.

(F) Lions' Ditty

Contributed by Maurice Blink, Central
Club

Tune: "Round Her Neck She Wore a
Yellow Ribbon"

While we're here we'll sing this little
ditty

Sing it for the Lions who have come to
meet today

And now we're here we'll sing another
ditty

Sing it for the Lions who are fur, fur
away.

Fur away, Fur away, Fur away, Fur away
Sing it for the Lions who have come to
meet today

And now we're here, we'll sing another
ditty

Sing it for the Lions who are fur, fur
away

Fur away, Fur away, etc.

(Repeat ad infinitum.)

(G) I Love the Lions

Tune: "On the Back Porch"

I love the Rot'ry in the morning,

The Exchange Club at night,

I love the Y's men in the evening,

And Kiwanis are all right.

I love the Optimist in the Springtime,

The Ad club in the fall,

But each day—and in every way,

I love the Lions best of all.

(H) Exhortation

Tune: "Auld Lang Syne" (Page 71)

We're here for fun right from the start
Pray, drop your dignity.

Just laugh and sing with all your heart,
And show your loyalty.

Chorus:

May other banquets be forgot,

Let this one be the best,

Join in the songs we sing tonight,

Be happy with the rest.

(I) Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag

Pack up your troubles in your old kit-
bag,

And smile, smile, smile;

While you've a lucifer to light your fag,
Smile, boys—that's the style.

What's the use of worrying?

It never was worth while, so

Pack up your troubles in your old kit-
bag,

And smile, smile, smile!

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*Anyone can talk, but it takes a
really clever person to understand.*

Song of the Lions

CLARENCE H. SPRAGUE

WILL H. BICKETT

Marcia

mf

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and single notes in a rhythmic pattern, while the left hand plays a steady bass line. The tempo is marked 'mf' (mezzo-forte).

1. I've looked a-round in-to the town, To see what I could see, I want to know just
 2. 'Tis not for fame nor glory vain, The Li-ons do their bit, They boast no more of

p

The piano accompaniment for the first verse consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and single notes in a rhythmic pattern, while the left hand plays a steady bass line. The tempo is marked 'p' (piano).

where to go, To find the men who care, And so I've found with eth-ics sound, The
 records score, But humbly seek to serve, I know I will be bet-ter still, If

The piano accompaniment for the second verse consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and single notes in a rhythmic pattern, while the left hand plays a steady bass line.

"Li-ons Ser-vice Club," I like their style, for all the while, The joys of life they share.
 I with them do work, For they have heard that magic word, 'My Fellow Men to Serve.'

The piano accompaniment for the third verse consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and single notes in a rhythmic pattern, while the left hand plays a steady bass line.

Song of the Lions—Continued

19

CHORUS

Li-ons, Li-ons, L-I-O-N - S, Li-ons, Li-ons, L-I-O-N -

S, The songs that they sing, The smiles that they wear, They cheer you up and

spread the sunshine ev - 'ry-where, So that's what I say, Hip! Hip! Hooray! For the

"Li-ons" of to - day. day.

First plan your work, then work your plan.

As The Lions Go Roaring Along

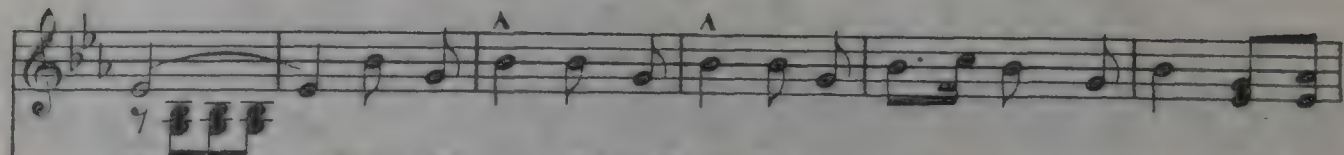
LION R. K. BROCK

(Tune: Artillery Caisson Song)

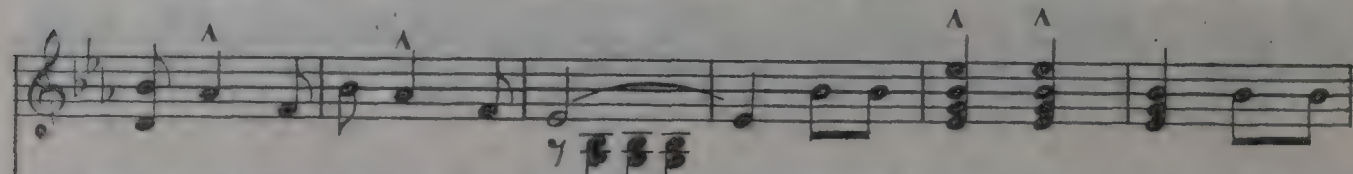
JOHN PHILIP SOUSA



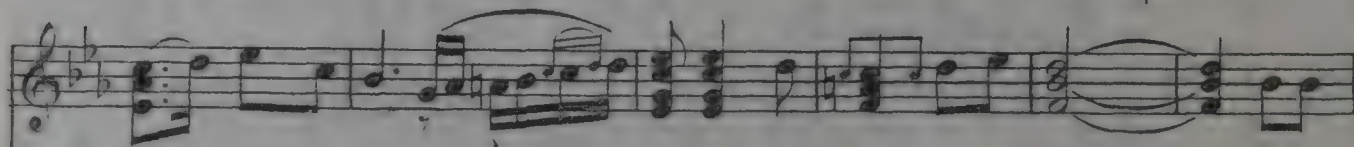
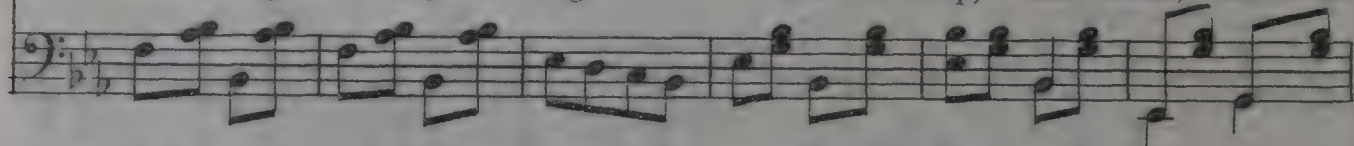
1. In our den, once again, We all gather round and then, We will pack up our troubles and
2. There's no such word as fail We're on the Jinx- 's trail While those Lions go roaring a -
3. There are things we would do, To make our boast come true When the Lions go roaring a -



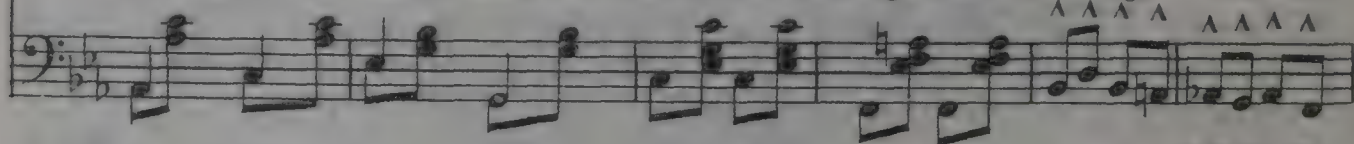
rear long, long, King of beast, at his feast, Is not troubled in the least All our We'll put him down and out We'll knock the skunk a-bout When the That this town is the best, It's a mile a-bove the rest When the



rares, we have left at the door. For it's Roar, Lions, Roar Roar and Li-ons go roar-ing a - long. For it's do or die When the Li-ons go roar-ing a - long. For it's up, and work, There's no



then Roar some more. Snap up the tune make it strong With all Li-ons make a try, We roar out a challenge loud and strong For what- such word as shirk, And we'll roar out our challenge loud and strong, For what-



our pep we'll make the others step. For the Lions go roaring a - long. e'er we try to do, we're sure to put it through, As the Lions go roaring a - long e'er we try to do, we're sure to put it through, As the Lions go roaring a - long



America, My Country

1. A - mer - i - ca, my coun - try, Lov'd na - tion of the world, I love thy peo - ple,
 2. A - mer - i - ca, my coun - try, Land that I dear - ly love, For all the bless - ings
 3. A - mer - i - ca, my coun - try, Great brother - hood of men U - ni - ted 'neath the

hills and plains, I love thy flag un - furld; I love thee for thy lof - ty aims, T'ward
 of thy laws, I praise the God a - bove; I praise Him for thy gen'rous heart, To
 stars and stripes, I hail thee once a - gain. I'll live for thee, A - mer - i - ca, I'll

all hu - man - i - ty, A - mer - i - ca, my coun - try, Fair land of lib - er - ty.
 Him I'll bend the knee, A - mer - i - ca, my coun - try, Great land of lib - er - ty.
 loy - al be and true, A - mer - i - ca, my coun - try, I pledge my life to you.

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MYRTLE KOON CHERRYMAN

My Native Land

EDVARD GRIEG

1. Oh, Na - tive Land, how fair you seem, With lake - lets lovely as a dream, And
 2. Thy gracious farms, with fields unfurld, With wealth to feed a hun - gry world; How
 3. Oh, God of Na - tions, help us grow In kind - ness, as in pow'r; to know The

stretch - ing far from sea to sea, Great mountains, high in maj - es - ty!
 fair thy mis - sion, and how fine, To give thy aid dear land of mine.
 free - dom of true broth - er hood, And wealth of love the high - est good!

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America

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH

HENRY CAREY (?)

With a moderately quick motion

1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty; Of thee I sing. Land where my
 2. My na-tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no-ble free, Thy name I love. I love thy
 3. Let mus-ic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song. Let mortal
 4. Our fa-thers' God, to Thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty, To Thee we sing. Long may our

fa-thers died! Land of the Pil-grims' pride! From ev'ry mountain side, Let freedom ring!
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a-hove.
 tongues a-wake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
 land be bright With freedom's ho-ly light; Pro-tect us by Thy might Great God, our King!

God Save The King

(National Song Of Great Britian)

God save our gracious King,
 Long live our noble King,
 God save the King;
 Send him victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us,
 God save the King.

Thro' every changing scene;
 O Lord preserve our King,
 Long may he reign;
 His heart inspire and move
 With wisdom from above,
 And in a nation's love
 His throne maintain.

Thy choicest gifts in store
 On him be pleased to pour
 Long may he reign;
 May he defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause,
 To sing with heart and voice,
 God save the King.

International Medley

(Tune—"God Save The King," or "America")

Suggestion: Sing first verse "God Save The King", first verse of "America", (or vice versa) and one or all verses below.

Two empires by the sea,
 Two nations great and free
 One anthem raise.
 One race of ancient fame,
 One tongue, one faith, we claim,
 One God whose glorious name
 We love and praise.

What deeds our fathers wrought,
 What battles we have fought,
 Let fame record.
 Now, vengeful passion, cease,
 Come victories of peace;
 Nor hate nor pride's caprice
 Unsheathe the sword.

Now may the God above
 Guard the dear lands we love;
 On east or west;
 Let love more fervent glow,
 As peaceful ages go,
 And strength yet stronger grow,
 Blessing and blest.

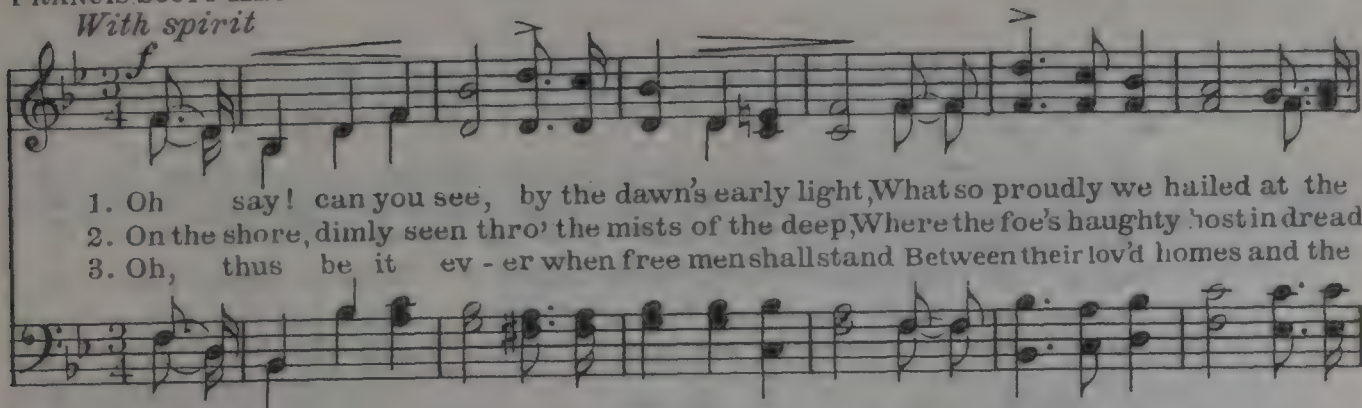
The Star-Spangled Banner

23

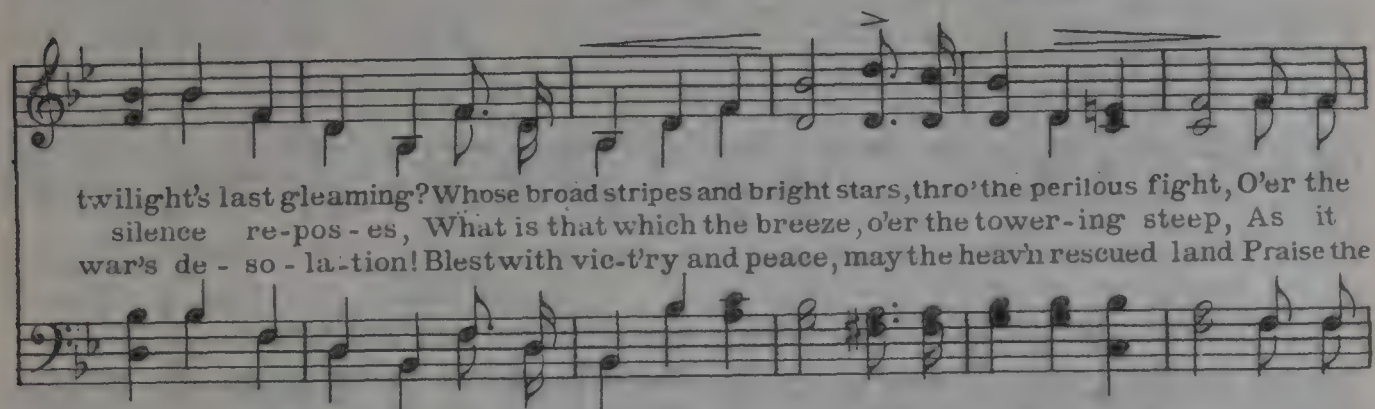
FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

JOHN STAFFORD SMITH

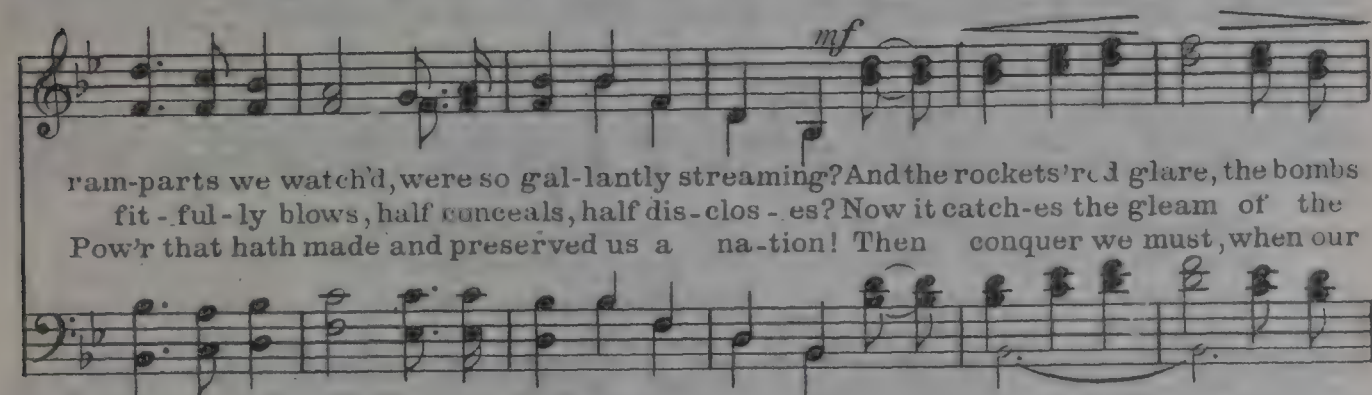
With spirit



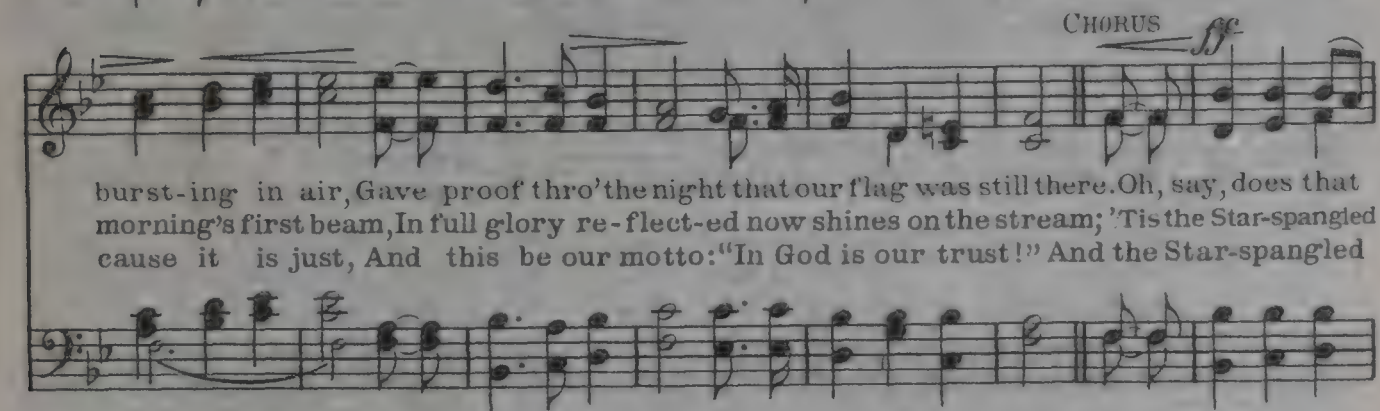
1. Oh say! can you see, by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hailed at the
 2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
 3. Oh, thus be it ev - er when free men shall stand Between their lov'd homes and the



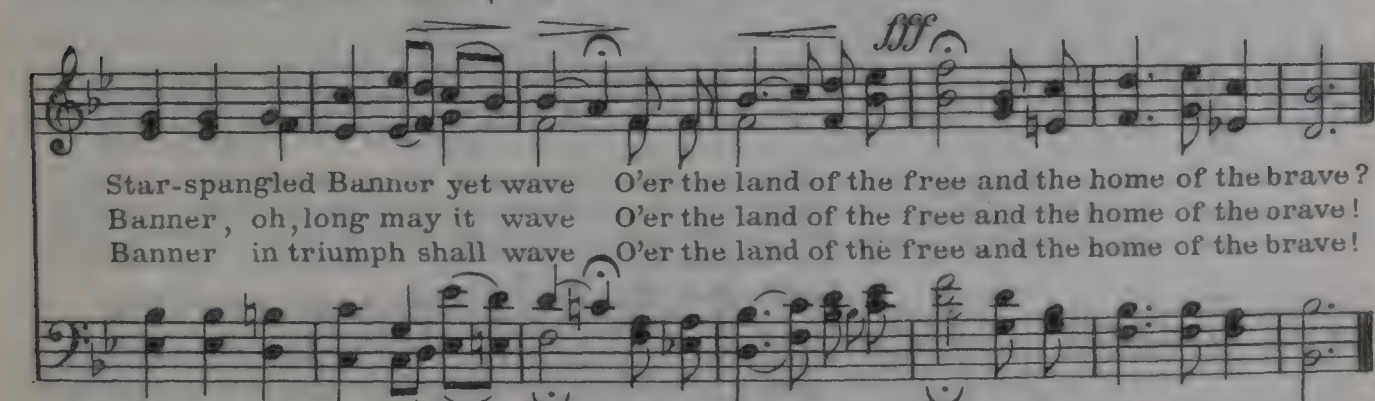
twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight, O'er the
 silence re-pos-es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tower-ing steep, As it
 war's de-so-la-tion! Blest with vic-t'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued land Praise the



ram-parts we watch'd, were so gal-lantly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs
 fit-ful-ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis-clos-es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the
 Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na-tion! Then conquer we must, when our



CHORUS *ff*
 burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that
 morning's first beam, In full glory re-flect-ed now shines on the stream; 'Tis the Star-spangled
 cause it is just, And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!" And the Star-spangled



fff
 Star-spangled Banner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
 Banner, oh, long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
 Banner in triumph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

O Canada!

"That True North" *Tennyson*

Written by His Hon. R. STANLEY WEIR, D.C.L.
Recorder of Montreal.

C. LAVALLEE

1. O Can-a - da! Our home our na-tive land, True pa-triot love in
2. O Can-a - da! Where Pines and Maples grow, Great prairies spread and
3. O Can-a - da! Be-neath thy shin-ing skies May stal-wart sons and

all thy sons command. With glowing hearts we see thee rise, The True North strong and
lord-ly riv-ers flow. How dear to us thy broad domain, From East to Western
gen-tle maidens rise; To keep thee stead-fast thro' the years From East to Western

free; And stand on guard O Can-a-da, We stand on guard for thee.
sea, Thou land of hope for all who toil, Thou True North strong and free!
sea, Our Fa-ther-land our Moth-er-land! Our True North strong and free!

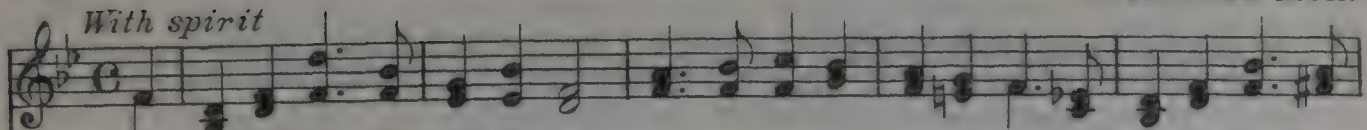
O Can-a - da! glo-rious and free! We stand on guard, we stand on
O Can-a - da! glo-rious and free! We stand on guard, we stand on
O Can-a - da! glo-rious and free! We stand on guard, we stand on

guard for thee. O Can-a - da we stand on guard for thee.
guard for thee. O Can-a - da we stand on guard for thee.
guard for thee. O Can-a - da we stand on guard for thee.

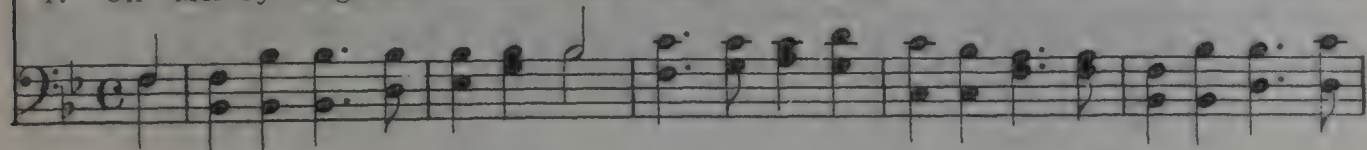
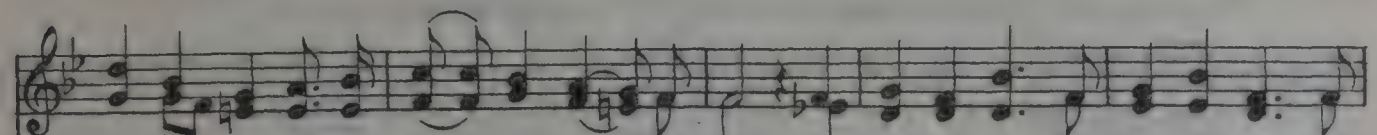
The Maple Leaf Forever

A. L.

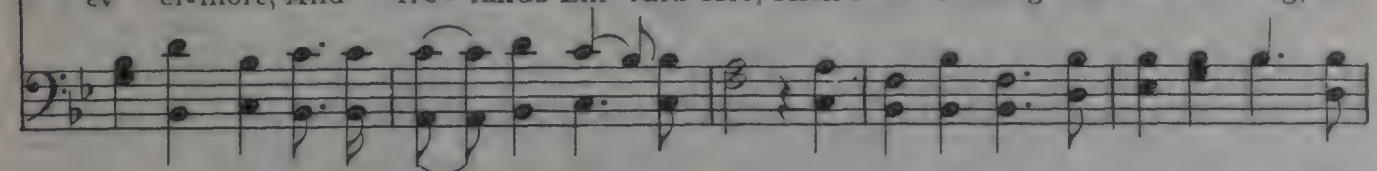

ALEXANDER MUIR

With spirit


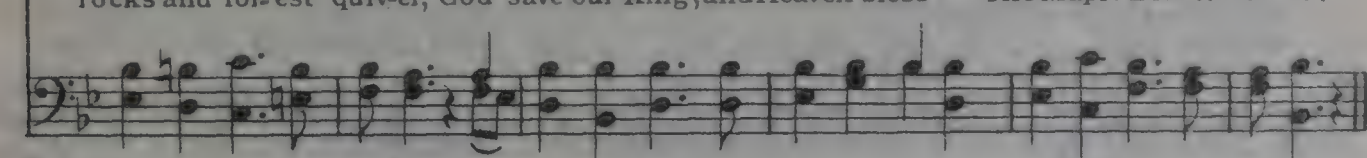
1. In days of yore, from Britain's shore, Wolfe the dauntless he-ro came, And planted firm Bri-
 2. At Queens-town Heights, and Lundy's Lane, Our brave fa-thers side by side, For freedom, homes, and
 3. Our fair Do-min-ion now ex-tends From Cape Race to Nootka Sound, May peace for-ev-er
 4. On Mer-ry Eng-land's far famed land May kind Heaven sweetly smile, God bless Old Scotland


tan-ia's flag, On Ca-na-da's fair do-main; Here may it wave our boast and pride, And
 loved ones dear, Firmly stood and no-bly died; And those dear rights which they maintain'd We
 be our lot, And plen-teous store a-bound; And may those ties of love be ours, Which
 ev-er-more, And Ire-land's Em-'rald Isle; Then swell the song both loud and long, Till

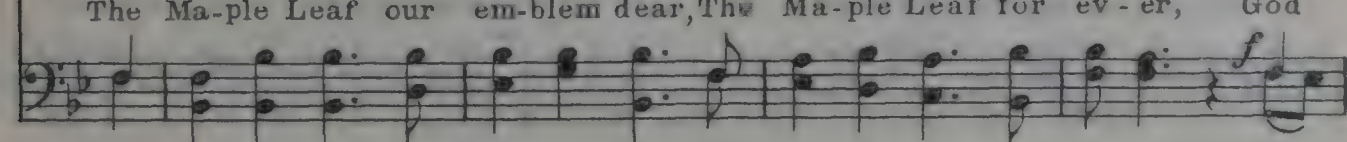
join in love to-geth-er, The This-tle, Shamrock, Rose entwine The Maple Leaf for ev-er.
 swear to yield them never, Our watch word ev-er-more shall be, The Maple Leaf for ev-er.
 dis-cord can-not sever, And flour-ish green o'er Freedom's home, The Maple Leaf for ev-er.
 rocks and for-est quiv-er, God save our King, and Heaven bless The Maple Leaf for ev-er.



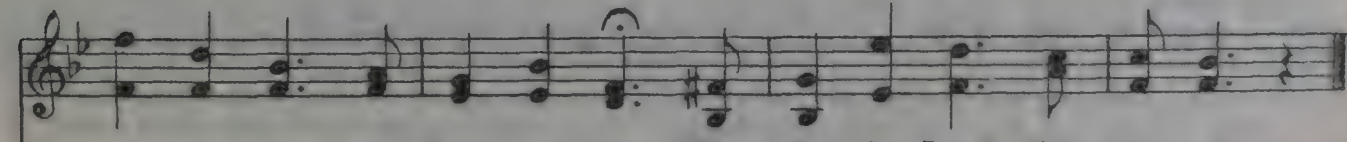
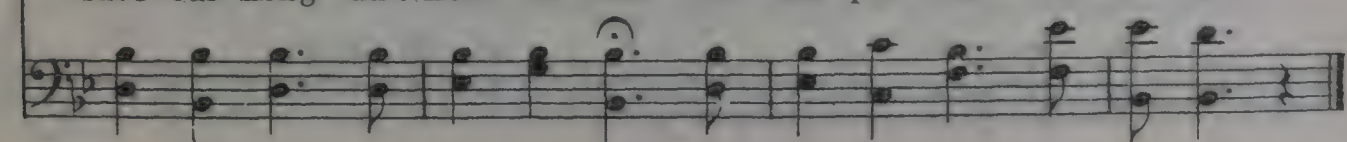
CHORUS



The Ma-ple Leaf our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er, God



save our King and Heav-en bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er.

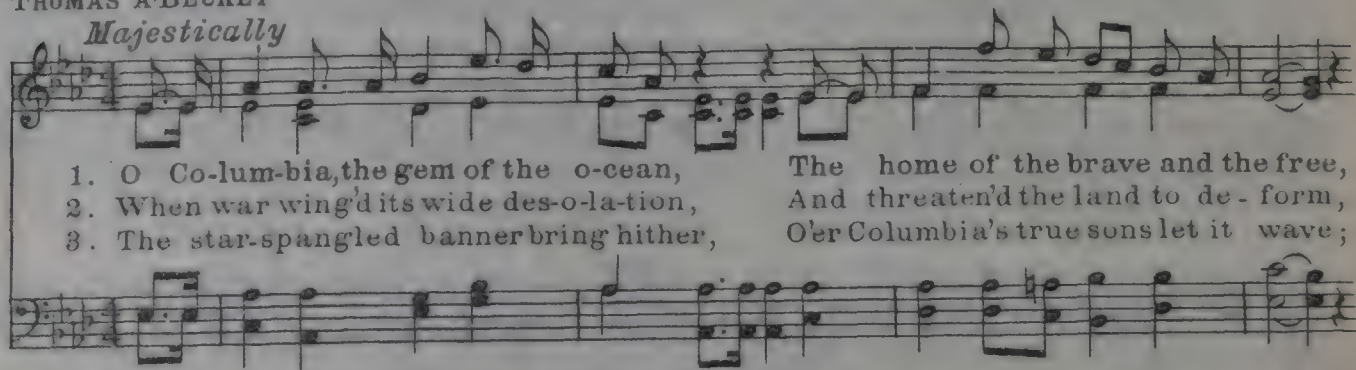



Columbia, The Gem Of The Ocean

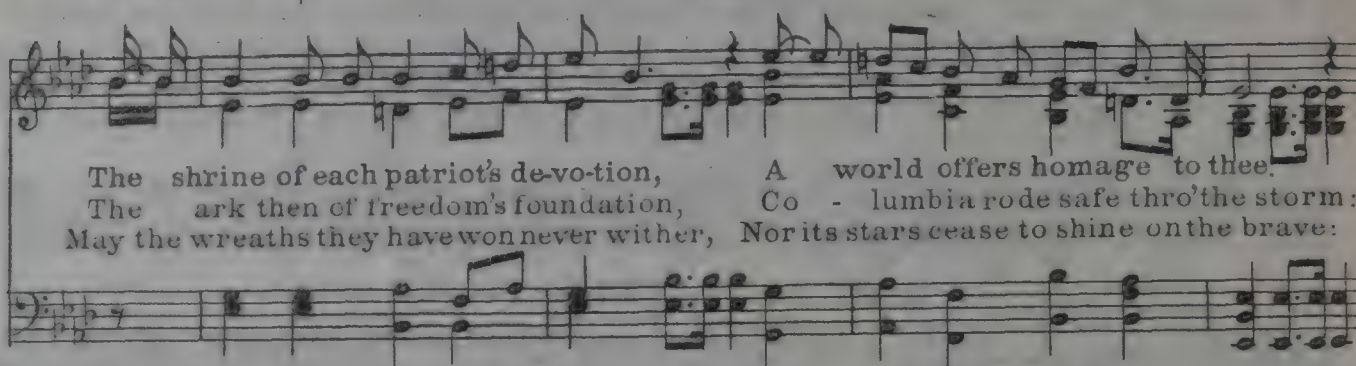
Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean is of uncertain origin. The melody has been claimed as of English composition, under the name of "Brittania, the Pride of the Ocean." The text was written at the request of David T. Shaw for a benefit, by Thomas A'Becket of the Chestnut Street Theatre, who rearranged and added the present beginning and ending to it. The date has been given by the latter as the fall of 1843.

THOMAS A'BECKET

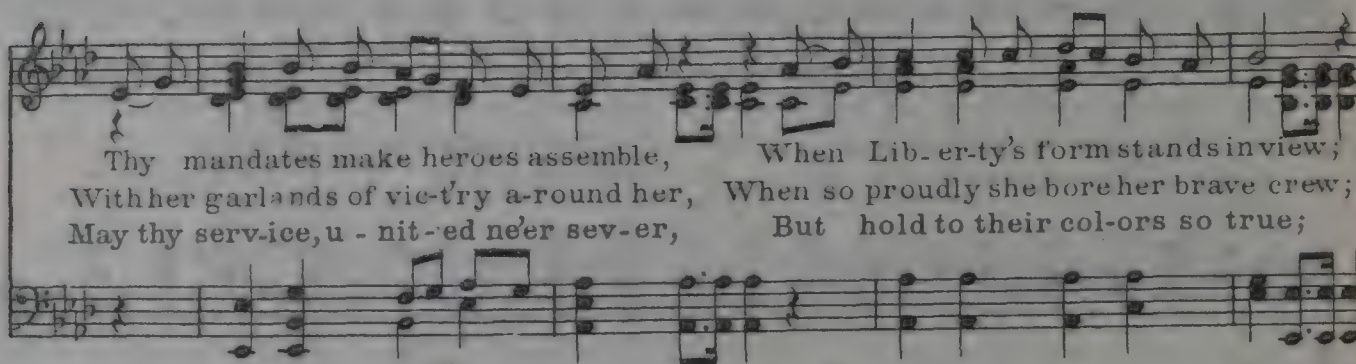
Majestically



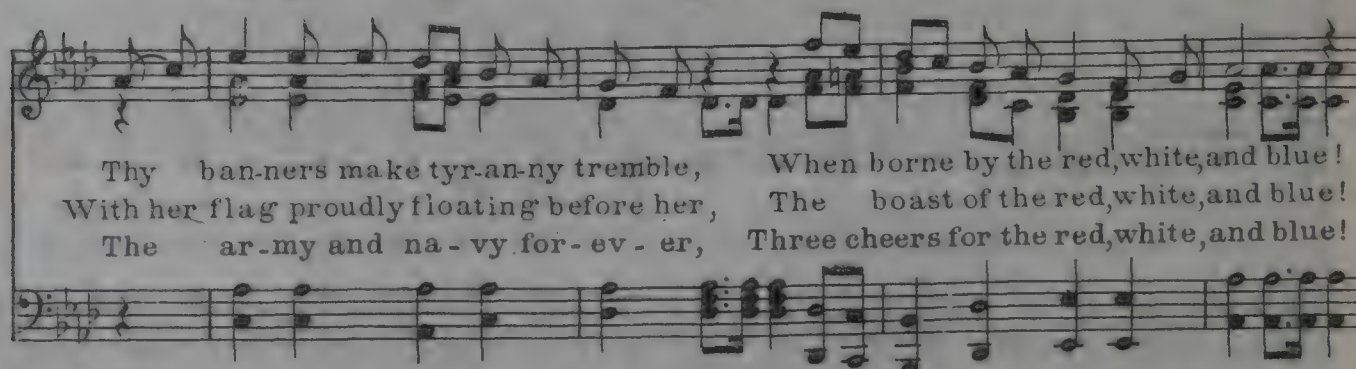
1. O Co-lum-bia, the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free,
2. When war wing'd its wide des-o-la-tion, And threaten'd the land to de-form,
3. The star-spangled banner bring hither, O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave;



The shrine of each patriot's devo-tion, A world offers homage to thee.
The ark then of freedom's foundation, Co-lumbia rode safe thro' the storm:
May the wreaths they have won never wither, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave:

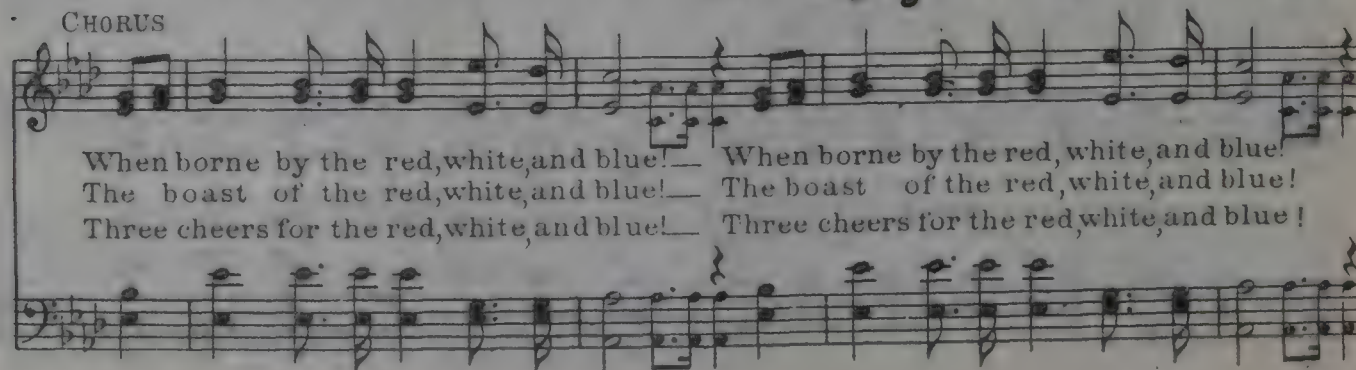


Thy mandates make heroes assemble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view;
With her garlands of vic-t'ry a-round her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew;
May thy serv-ice, u-nit-ed ne'er sev-er, But hold to their col-ors so true;



Thy ban-ners make tyr-an-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white, and blue!
With her flag proudly floating before her, The boast of the red, white, and blue!
The ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

CHORUS



When borne by the red, white, and blue! When borne by the red, white, and blue!
The boast of the red, white, and blue! The boast of the red, white, and blue!
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue! Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

Thy banners make tyr-an-ny trem-ble,
 With her flag proudly floating before her,
 The ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er,

When borne by the red, white, and blue!
 The boast of the red, white, and blue!
 Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

America, The Beautiful

KATHERINE LEE BATES

(Tune—"Materna")

SAMUEL A. WARD

1. O beau-ti-ful for spacious skies, For amber waves of grain, For pur-ple mountain
 2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet Whose stern im-pas-sion'd stress A thor-ough-fare for
 3. O beau-ti-ful for he-ros prov'd In lib-er-at-ing strife, Who more than self their
 4. O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That sees beyond the years Thine al-a-bas-ter

maj-es-ties A-bove the fruit-ed plain. A-mer-i-ca A-mer-i-ca! God
 free-dom beat A-cross the wil-der-ness. A-mer-i-ca A-mer-i-ca! God
 coun-try loved, And mer-cy more than life. A-mer-i-ca A-mer-i-ca! May
 cit-ies gleam Undimmed by hu-man tears. A-mer-i-ca A-mer-i-ca! God

shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shin-ing sea.
 mend thine ev-'ry flaw, Con-firm thy soul in self-con-trol, Thy lib-er-ty in law.
 God thy gold re-fine Till all suc-cess be no-ble-ness, And ev-'ry gain di-vine.
 shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shin-ing sea.

From The Golden Book Of Favorite Songs.

*Perfection may never be reached,
 but it is worth reaching for.*

Sleep Soldier Sleep

MYRTLE KOON CHERRYMAN

Memorial Day
(Male Voices)

ALPHENS DAVISON

Arr. by J. W. B.

1. Sleep, sol-dier, sleep, Sleep comrade'neath the heav'ns blue, While on this
 2. Sleep, sol-dier, sleep, For you are done with war and fear, Your mem-o -
 3. Rest, sol-dier, rest, You faced grim death with courage brave, And man-ful-

day we hon-or you, Loy-al and brave, to country true. Sleep, soldier, sweetly sleep.
 ry to us is dear; The tho't of you brings many a tear. Sleep, soldier, gently sleep.
 ly your life you gave; Your glo-ry lives be-yond the grave, Rest, soldier, gently rest.

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Yankee Doodle

Dr. SHACKBURG

UNKNOWN

Spirited

1. Fath'r and I went down to camp, A-long with captain Good'in, And there we saw the
 2. And there we see a thousand men, As rich as Squire Da-vid; And what they wasted
 3. And there was Captain Washington Up-on a slapping stallion, A-giv-ing or-ders
 4. And then the feathers on his hat, They look'd so very fine, ah! I want-ed pesk-i-

CHORUS

men and boys As thick as has-ty pud-din? Yan-kee Doo-dle keep it up, Yan-
 ev'-ry day, I wish it could be sav-ed.
 to his men; I guess there was a mil-lion.
 ly to get To give to my Je-mi-ma.

kee Doodle dan-dy, Mind the music and the step, And with the girls be han-dy.

5. And there I see a swamping gun,
 Large as a log of maple,
 Upon a mighty little cart;
 A load for father's cattle.

6. And every time they fired it off,
 It took a horn of powder;
 It made a noise like father's gun
 Only a nation louder.

7. And there I see a little keg,
 Its head all made of leather,
 They knocked upon't with little sticks,
 To call the folks together.

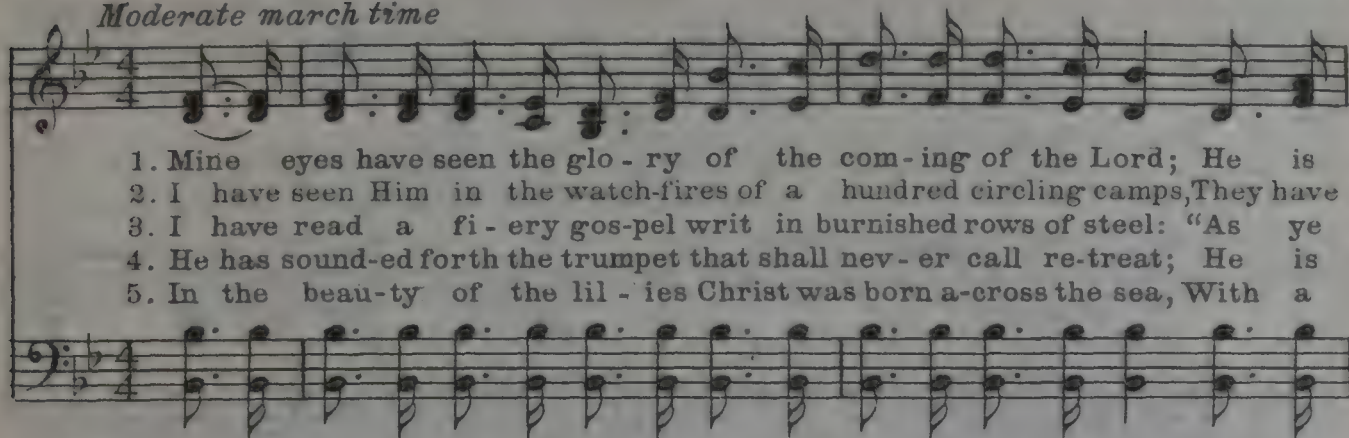
8. And Cap'n Davis had a gun,
 He kind o' clapt his hand on't
 And stuck a crooked stabbing-iron
 Upon the little end on't.

Battle Hymn of the Republic

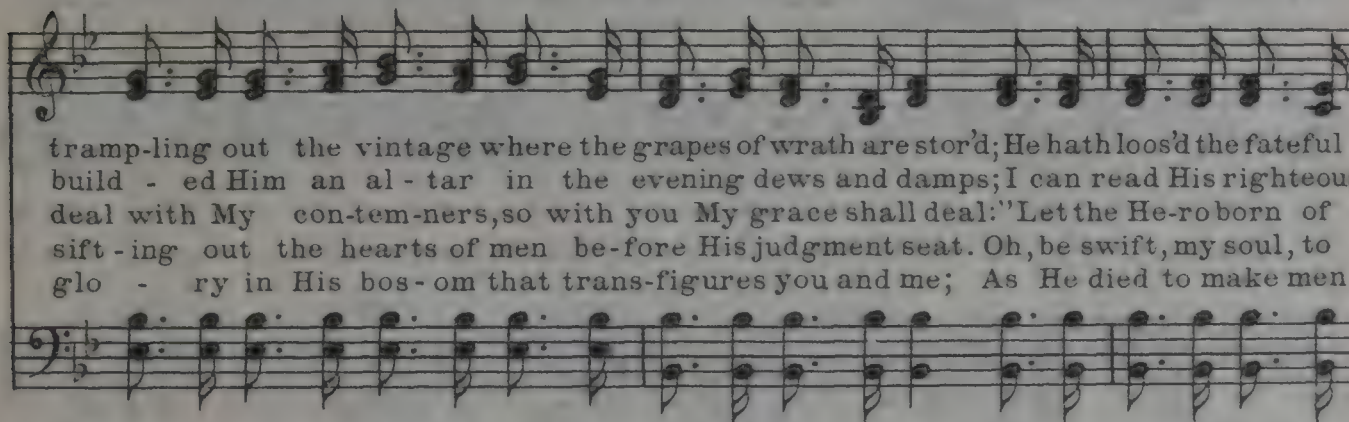
29

JULIA WARD HOWE

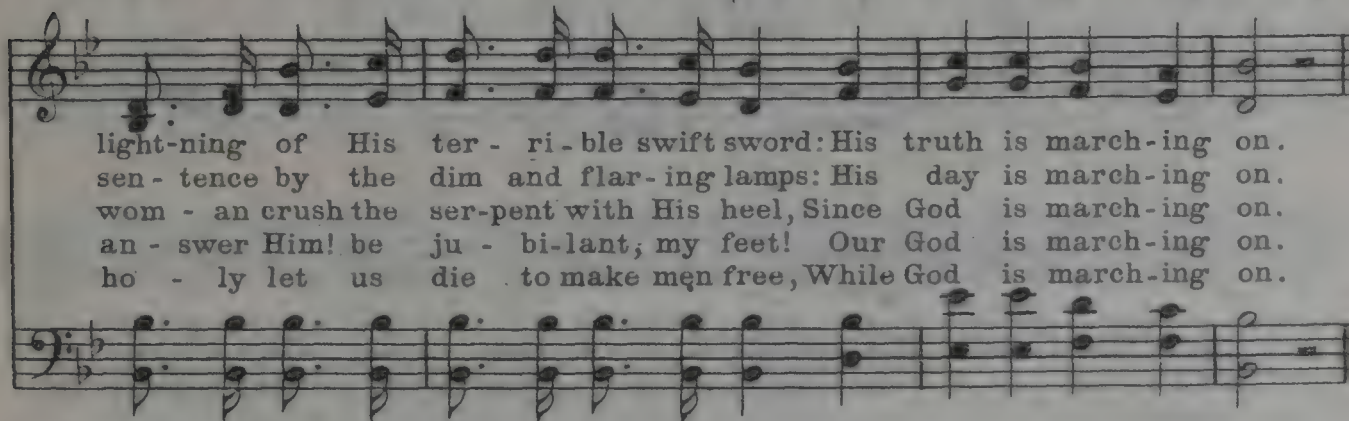
WILLIAM STEFFE

Moderate march time

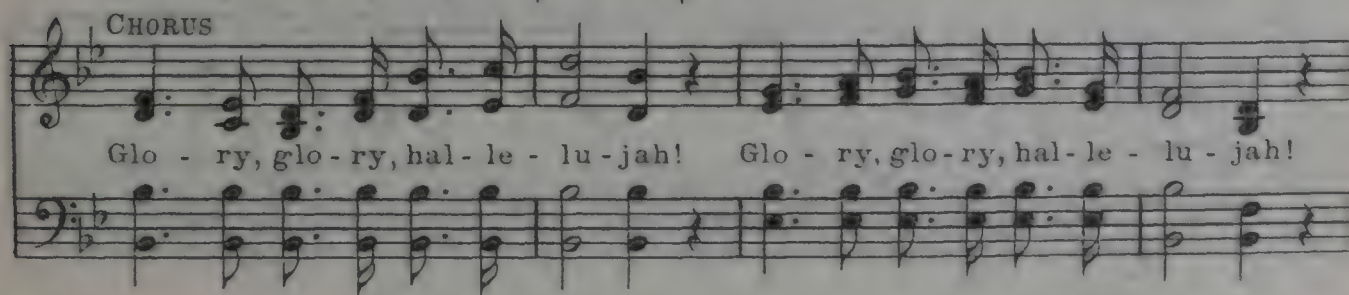
1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps, They have
3. I have read a fi - ery gos - pel writ in burnished rows of steel: "As ye
4. He has sound-ed forth the trumpet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a



tramp - ling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stor'd; He hath loos'd the fateful
build - ed Him an al - tar in the evening dews and damp; I can read His righteous
deal with My con - tem - ners, so with you My grace shall deal: "Let the He - ro born of
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judgment seat. Oh, be swift, my soul, to
glo - ry in His bos - om that trans - figures you and me; As He died to make men

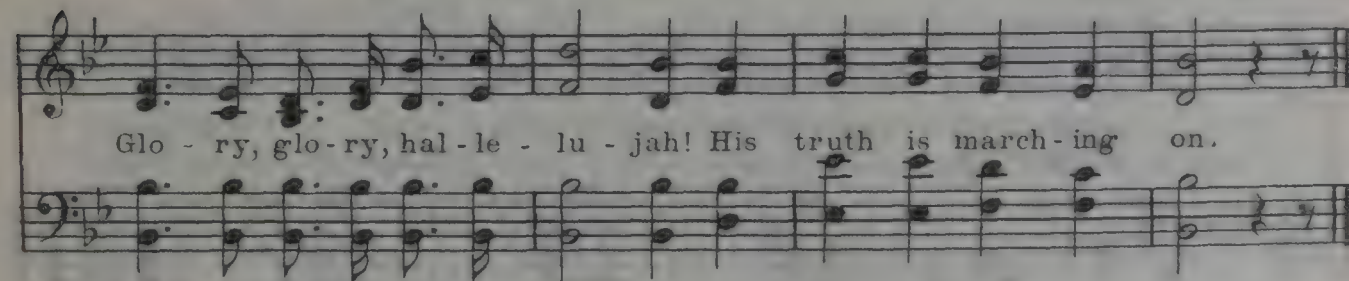


light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword: His truth is march - ing on.
sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps: His day is march - ing on.
wom - an crush the ser - pent with His heel, Since God is march - ing on.
an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march - ing on.
ho - ly let us die to make men free, While God is march - ing on.



CHORUS

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!



Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.

From The Golden Book of Favorite Songs.

When you haven't said a thing, you don't have to explain it.

Dixie

D. D. E.

DAN D. EMMETT

Lively

1. I wish I was in de land oh cot-ton,
2. Dar's buck-wheat cakes an' In-gen bat-ter,

Old times dar am not forgotten, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie
Makes you fat, or a lit-tle fat-ter, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie

Land. In Dix-ie Land whar I was born in, Ear-ly on one
Land. Den hoe it down an scratch your grabble, To Dix-ie Land I'm

frost-y mornin' Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land!
bound to trabble, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land!

Den I wish I was in Dix-ie Hoo - ray! (hooray) Hoo - ray! (hooray) In Dix - ie Land, I'll

take my stand to lib and die in Dix - ie, A - way, A - way, A -

A - way, A - way,

way down south in Dix - ie, A - way, A - way, A way down south in Dix - ie.

A - way, A - way,

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is simple and catchy, with a strong emphasis on the lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes that support the vocal line. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, and the piano part is written on a grand staff (treble and bass clef).

From "The Golden Book Of Favorite Songs"

U. S. A. Forever

Tune: "Dixie"

EDWARD VANCE COOK

I am glad I live in the land I live in,
 Best to get and best to give in,
 Hip o'ray, Hip o'ray,
 Hip o'ray, U.S.A.
 Old Uncle Sam is my best relation
 Makes me feel I own this nation.
 Hip o'ray, Hip o'ray,
 Hip o'ray, U.S.A.

CHORUS:
 So it's the U.S.A. forever,
 Hurray! Hurray! (Yell)
 I thank the fates that fixed my dates
 So I'd be born in the glorious states,
 Hurray, I say,
 The U.S.A. forever.
 I say Hurray! The glorious states forever.

Hail Washington

R.C.B.

ROSE COLE BOETTIGER

1. Washington we love you just because you're what you are, Tho we may travel near, Tho
2. Washington you thrill us with your firs and cedars high, Like sentinels stand by,

we may travel far. There's something grand about you makes our hearts beat fond and true, For
Point-ing to the sky. Your mountain streams enchant us as they gai-ly wend their way, Our

CHORUS
you we'll always pine, ev-er worship at your shrine. Hail to our Washington,
Mak-er surely bless'd when He made the great North-West.

Hail, hail Washington
Our Washington, Where the lakes and mountains so majestic, Glo-ri-
Washington, setting sun ma-jes-tic

fy the setting sun (Yes) Grain fields lend splendor, orchard blossoms sweetly scent the
setting sun

air 'Tis the State that's ever green, May it always reign supreme, Wash-ing-ton.
scent the air
Washington.

Use This Page

For other Patriotic Songs used frequently by your club.

*If you like people, you'll
generally find they like you.*

The Old North State

WILLIAM GASTON

Harmonized by Francis X. Hale

W. G.

1. Car-o - li - na, Car-o - li - na, Heaven's bless-ings at-tend her, While we
 2. Tho' she en-vies not oth-ers their mer-it - ed glo-ry, Say whose
 3. Then let all who love us, love the land that we live in, As

live we will cher-ish, pro-tect and de-fend her, Tho' the scorn-er may
 name stands the fore-most in Lib-er-ty's sto-ry, Tho' too true to her -
 hap-py a re-gion as on this side of heav-en, Where plen-ty and

sneer at and wit-lings de-fame her, Yet our hearts swell with gladness When-
 self e'er to crouch to op-pres-sion, Who can yield to just rule a more
 freedom, love and peace smile be-fore us, Raise a-loud, raise to- geth-er The

ev - er we name her.
 loy - al sub - mis - sion. Hur - rah, Hur - rah! The Old North State for-
 heart-thrill-ing cho - rus.

ev - er. Hur - rah, Hur - rah, The good Old North State.

Hail West Virginia

35

Lion FRED B. DEEM

EARL MILLER and ED. McWHORTER

It's West Vir-gin-ia, it's West Vir-gin-ia, The pride of ev-'ry moun-tain-
eer; Come on you young cubs join with us old dubs It's West Vir-gin-ia now we
cheer! Now is the time, boys, to make a big noise, No matter what the people say,
For there is naught to fear, the gang's all here, So hail to West Vir-gin-ia hail.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass, with a key signature of one sharp. The tempo is marked with a common time signature (C). The music is in a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment with many eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. The overall mood is patriotic and energetic.

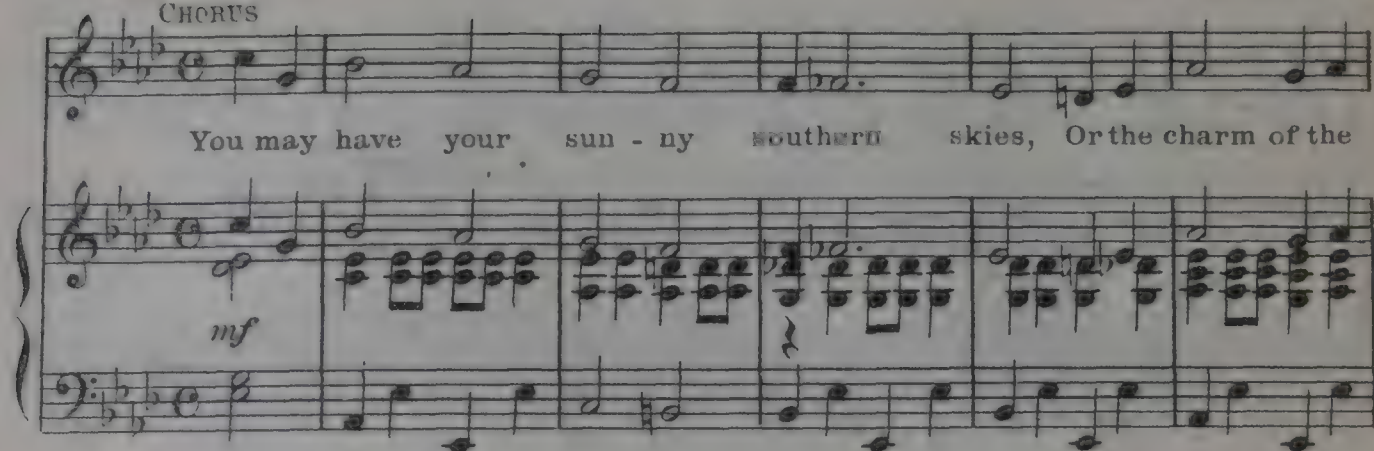
Down In Maine

W. H. B.

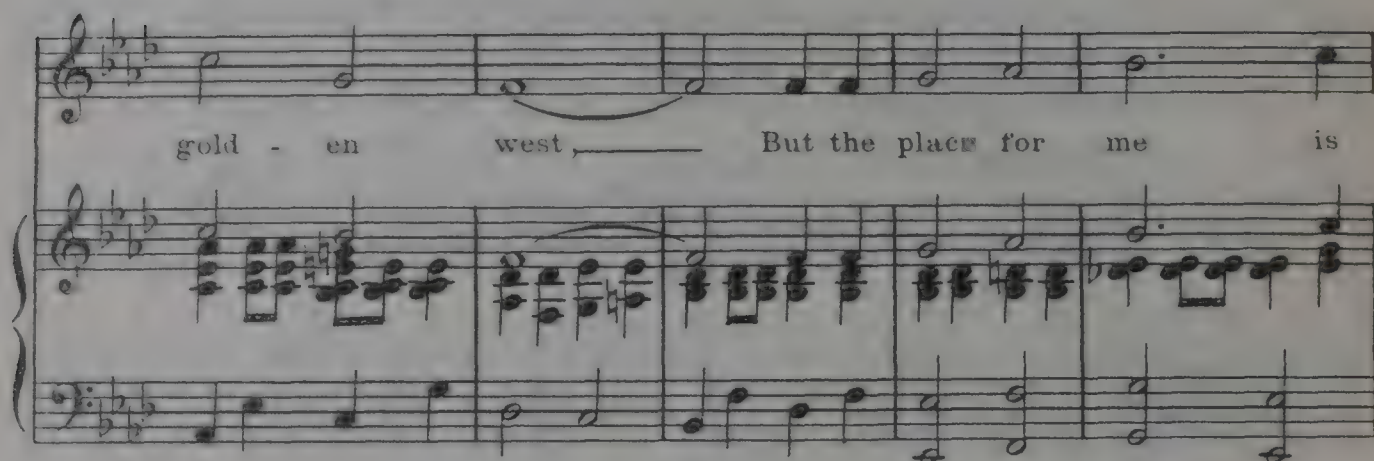
WM. H. BUXTON

CHORUS

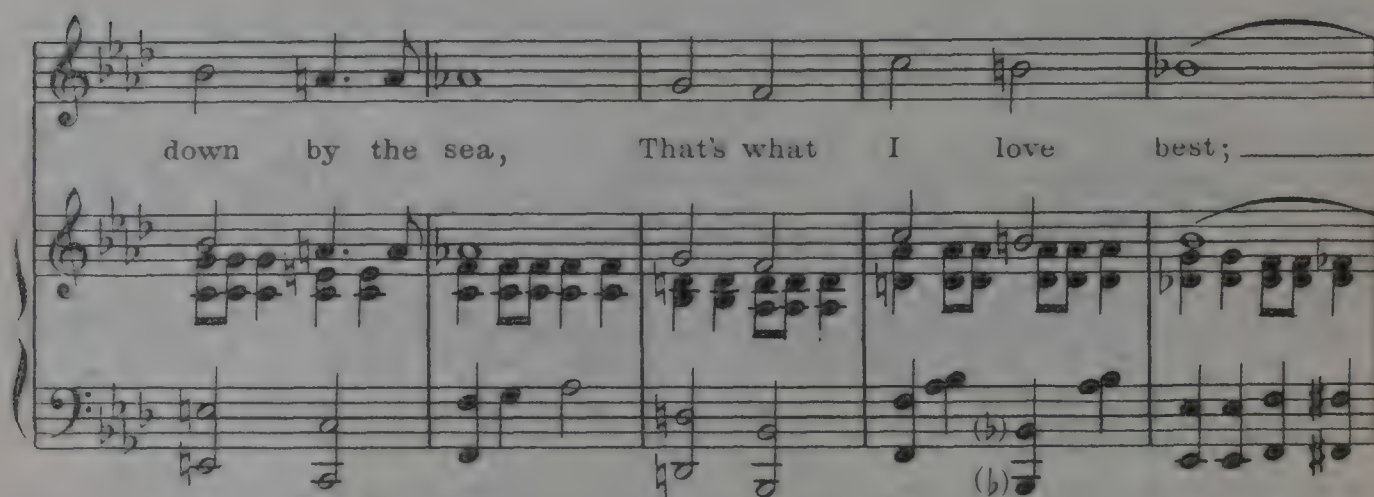
You may have your sun - ny southern skies, Or the charm of the




gold - en west, — But the place for me is



down by the sea, That's what I love best; —



— Our sun - shine al - ways shines so bright, You



can't go wrong they'll treat you right, And you're always welcome

day or night When you journey down in Maine.

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Beautiful Ohio

BALLARD MacDONALD

MARY EARL

Drifting with the current down a moonlit stream
While above the Heavens in their glory gleam
And the stars on high — Twinkle in the sky —
Seeming in a Paradise of love divine
Dreaming of a pair of eyes that looked in mine
Beautiful Ohio, in dreams again I see
Visions of what used to be.

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Carry Me Back to Old Virginny

JAMES BLAND

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There's where the cotton and the corn and tatoes grow,
There's where the birds warble sweet in the springtime,
There's where this old darkey's heart am long'd to go.

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*Men who try to do something and fail
are infinitely better than those who try
to do nothing and succeed.*

Texas

H.G.M.

The Lone Star State

H. G. MUNDEN

CHORUS

Tex - as, Tex-as you're the state that we a - dore, You're the grandest of the

Na-tions mighty strong ————— May the Lone Star shine and give

light for ever-more May we hold to high i - deals and down the wrong —————

Here's where freedom, jus-tice, truth and love a - bound We wor-ship one all

It is much easier to find mistakes than to provide the remedies.

power at his com - mand _____ With al - le-giance to the flag, that shall

nev-er touch the ground From the Red to the Ri - o Grande. _____

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Arkansas

E. W. B.

EVA WARE BARNETT

CHORUS

Ark - an - sas, Ark - an - sas, 'Tis a name dear, 'Tis the place I call "Home, Sweet

Home," Ark - an - sas, Arkansas, I sa - lute thee, From thy shelter no more I'll roam.

Copyright 1916 by The Central Music Co., Little Rock, Ark. Used by special permission.

It takes a raft of friends to keep one afloat.

Kansas Song

Abdallah

CARSON J. ROBISON
and JACK RILEY

CHORUS

We're from Kan-sas, good old Kan-sas where the great big

sun - flow'rs grow ——— Oh the girls are pret-ty and

when you see their smiles, You know the reas-on why we'd walk a thousand

miles, Back to Kan-sas, good old Kan-sas, Where the

Kansas Song — Continued

41

skies are blue There's lots of good old friends we
can't for - get, Kansas we're strong for you.

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Indiana Lions' Song

Tune - "America The Beautiful" See page 27 or "Auld Lang Syne" See page 71

Oh, Hoosier State, with cities great,
And waving fields of grain,
From North to South from East to West,
We sing thy honored name.

Oh, Indiana, thee we love,
Thy great men we adore,
For thee we'll fight for what is right,
Like patriots of yore.

The Lions Club of Hoosierdom,
Must stand for precepts clear,
And work together for the good
Of all whom we hold dear,
Oh Lions Club, of this our State,
With thee we'll stand or fall,
We'll do our best at thy behest,
And answer every call.

Oh Lions Club of Hoosierdom,
Keep battling for the right,
For fellowship and service true,
May this be our delight,
Oh Lions Club of Hoosierdom,
Thy record clean always,
And in this den of stalwart men,
A mighty "ROAR" we raise.

Used by courtesy of the author, Lion E.F. Kepner.

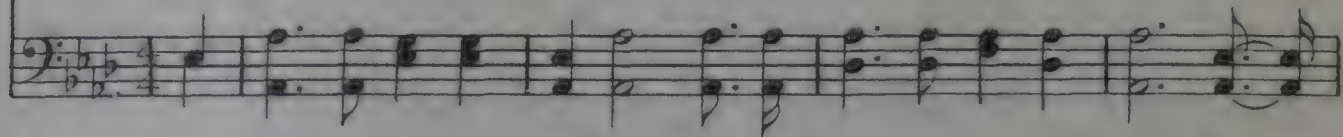
Nevada, My Nevada

J. R. GLASCOCK

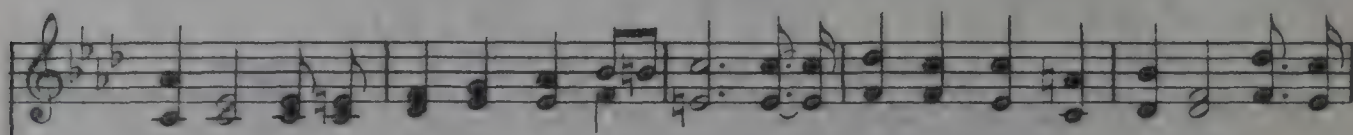
CHAS. HASEMAN



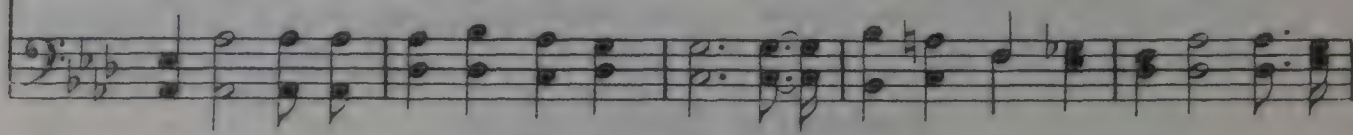
Ne - va - da, my Ne - va - da, to thy col - ors we'll be true, In the



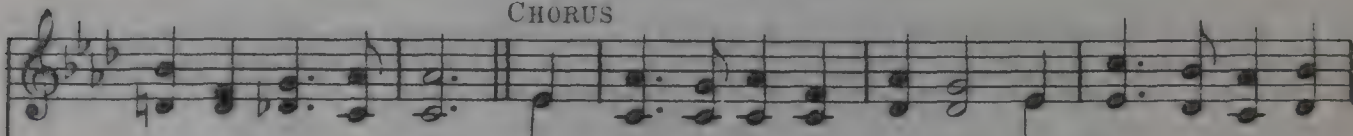
star-light lies thy Sil-ver in the heavens' vault thy Blue. From the eastern fertile



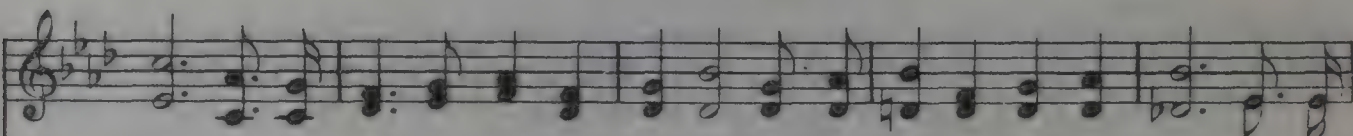
val-leys to the rock bound western sky Our love burns strong Ne-va-da and its



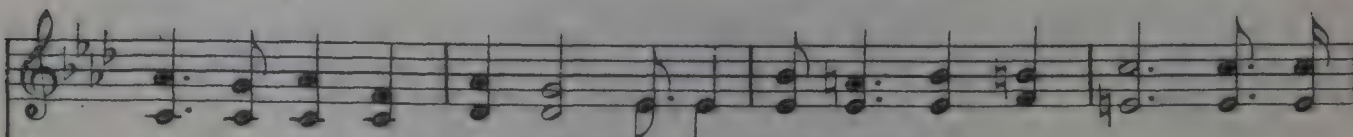
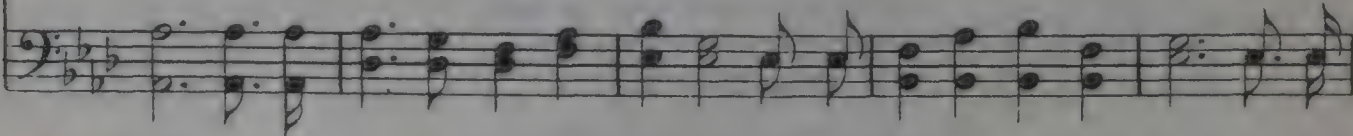
CHORUS



mem-bers nev-er die. Ne - va - da my Ne - va - da, thy prais-es we will



sing; Let the gray-hewn mountains ech-o where our vibrant voices ring. For we



love the tree-lined cam-pus and its spir-it staunch and true All the



sym-bols that God gave thee wrought in Sil-ver and in Blue.

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On the Banks of the Wabash, Far Away

P. D.

REFRAIN

PAUL DRESSER

Oh, the moon-light's fair to-night a-long the Wa-bash, From the

mp

fields there comes the breath of new mown hay. Thro' the syc-a-mores the candle lights are

gleam-ing, On the banks of the Wa-bash, far a-way.

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Round dollars are best made in square deals.

Nebraska, My Native Land

GRACE WELCH LUTGEN

LEON PEERY

CHORUS

Out here where the sun shines so brightly, It turns all

mf
na-ture to gold, Here the yellow corn grows, And the

f
gold-en grain blows, While pastures hold wealth untold. The

birds fill the air with their gladness, There's beauty on

Nebraska, My Native Land—Continued

45

slower *cresc.*

ev - 'ry hand, _____ Where the red su - mac glows, and the

gold - en rod grows, Ne - bras - ka, my na - tive land. _____

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New Old Arizona Land Of Mine

HATTIE GREENE LOCKETT

1. Land of promise A - ri - zo - na, Land of mine, land of mine, Grand old past, and bright tomorrow, Land of

2. Land of sun - shine, pure and golden, Land of mine, land of mine, Cities new and ruins old - en, Land of

3. Young a - gain, yet old in story Land of mine, land of mine, Tales of heroes, lend you glory, Land of

mine, land of mine, Riv - ers new, and for - ests old Field and flow'rs and clouds all gold, Grand old,

mine, land of mine, Far flung hills and mountains steep Deserts wide and canyons deep You're a

mine, land of mine, We would build a - new like thee, Deep and rich and broad and free, Grand old,

dear old A - ri - zo - na Land of mine, land of mine, Grand old, dear old A - ri - zo - na Land of mine.

land of mystic beauty Land of mine, land of mine, Grand old, dear old Arizona Land of mine.

dear old A - ri - zo - na, Land of mine, land of mine, Grand young, dear young A - ri - zo - na, Land of mine.

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New Jersey! We're Proud of You

JAMES V. LOUGHRAN

LAWRENCE J. KELLY

ED. WARD

New Jer - sey, we're proud of you — We love ev - 'ry

mile of your soil, — Tho' you're just One Star in a

field of blue — It's for you we live and toil, > > >

Gar - den State of wealth and re - nown With loy - al sons so

true — There's on - ly one New Jer -

sey, New Jer-sey, we're proud of you.

ff

Michigan, My Michigan

DOUGLAS MALLOCH

W. OTTO MIESSNER

1. A song to thee, fair State of mine, Mich-i-gan, my Mich-i-gan; But
 2. I sing a State of all the best, Mich-i-gan, my Mich-i-gan; I
 3. How fair the bo-som of thy lakes, Mich-i-gan, my Mich-i-gan; What
 4. Thou rich in wealth that makes a State, Mich-i-gan, my Mich-i-gan; Thou

great-er song than this is thine, Mich-i-gan, my Mich-i-gan; The
 sing a State with rich-es bless'd, Mich-i-gan, my Mich-i-gan; Thy
 mel-o-dy each riv-er makes Mich-i-gan, my Mich-i-gan; As
 great in things that make us great, Mich-i-gan, my Mich-i-gan; Our

whisper of the for-est tree, The thunder of the in-land sea, U-nite in
 mines unmask a hid-den store, But rich-er thy his-tor-ic lore, More great the
 to thy lakes thy riv-ers tend, Thy exiled children to thee send De-votion
 loy-al voic-es sound thy claim, Up-on the gold-en roll of Fame Our loy-al

one grand sym-pho-ny, Of Mich-i-gan, my Mich-i-gan.
 love thy build-ers bore, Oh, Mich-i-gan, my Mich-i-gan.
 that shall nev-er end, Oh, Mich-i-gan, my Mich-i-gan.
 hands shall write the name Of Mich-i-gan, my Mich-i-gan.

Montana

(Official State Song adopted by Gov. Edwin L. Norris)

CHARLES C. COHAN

JOSEPH E. HOWARD

Mont - an - a, Mont - an - a, Glo - ry of the

p

This system contains the first line of the song. The vocal melody is in G major, 2/4 time. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand. The lyrics are 'Mont - an - a, Mont - an - a, Glo - ry of the'.

West _____ Of all the states from coast to coast You're

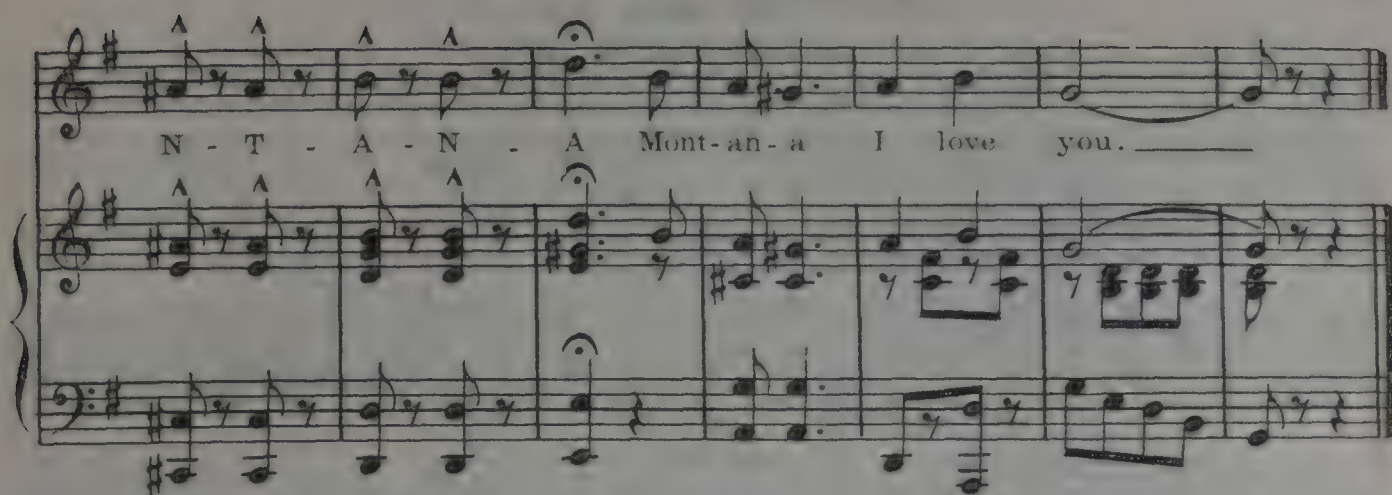
This system contains the second line of the song. The vocal melody continues with a long note for 'West' followed by 'Of all the states from coast to coast You're'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern. The lyrics are 'West _____ Of all the states from coast to coast You're'.

eas - i - ly the best _____ Mont - an - a, Mont -

This system contains the third line of the song. The vocal melody continues with 'eas - i - ly the best' followed by a long note and then 'Mont - an - a, Mont -'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern. The lyrics are 'eas - i - ly the best _____ Mont - an - a, Mont -'.

an - a, Where skies are al - ways blue _____ M - O -

This system contains the fourth line of the song. The vocal melody continues with 'an - a, Where skies are al - ways blue' followed by a long note and then 'M - O -'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern. The lyrics are 'an - a, Where skies are al - ways blue _____ M - O -'.

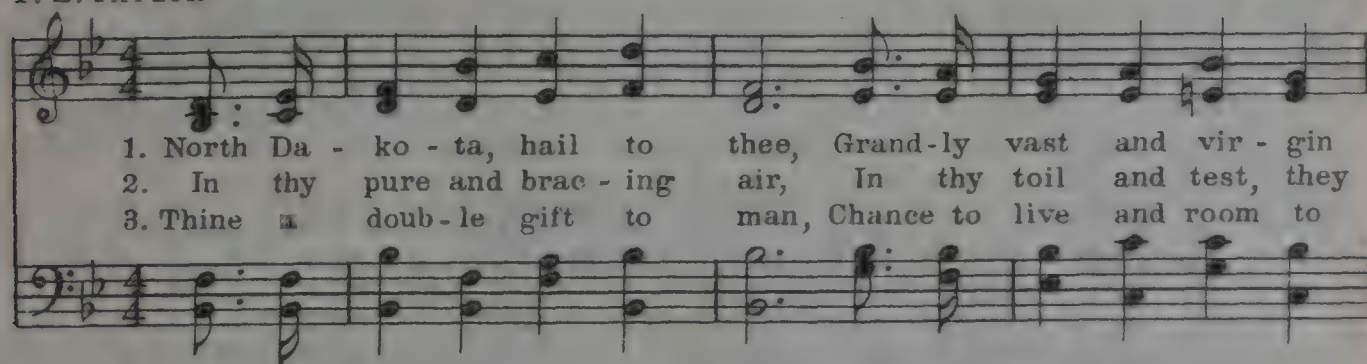


N - T - A - N - A Mont-an-a I love you. _____

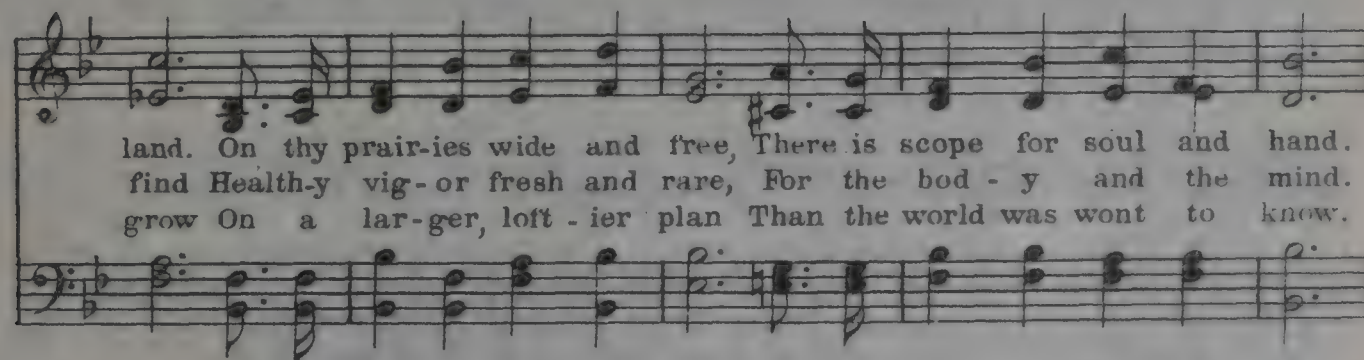
North Dakota Song

F. B. TAYLOR

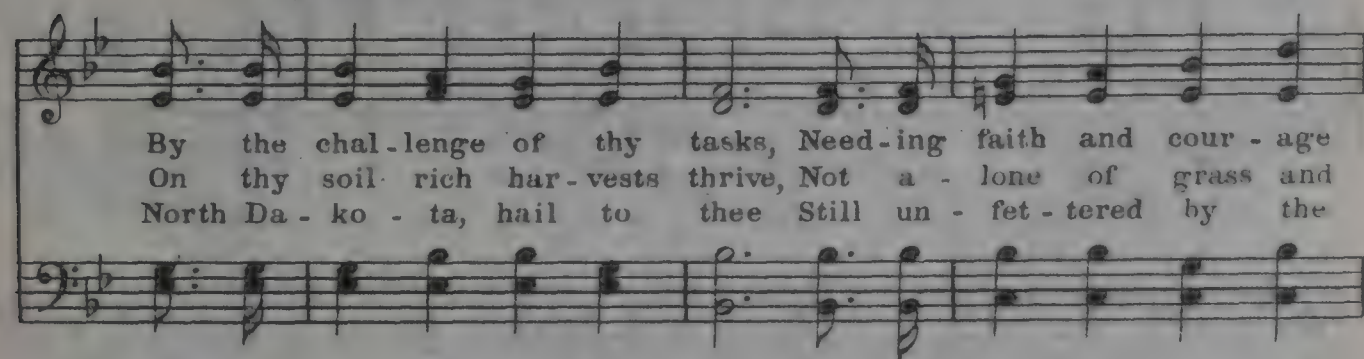
C. S. BUCK



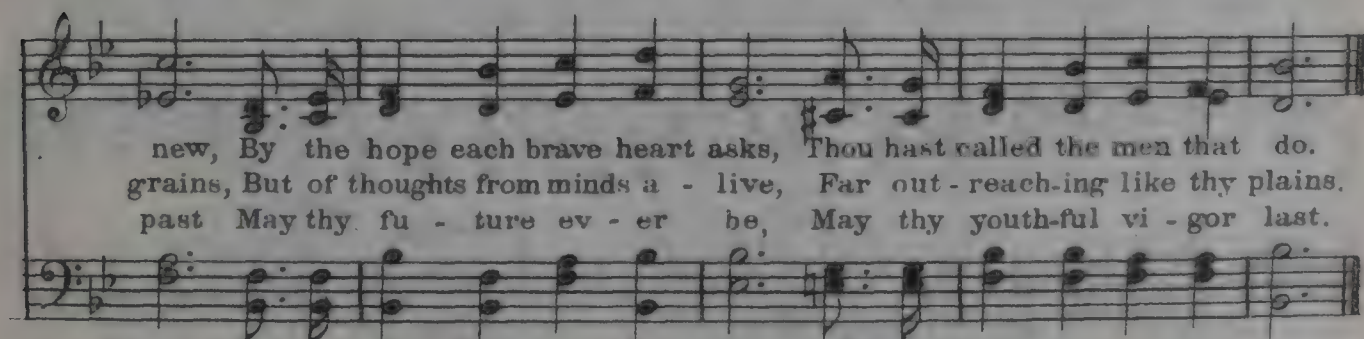
1. North Da - ko - ta, hail to thee, Grand-ly vast and vir - gin
2. In thy pure and brac - ing air, In thy toil and test, they
3. Thine a doub - le gift to man, Chance to live and room to



land. On thy prair-ies wide and free, There is scope for soul and hand.
find Health-y vig - or fresh and rare, For the bod - y and the mind.
grow On a lar - ger, loft - ier plan Than the world was wont to know.



By the chal - lenge of thy tasks, Need - ing faith and cour - age
On thy soil rich har - vests thrive, Not a - lone of grass and
North Da - ko - ta, hail to thee Still un - fet - tered by the



new, By the hope each brave heart asks, Thou hast called the men that do.
grains, But of thoughts from minds a - live, Far out - reach - ing like thy plains.
past May thy fu - ture ev - er be, May thy youth - ful vi - gor last.

Sunshine and Smiles

(The South Dakota Song)

D. O. J.

D. O. JONES
Arr. by Arthur Smith

1. In the State of South Da - ko - ta, Where the fields are long and wide, The
2. In the State of South Da - ko - ta, Where the sun shines bright and clear, Her

growing grain on fertile plain Is South Da-ko-ta's pride. With wealth un-told in
manhood stands with o-pen hands Dis-ci-ples of good cheer. So why be sad when we

mines of gold And scenes of beauty rare, Yes! Yes! Yes! in South Da-ko - ta, We have
should be glad? 'Tis the cheery face that wins. Yes! Yes! Yes! in South Da-ko - ta, There's

plen-ty and to spare. South Da-ko-ta is the Sun-shine State All the people are
where the West be-gins.

feeling great Sun-shine and smiles is our stock in trade. Sun-shine and smiles of the
 very best grade. South Dakota! South Dakota! That is the Sun-shine State.

ff

C. W. VAN PATTEN

Roar of the Colorado Lions

H. C. WORK

We're from Col-or-ad-o, boys, we're ver-y proud to say, Our climate is the
 best of all, the sun shines every day, So if you want a place to live you'd
D.S. Sing it till the glad re-frain Shall
Fine bet-ter come our way As we go joy-ful-ly on-ward. Hur-rah, Hur-rah, We'll
 reach from sea to sea, As we go joy-ful-ly on-ward.
D.S. sing the ju-bi-lee, Hur-rah, Hur-rah, For right and lib-er-ty,

Wyoming

March Song

C. E. WINTER

G. E. KNAPP

REFRAIN

Wy - o - ming, Wy - o - ming! Land of the sun-light clear! Wy -

I love O Wy - o - ming! Wy - o - ming,

o - ming, Wy - o - ming! Land that we hold so dear! Wy -

O so dear!

o - ming, Wy - o - ming! Pre - cious art thou and thine; Wy -

o - ming, Wy - o - ming! Be - lov - ed State of mine!

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North Dakota

Teddy Roosevelt's West

WALTER EDWARD DeLANO

With hidden treasure, wealth untold,
 North Dakota welcomes you,
 To her prairies broad with their fertile sod,
 Kissed by sun and rain and dew.
 She leads the way in the U.S.A.
 We call her "God's country."
 Teddy Roosevelt's west, he loved her best,
 North Dakota, Hail to thee.

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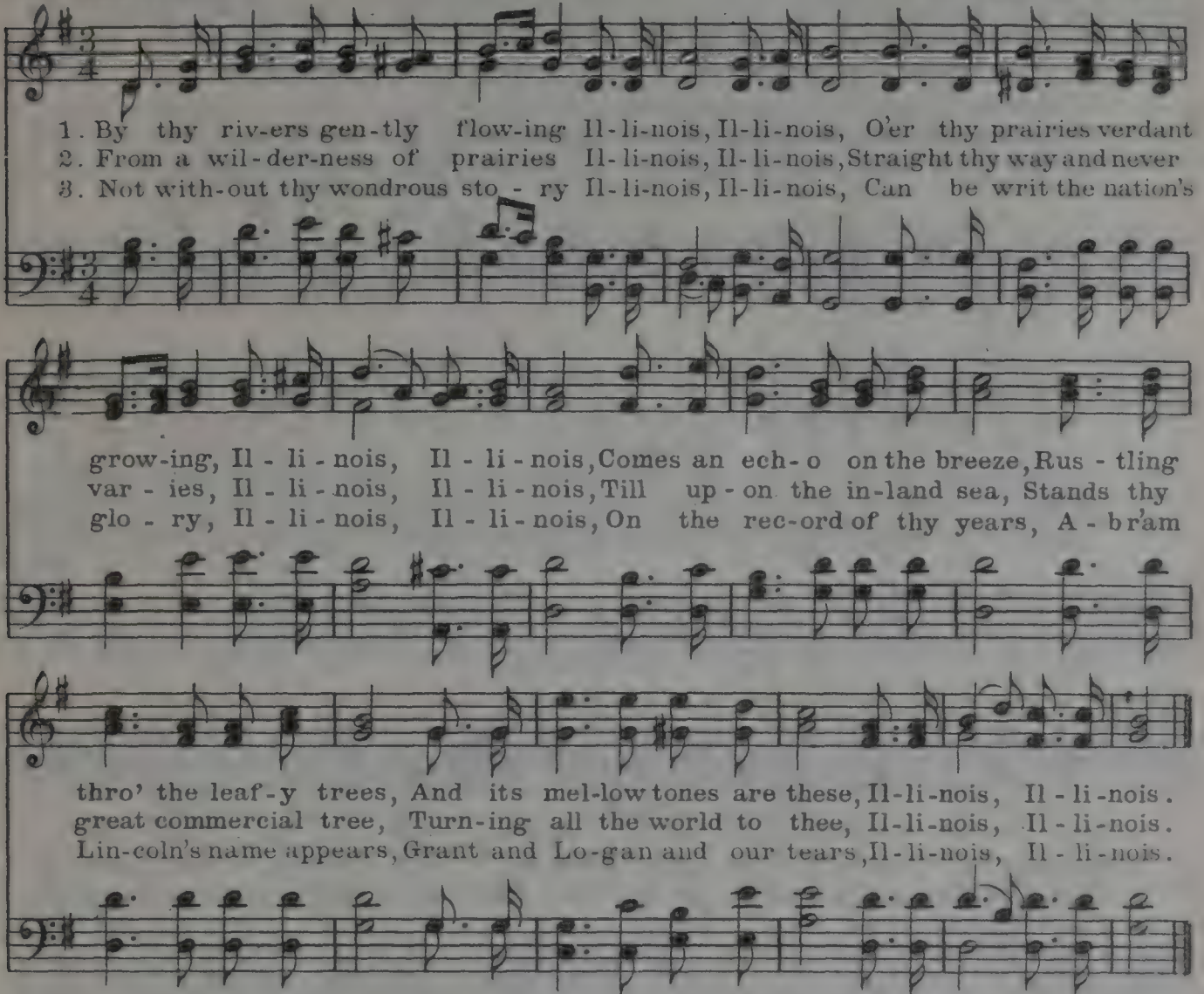
Illinois

53

C. H. CHAMBERLAIN

(May also be sung to tune "Baby Mine")

WALTER HOWE JONES



1. By thy riv-ers gen-tly flow-ing Il-li-nois, Il-li-nois, O'er thy prairies verdant
 2. From a wil-der-ness of prairies Il-li-nois, Il-li-nois, Straight thy way and never
 3. Not with-out thy wondrous sto-ry Il-li-nois, Il-li-nois, Can be writ the nation's

grow-ing, Il-li-nois, Il-li-nois, Comes an ech-o on the breeze, Rus-ting
 var-ies, Il-li-nois, Il-li-nois, Till up-on the in-land sea, Stands thy
 glo-ry, Il-li-nois, Il-li-nois, On the rec-ord of thy years, A-br'am

thro' the leaf-y trees, And its mel-low tones are these, Il-li-nois, Il-li-nois.
 great commercial tree, Turn-ing all the world to thee, Il-li-nois, Il-li-nois.
 Lin-corn's name appears, Grant and Lo-gan and our tears, Il-li-nois, Il-li-nois.

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On Wisconsin

On, Wisconsin! On, Wisconsin!
 Grand Old Badger State.
 We, thy loyal sons and daughters,
 Hail thee, good and great.
 On, Wisconsin! On, Wisconsin!
 Champion of the right;
 "Foward," our motto,
 We will win the fight.

On, Wisconsin! On, Wisconsin!
 Dost thou hear that call?
 Marshalling thee to noble duty
 In the fight for all.
 On, Wisconsin! On, Wisconsin!
 Battle for the right,
 With the standard flying
 God will give thee might.

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I Love You, California

F. B. SILVERWOOD

A. F. FRANKENSTEIN


Where the snow crowned Golden Sierras
 Keep their watch o'er the valleys bloom,
 It is there I would be in our land by the sea,
 Every breeze bearing rich perfume,
 It is here nature gives of her rarest.
 It is Home Sweet Home to me,
 And I know when I die I shall breathe my last sigh
 For my sunny California.

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Pennsylvania

RACHEL F. SPRINGER


Moderately slow




1. Bless-ed home of our fa-thers, our own to de-fend, Un-to thee will our
 2. Penn-syl - va-nia! What visions of beau-ty are ours When thy val - leys un-
 3. Our loved na-tion may boast of her fair Gold-en Gate, The Lone Star prove her



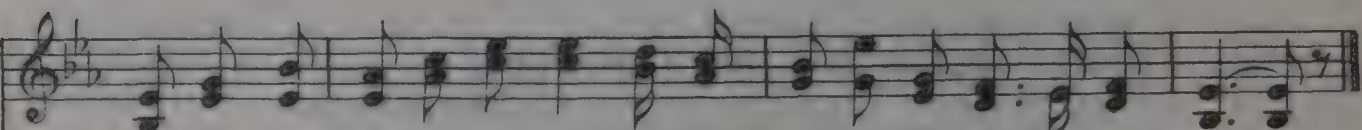
hom-age be paid; For thy weal to high heaven our pray'rs shall as-cend, On thine
 fold to our sight; Mountains tow'ring in grandeur, ripe fruits and rare flow'rs, Rippling
 joy and her pride; The rich Empire, the Buckeye, the Gran-ite loom great; Old Do-



al - tar our wreaths shall be laid. In pro - tect - ing thy bounds ma - ny
 streams e'er our pride and de - light. Cham - ou - ni's love - ly vale ne'er our
 min - ion there's none may de - ride. But the arch of her great - ness is



brave men were lost Willing martyrs to save thy fair name Though unknown and un-
 hearts can en - snare, See - nie Alps and the Rhine call in vain, While with - in the broad
 strengthened and crowned By the Keystone, our famed land of Penn, And from moun - tain to



num - bered, that glo - ri - ous host We re - ward when we sing of thy fame.
 a - cres thy cit - i - zens share Na - ture's god - dess for - ev - er doth reign.
 mountain our plaudits re - sound To be ech - oed a - gain and a - gain.

Adopted Pennsylvania D. A. R. October 23, 1921.

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My Loui-si - a - na, dear Loui-si - a - na, Down where the ro - ses

for-ev-er bloom. And in the spring-time, the glorious May-time,

I'm go-ing back to Loui-si - a - na, that's my home, sweet home.

rit.

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PHILIP E. BROWNING

Connecticut's Seal

1. When to this fair New Eng-land shore Our fa-ters came a - cross the main,
 2. Free-dom of con-cience, lib-er - ty, Jus-tice for all they sought and gained;
 3. Sons of this stur-dy par-ent - age, Let not your broth-ers call in vain;
 4. Con - nec - ti - cut, thy trip-le vine Thy loy-al sons with love main-tain,

This leg-end in their hearts they bore: "He who trans-plant - ed does sus-tain"
 The vines of true De - moc-ra - cy; He who trans-plant - ed has sus-tained
 Share with man-kind your her - i - tage: "He who trans-plante-d does sus-tain."
 Still mind-ful of that hand di - vine That did trans-plant and does sus-tain.

Minnesota, the Gem of the Homeland

L. W. C.

LAURA WALKER COLGROVE

Keep your eye on the North-star and cheer for Min-ne - so - ta. She's our
Then on - ward, press on-ward, we'll cheer for Min-ne - so - ta. She's our

North - star, hon-ored a - far, the State that we love the best. The
North - star, hon-ored a - far; where lib - er - ty's laws com-mand. The

foun-tain-head of wa-ters, the Great Lakes and Mis - sis - sip - pi,
foun-tain-head of wa-ters, the Great Lakes and Mis - sis - sip - pi,

Min - ne - so - ta, Min - ne - so - ta the gem of the North - west.
Min - ne - so - ta, Min - ne - so - ta the gem of the home - land.

Cock-A-Doo-Dle-Do

57

G. M.

(I'm From Missouri)

GEORGE MC CULLOUGH

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is simple and catchy, with a repeating pattern of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes, often mirroring the vocal line. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system starts with a repeat sign. The second system has a piano dynamic marking 'p-f'. The third system has a piano dynamic marking 'f'. The fourth system has a first ending and a second ending, both marked with repeat signs. The score ends with a final chord.

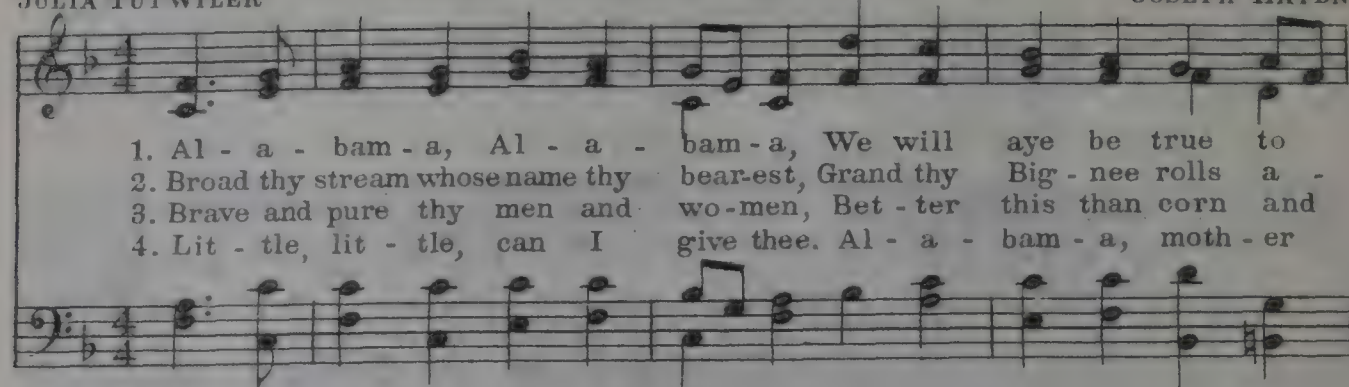
Cock-a-doo-dle - do, I'm from Mis - sou - ri, I am
proud of it and so I will crow and crow and crow, Cock-a-doo-dle-
do, I'm from Mis-sou - ri and I'm crow-in' 'cause I'm
grow-in' in Mis - sou - ri, Cock-a-doo-dle sou - ri.

Alabama

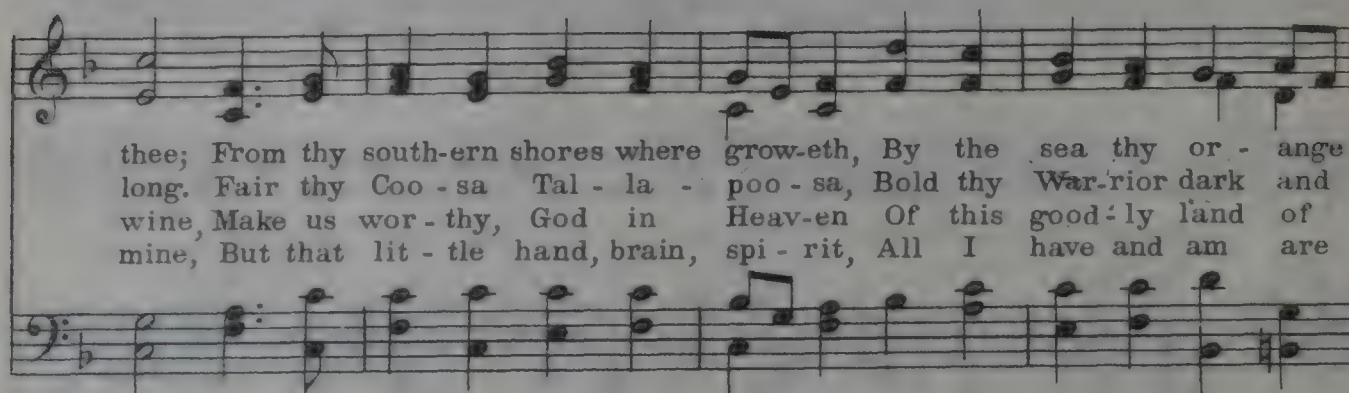
(Tune "Austrian National Anthem")

JULIA TUTWILER

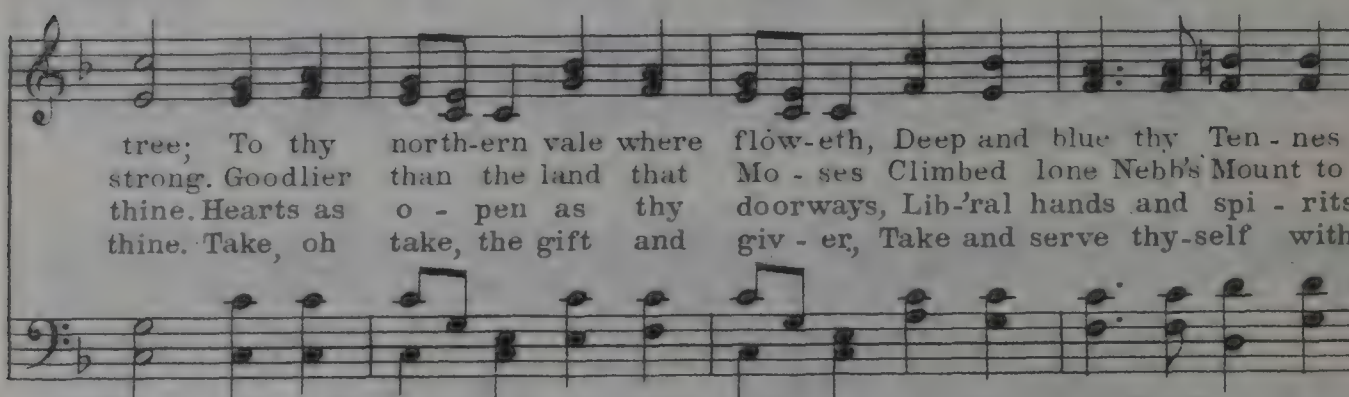
JOSEPH HAYDN



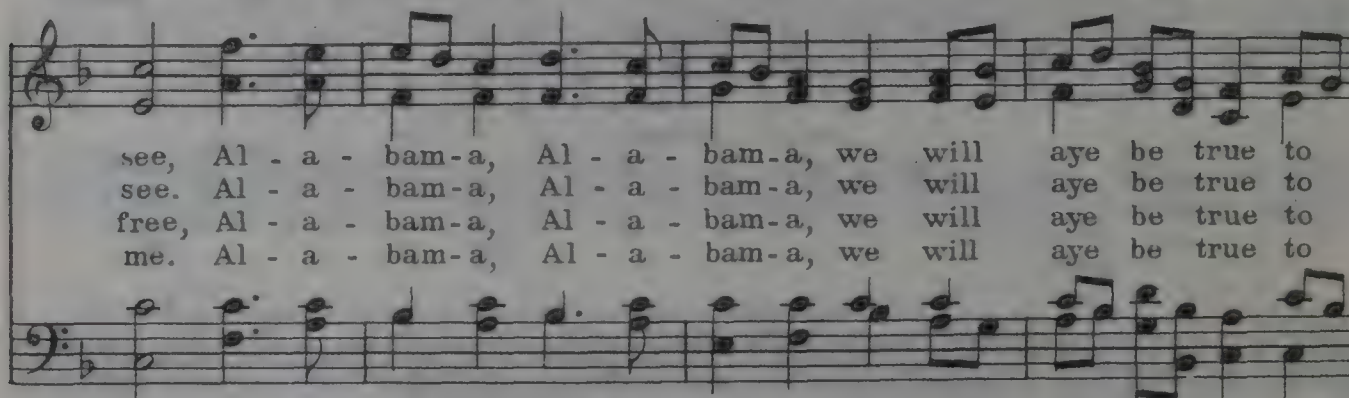
1. Al - a - bam - a, Al - a - bam - a, We will aye be true to
 2. Broad thy stream whose name thy bear - est, Grand thy Big - nee rolls a -
 3. Brave and pure thy men and wo - men, Bet - ter this than corn and
 4. Lit - tle, lit - tle, can I give thee. Al - a - bam - a, moth - er



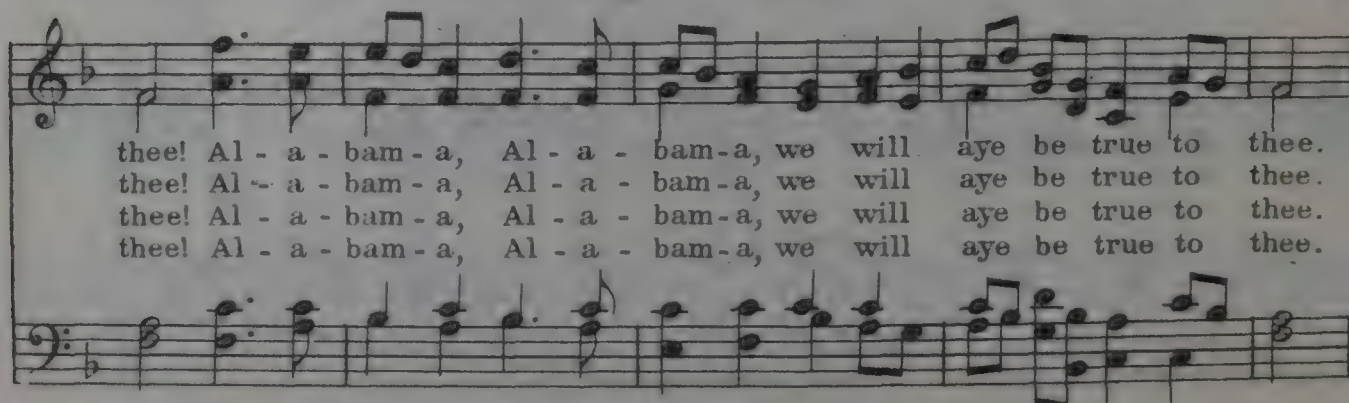
thee; From thy south - ern shores where grow - eth, By the sea thy or - ange
 long. Fair thy Coo - sa Tal - la - poo - sa, Bold thy War - rior dark and
 wine, Make us wor - thy, God in Heav - en Of this good - ly land of
 mine, But that lit - tle hand, brain, spi - rit, All I have and am are



tree; To thy north - ern vale where flow - eth, Deep and blue thy Ten - nes -
 strong. Goodlier than the land that Mo - ses Climbed lone Nebb's Mount to
 thine. Hearts as o - pen as thy doorways, Lib - ral hands and spi - rits
 thine. Take, oh take, the gift and giv - er, Take and serve thy - self with



see, Al - a - bam - a, Al - a - bam - a, we will aye be true to
 see. Al - a - bam - a, Al - a - bam - a, we will aye be true to
 free, Al - a - bam - a, Al - a - bam - a, we will aye be true to
 me. Al - a - bam - a, Al - a - bam - a, we will aye be true to



thee! Al - a - bam - a, Al - a - bam - a, we will aye be true to thee.
 thee! Al - a - bam - a, Al - a - bam - a, we will aye be true to thee.
 thee! Al - a - bam - a, Al - a - bam - a, we will aye be true to thee.
 thee! Al - a - bam - a, Al - a - bam - a, we will aye be true to thee.

Oklahoma

59

S. B. RENSHAW

C. D. FOSTER

O-kla-ho-ma now is call-ing, Don't you hear her plead-ing tone? Where the

mf

This system contains the first line of the song. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The piano part consists of chords and single notes in the right and left hands. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

north meets south and east meets west, And the quiv'ring as-pens moan; Where the

This system contains the second line of the song. The musical notation continues from the first system, with the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

ros-es bloom in splen-dor, And where life is gay and free, — Where the

This system contains the third line of the song. The musical notation continues, with the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

Cim-ar-ron is flow-ing. That is home sweet home to me. —

This system contains the fourth line of the song. The musical notation continues, with the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

Oregon, My Oregon

J. A. BUCHANAN

HENRY B. MURTAGH

*Marcia**mf*

Land of the
Land of the

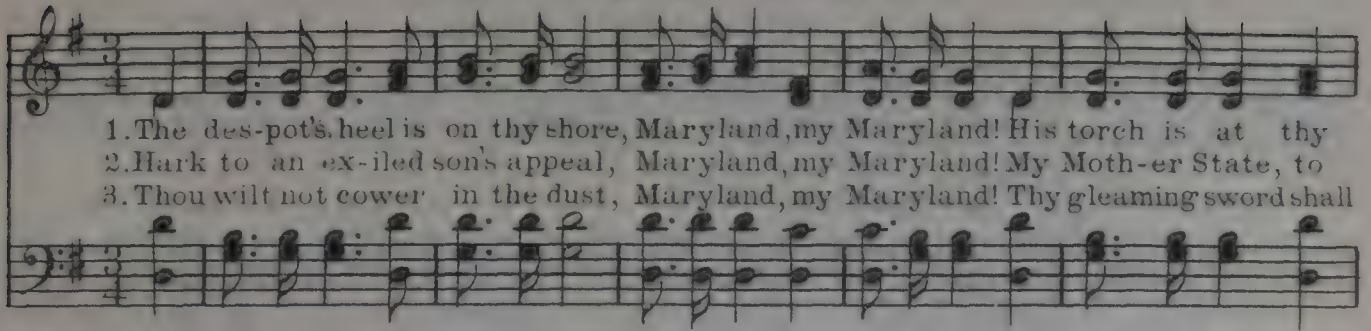
Empire Builders, Land of the Gold-en West; Con-quer-ed and held by free men,
rose and sunshine, Land of the sum-mer's breeze; Lad-en with health and vig-or,

Fair-est and the best. On-ward and up-ward ev-er, Forward and on, and
Fresh from the Western seas. Blest by the blood of mar-tys, Land of the set-ting

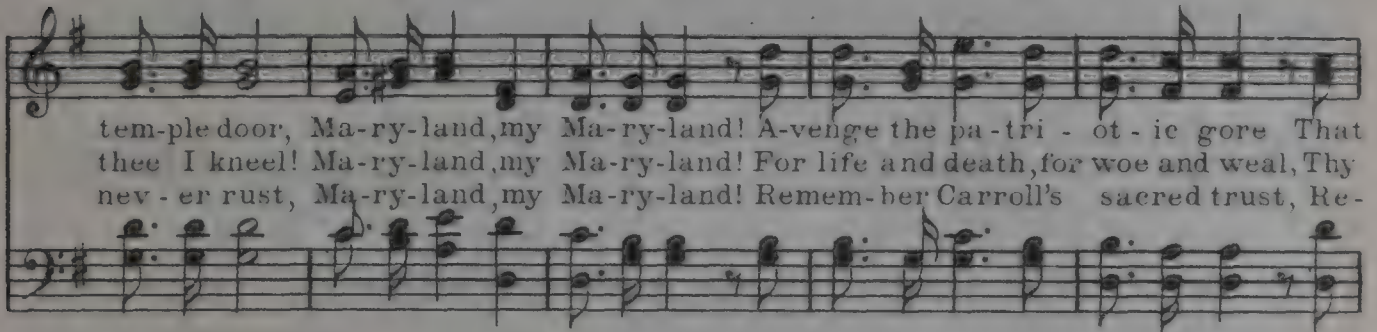
on; Hail to thee, Land of He-roes, My O-re-gon.
sun; Hail to thee, Land of Prom-ise, My O-re-gon.

Maryland, My Maryland

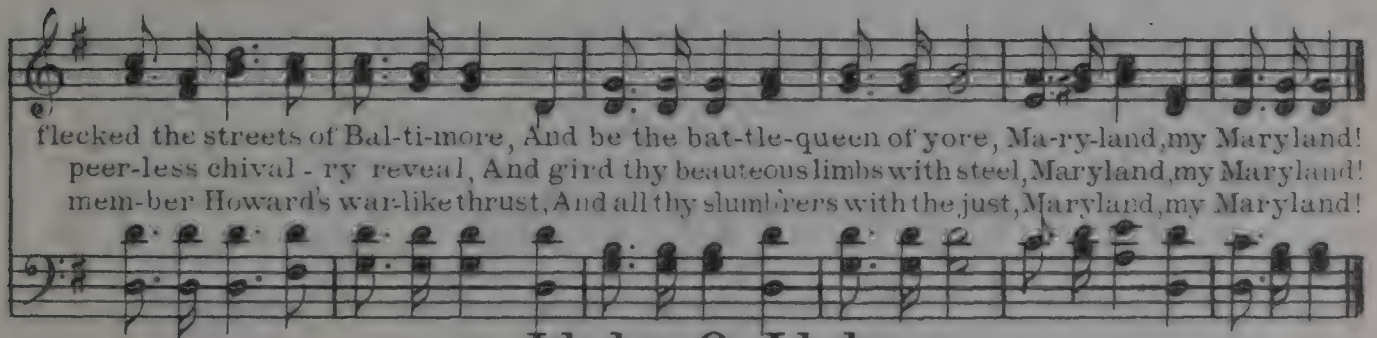
61



1. The des-pot's heel is on thy shore, Maryland, my Maryland! His torch is at thy
 2. Hark to an ex-iled son's appeal, Maryland, my Maryland! My Moth-er State, to
 3. Thou wilt not cower in the dust, Maryland, my Maryland! Thy gleaming sword shall



tem-ple door, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land! A-venge the pa-tri - ot - ic gore That
 thee I kneel! Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land! For life and death, for woe and weal, Thy
 nev - er rust, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land! Remem-ber Carroll's sac-ered trust, Re-



flecked the streets of Bal-ti-more, And be the bat-tle-queen of yore, Ma-ry-land, my Maryland!
 peer-less chival - ry reveal, And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel, Maryland, my Maryland!
 mem-ber Howard's war-like thrust, And all thy slumbers with the just, Maryland, my Maryland!

Idaho, O, Idaho

(Tune "Maryland, My Maryland")

A lovely mountain home is ours.
 Idaho, O, Idaho,
 Of winters mild and springtime flowers
 Idaho, O, Idaho,
 Her breezes blow from western shores
 Where broad Pacific billows roar.
 Each year we love her more and more,
 Idaho, O, Idaho.

Her mountains grand are crowned with snow
 Idaho, O, Idaho,
 And valleys fertile spread below,
 Idaho, O, Idaho,
 The towering pines on cliffs so steep
 O'er craters their virgils keep
 And in the lakes are mirrored deep,
 Idaho, O, Idaho.

A thousand hills where herds may range
 Idaho, O, Idaho,
 And lava beds so wild and strange,
 Idaho, O, Idaho,
 Above our heads are cloudless skies
 In gorgeous hues the sunset dies,
 Then starry diamonds greet our eyes,
 Idaho, O, Idaho.

Such is our wondrous mountain home
 Idaho, O, Idaho,
 And far away we ne'er would roam,
 Idaho, O, Idaho,
 Our land of liberty we tell,
 Beneath a starry flag we dwell,
 One star is ours—we love it well,
 Idaho, O, Idaho.

Georgia Land

(Tune—"Maryland, My Maryland")

Love, light and joy for-ever-more,
 Georgia Land, dear Georgia Land!
 The world finds welcome at thy door,
 Georgia Land, dear Georgia Land!
 Thy star crowned hills and valleys sweet
 Their litanies of love repeat,
 And night and morning singing meet:
 Georgia Land, dear Georgia Land!
 Where e'er thy loving children roam,
 Georgia Land, dear Georgia Land!
 With thee their hearts are still at home,
 Georgia Land, dear Georgia Land!

Where e'er the wand'rer's pathway lies,
 In dreams he sees thy blessed skies,
 And hope doth like a star arise,
 Georgia Land, dear Georgia Land!
 Blest be thy holy hills and plains,,
 Georgia Land, dear Georgia Land!
 The sunlight twinkling thro' thy rains,
 Georgia Land, dear Georgia Land!
 God have thee ever in His keep,
 From mountain wall to stormy deep,
 Until upon thy breast we sleep,
 Georgia Land, dear Georgia Land!

Utah, We Love Thee

E. S.

(Male Voices)

EVAN STEPHENS

1. Land of the moun-tains high, U - tah, we love thee;
 2. Co - lum-bia's bright-est star, U - tah, we love thee;
 3. Land of the Pi - o - neers, U - tah, we love thee;

Land of the sun-ny sky, U-tah, we love thee! Far in the glo-rious west,
 Thy lus-tre shines a-far, U-tah, we love thee! Bright in our ban-ner's blue,
 Grow with the com-ing years, U-tah, we love thee! With wealth and peace in store,

Throned on the mountain's crest, In robes of state-hood dress'd, U-tah, we love thee.
 A-mong her sis-ters true, She proud-ly comes to view, U-tah, we love thee.
 To fame and glo-ry soar, God-guard-ed ev - er-more, U-tah, we love thee.

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The Eyes of Texas

Tune—"Levee Song" page 118

The eyes of Texas are upon you,
 All the livelong day.
 The eyes of Texas are upon you,
 You cannot get away.
 Do not think you can escape them.
 At night or early in the morn,
 The eyes of Texas are upon you,
 Till Gabriel blows his horn.

Washington Beloved

Thy name, oh, Washington renown'd,
 We hail, we hail from far and near,
 Thy glories joyfully resound,
 In songs of praise and mighty cheer,
 Thy name we hail from far and near,
 In songs of praise and mighty cheer.

Thy sons, oh, Washington belov'd,
 Lift up, lift up their heads of pride,
 By whatsoever seas remov'd,
 To thee, in love their lives are tied.
 Lift up, lift up your heads with pride,
 To thee, in love our lives are tied.

STATE ANTHEM—By joint Resolution of Legislature and approved by the Governor, Mar. 18, 1909

Mississippi

63

Mrs. DUNBAR ROWLAND

WALTER H. AIKEN

CHORUS

Mis-sis-sip-pi! Land of a true and val-iant

race, Where hope's heav'n-ly light is seen on

ev-'ry face Fair land whose story glows with deeds of heroes

brave! Dear land that hate-ful ty-rant shall ne'er en-slave.

Used by special permission of the author, Mrs. Dunbar Rowland, Jackson, Miss.

*Today is all you have. Tomorrow is a promissory note:
yesterday is a cancelled check.*

O, Fair New Mexico

E. G.

ELIZABETH GARRETT

REFRAIN

O, fair New Mex - i - co, We love, we love you so,

f *mf* *a tempo*

Con 8va *Te. * Te. **

Our hearts with pride o'er-flow No mat - ter where we go,

O, fair New Mex - i - co, We love, we love you so, The grand - est

8va *mf* *a tempo*

*Te. * Te. **

state to know, New Mex - i - co.

accelerando

Con 8va *Con 8va*

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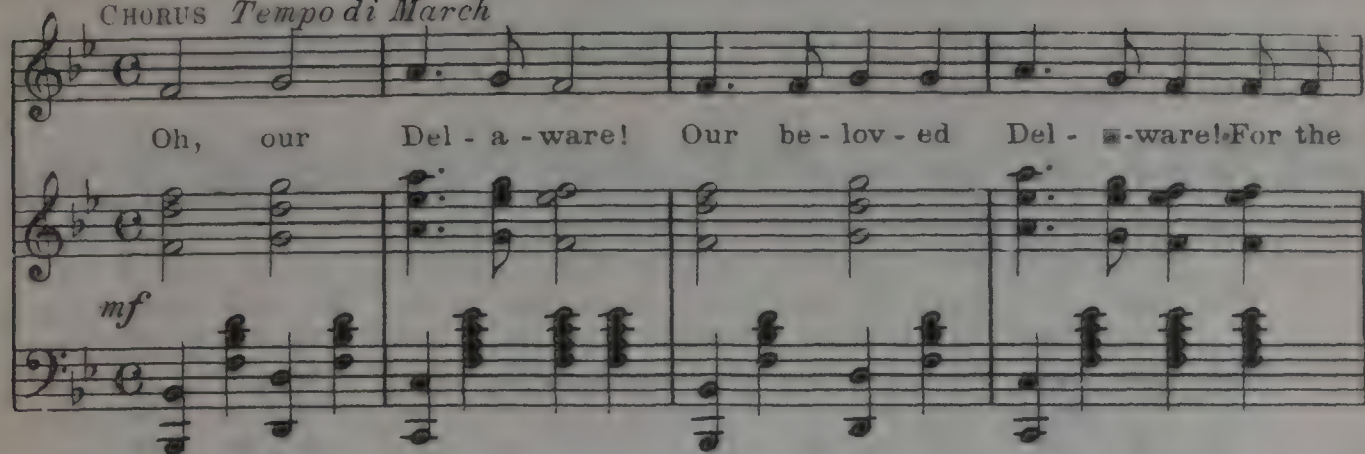
Hammering hardens steel but always plays havoc with putty.

Our Delaware

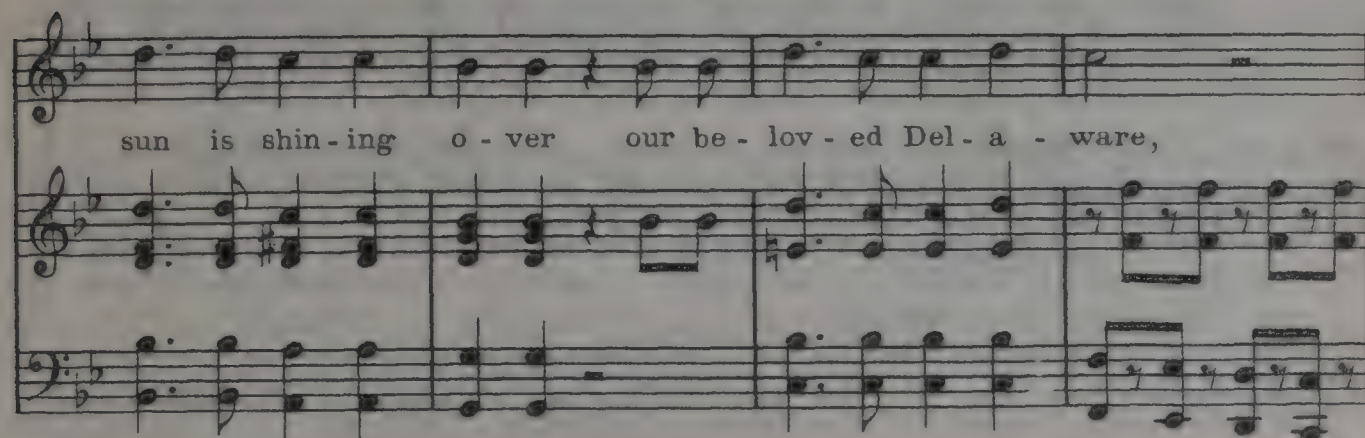
65

GEORGE B. HYNSON

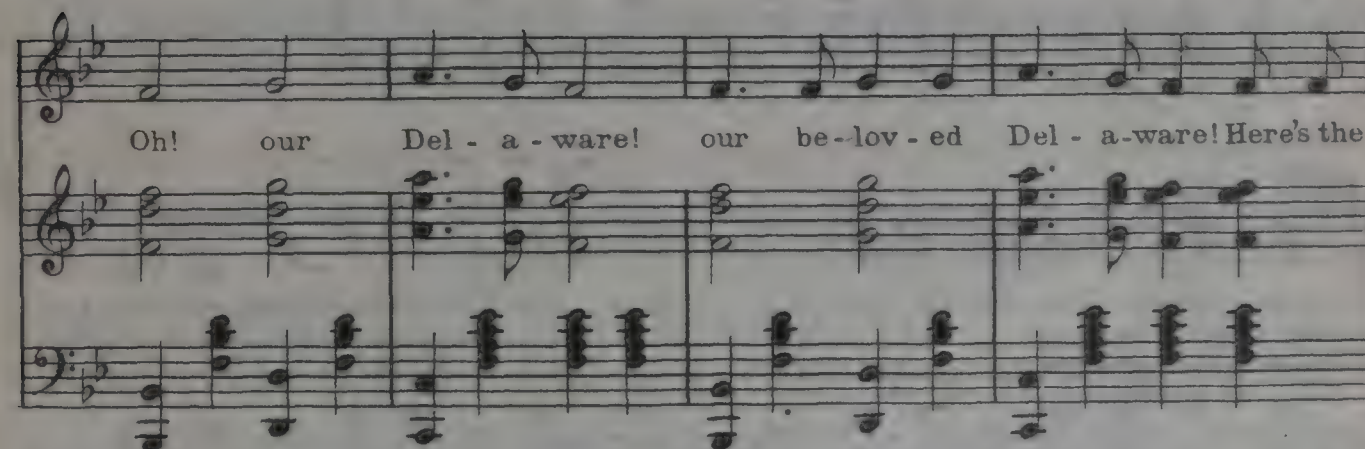
WILL M. S. BROWN

CHORUS *Tempo di March*

Oh, our Del - a - ware! Our be - lov - ed Del - a - ware! For the



sun is shin - ing o - ver our be - lov - ed Del - a - ware,



Oh! our Del - a - ware! our be - lov - ed Del - a - ware! Here's the



loy - al son that pledg - es, Faith to good old Del - a - ware. *rall* *gva*

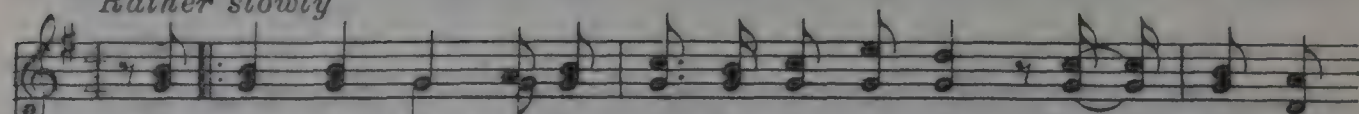
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Failure the line of least persistence.


My Old Kentucky Home

S.C.F.


STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Rather slowly


1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer,
young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry,
2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the mead-ow,
day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart, With sor-row
3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher - ev - er
few more days for to tote the wea-ry load, No mat-ter,




the dark-ies are gay; The corn-top's ripe and the mead-ow's in the bloom, While the
all hap-py and bright; By'n by hard times comes a knock-ing at the door, Then my
the hill and the shore; They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the
where all was de-light; The time has come when the darkies have to part, Then my
the dark-y may go; A few more days, and the trou-ble all will end, In the
'twill nev-er be light; A few more days till we tot-ter on the road, Then my




1. birds make mu-sic all the day; The old Kentucky home, good night!
2. bench by the old cab-in door; The old Kentucky home, good night!
3. field where the su-gar - canes grow; A old Kentucky home, good night!

CHORUS



Weep no more, my la - dy, O weep no more to day! We will



sing one song for the old Ken-tucky home, For the old Kentucky home, far a - way.

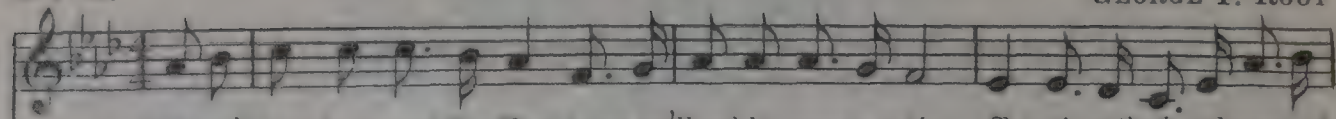
Use This Page

For other State Songs used by your club.

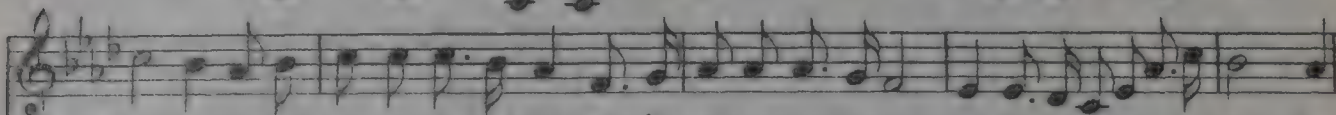
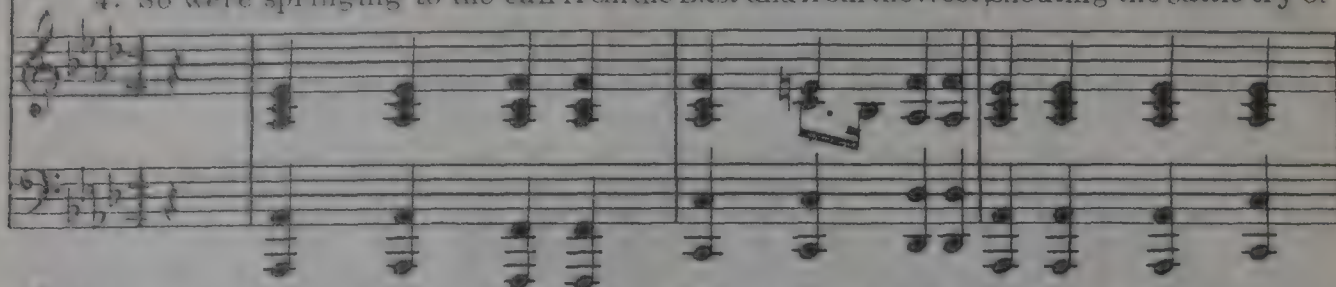
*Those who always depend on luck will
soon have nothing else to depend on.*

The Battle Cry Of Freedom

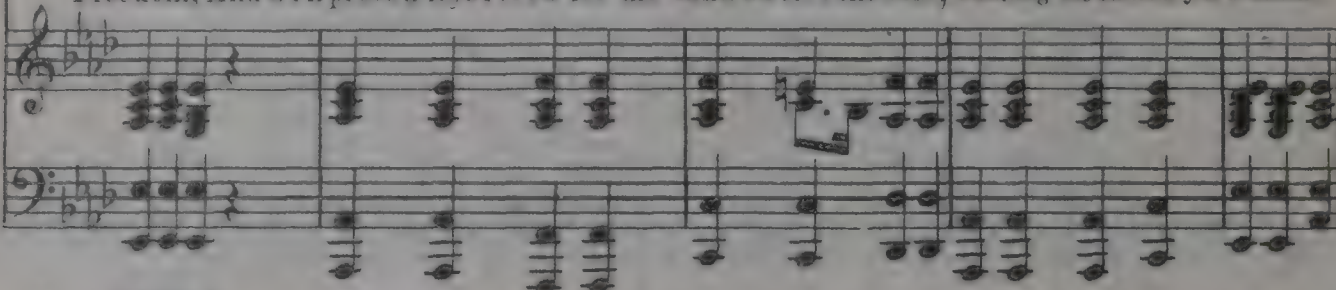
GEORGE F. ROOT



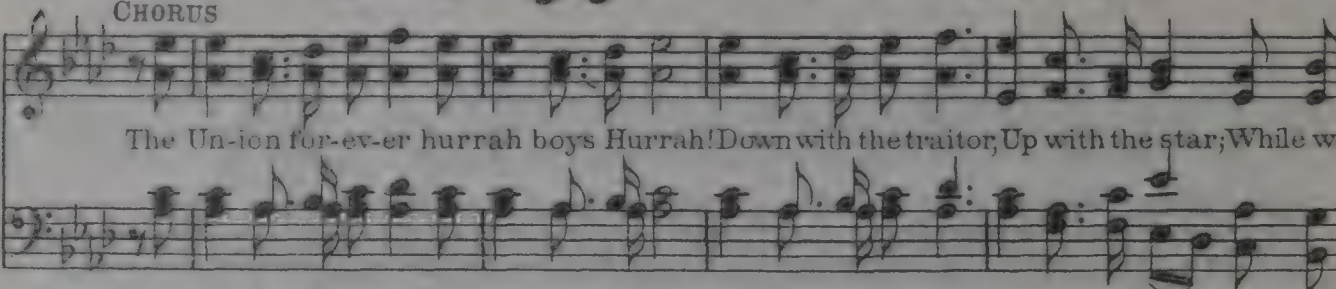
1. Yes, we'll ral-ly round the flag boys, we'll ral-ly once a-gain, Shouting the battle cry of
2. We are springing to the call of our brothers gone before, Shouting the battle cry of
3. We will wel-come to our num-bers the loy-al, true and brave, Shouting the battle cry of
4. So we're springing to the call from the East and from the West, Shouting the battle cry of



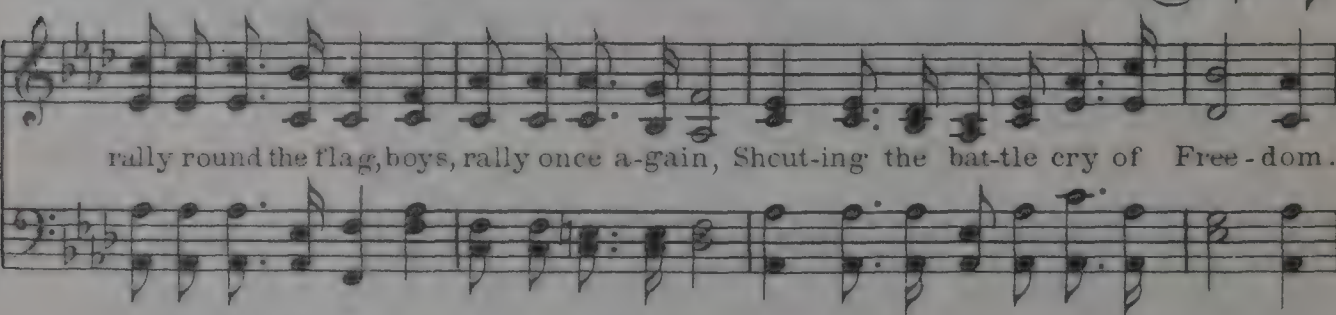
Freedom; We will rally from the hill-side, We'll gather from the plain, Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.
 Freedom; And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million free men more, Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.
 Freedom; And al-tho' they may be poor not a man shall be a slave, Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.
 Freedom; And we'll prove a loyal crew for the land we love the best, Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.



CHORUS



The Un-ion for-ev-er hurrah boys Hurrah! Down with the traitor, Up with the star; While we

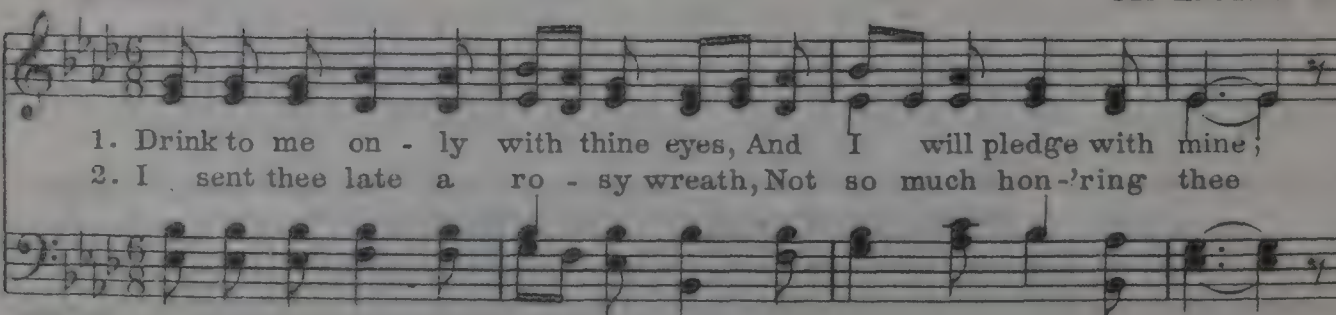


rally round the flag, boys, rally once a-gain, Shout-ing the bat-tle cry of Free-dom.

Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes

BEN JONSON

OLD ENGLISH AIR



1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine;
2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so much hon-'ring thee



Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine; The
As giv - ing it a hope that there It could not with - ered be; But

thirst that from the soul doth rise, Doth ask a drink di - vine;
thou there - on didst on - ly breathe, And sent'st it back to me,

But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine.
Since when it grows and smells, I swear, Not of it - self but thee.

From The Golden Book of Favorite Songs.

Home, Sweet Home

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

HENRY R. RISHOE

1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my
3. An ex - ile from home splendor daz - zles in vain; Oh, give me my

humble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there,
mother now thinks of her child, As she looks on that moon from our own cottage door,
lowly thatched cottage a - gain; The birds singing gai - ly, that came at my call,

Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else - where.
Thro' the wood - bine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more. } Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Give me them, and that peace of mind dear - er than all.

D. S. There's no place like home, Oh there's no place like home.

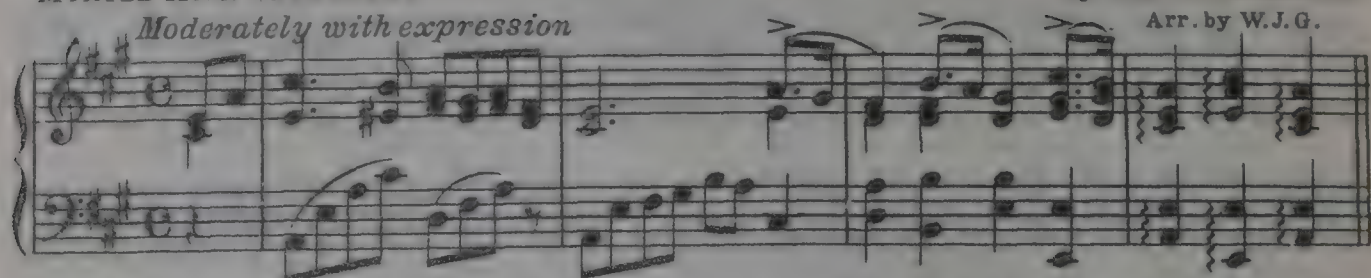
Farewell To Thee

MYRTLE KOON CHERRYMAN

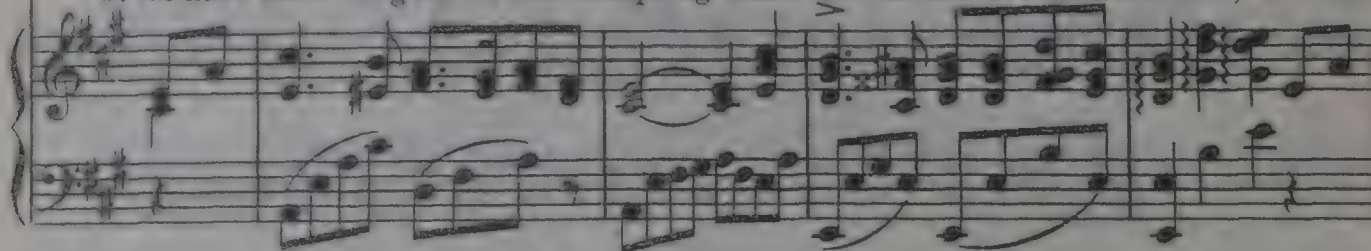
QUEEN LILIUOKALANI

Moderately with expression

Arr. by W.J.G.

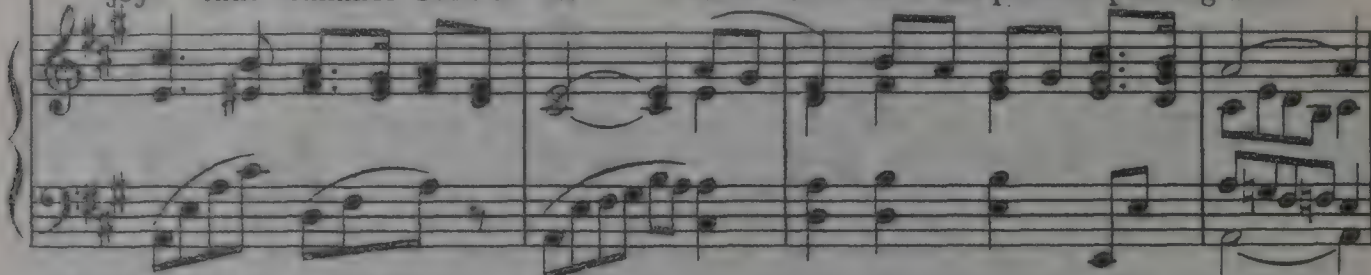


1. Now our gold-en days are at an end; The part-ing hour is coming soon, And we
 2. We have felt the thrill of autumn days And shared the winter's cold as well; When we
 3. We have seen to-gether how the spring Made mir-a-cles of tree and flow'r; But the



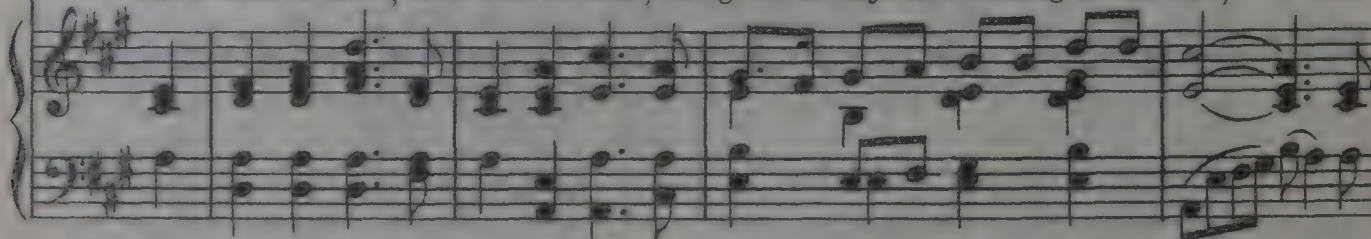
think, while swift the moments pass
 know we now must say good-bye,
 joy that summer bro't to us

How de-light-ful has been our friendship's boon.
 All our sor-row, no language e'er can tell.
 Led us on t'ward this pensive parting hour.

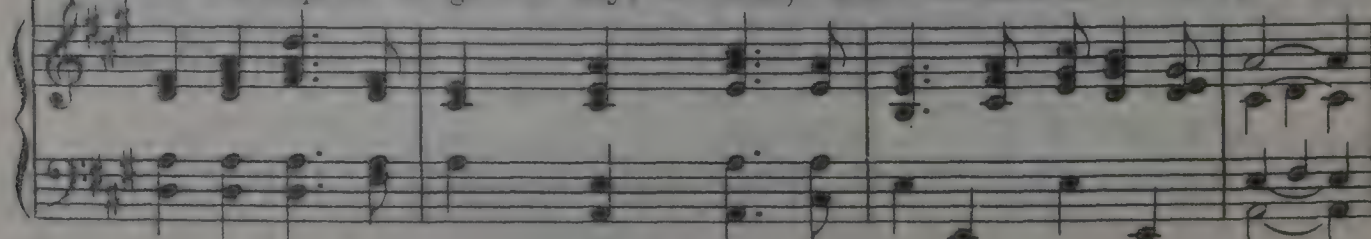


REFRAIN

Fare-well to thee, fare-well to thee, Our gold-en days are coming to an end, But



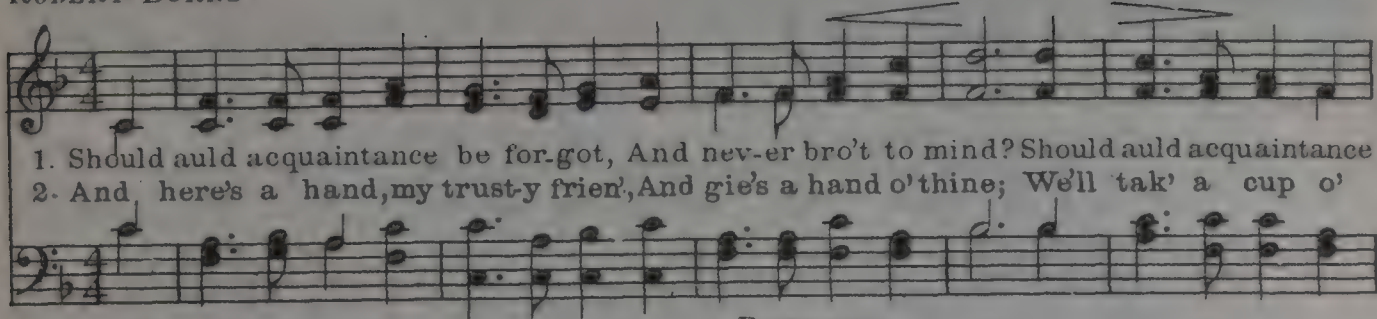
we will hope for bright-er days to come, When friend shall meet with friend.



Auld Lang Syne

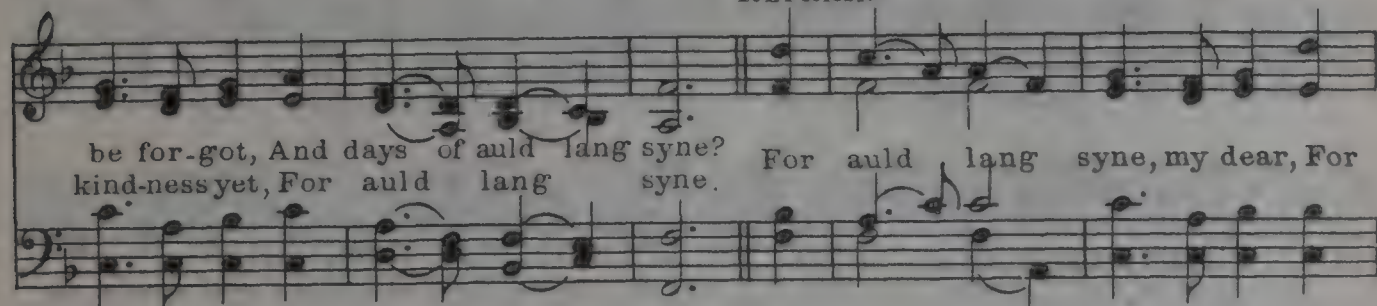
ROBERT BURNS

SCOTCH AIR

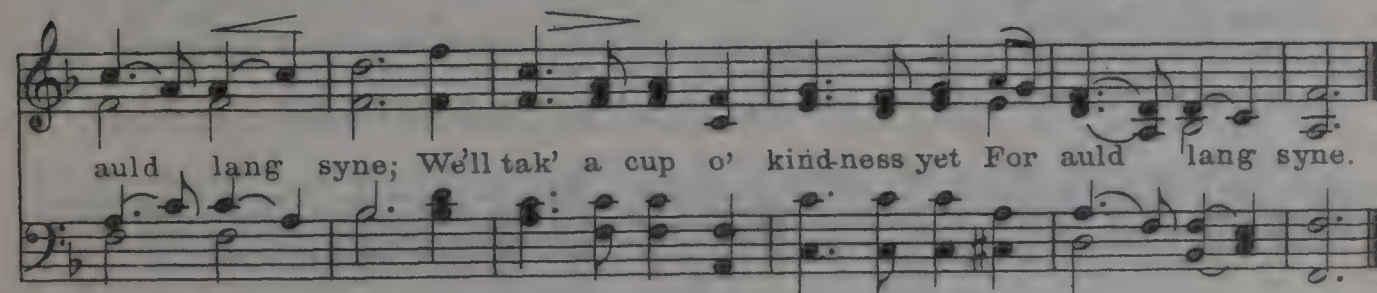


1. Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And nev-er bro't to mind? Should auld acquaintance
2. And here's a hand, my trust-y frien', And gie's a hand o'thine; We'll tak' a cup o'

REFRAIN



be for-got, And days of auld lang syne? For auld lang syne, my dear, For
kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

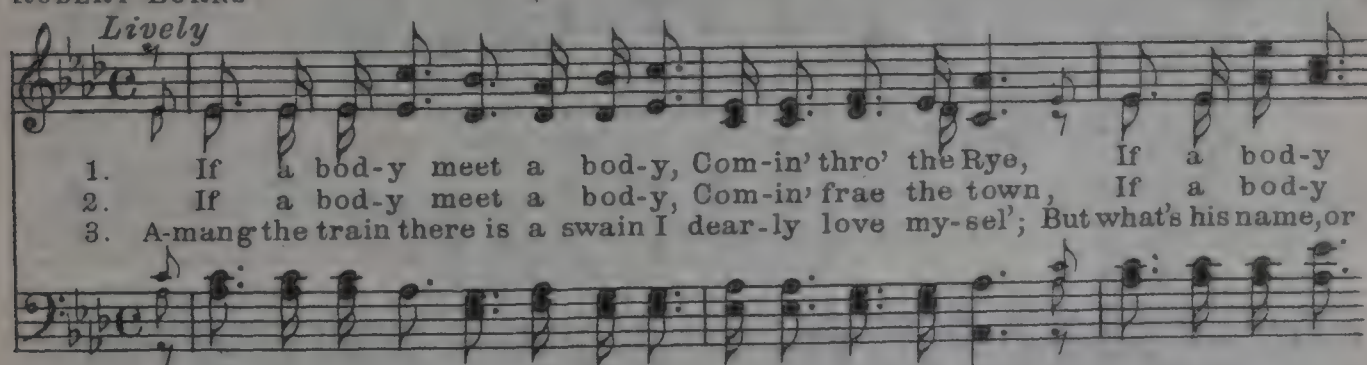


auld lang syne; We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.

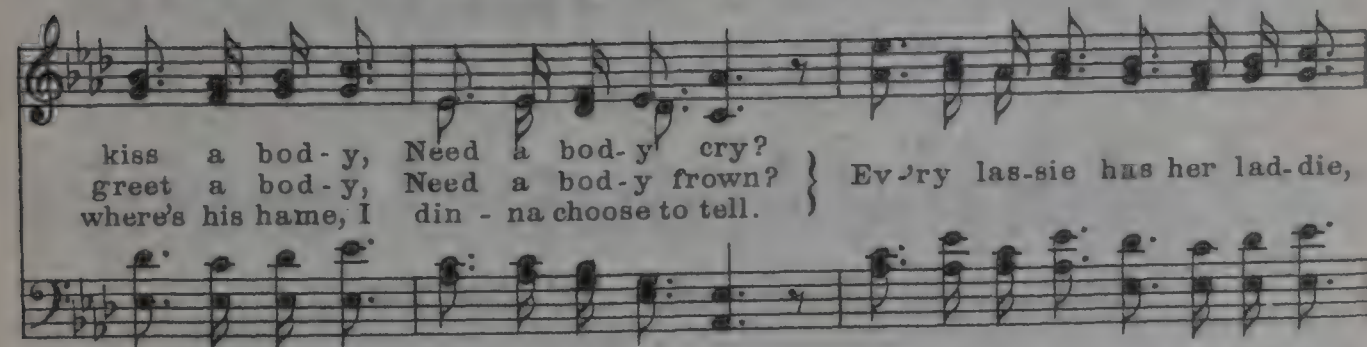
Comin' Thro' The Rye

ROBERT BURNS

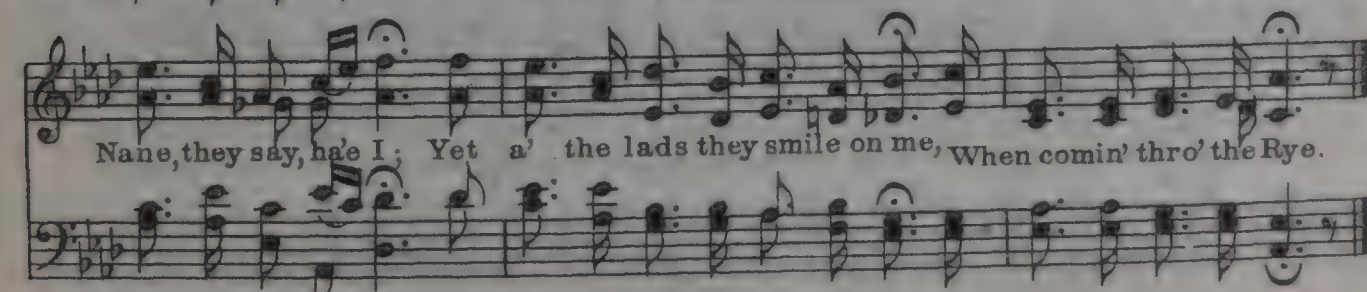
SCOTCH AIR

Lively


1. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' thro' the Rye, If a bod-y
2. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' frae the town, If a bod-y
3. A-mang the train there is a swain I dear-ly love my-sel'; But what's his name, or



kiss a bod-y, Need a bod-y cry?
greet a bod-y, Need a bod-y frown? } Ev'ry las-sie has her lad-die,
where's his name, I din-na choose to tell.



Nane, they say, ha'e I; Yet a' the lads they smile on me, When comin' thro' the Rye.

The Old Oaken Bucket

SAMUEL WOODWORTH

E. KAILLMARK

1. {How dear to my heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond rec-ol -
The or-chard, the mead-ow, the deep tangled wild-wood, And ev - 'ry loved

2. {That moss covered buck-et I hailed as a treas-ure, For oft - en at
I found it the source of an ex-quis-ite pleas-ure, The pur - est and

3. {How sweet from the green, mossy brim to re-ceive it, As, poised on the
Not a full blushing gob-let could tempt me to leave it, Tho' filled with the

(CHORUS: The old oak-en buck-et, the i - ron-bound buck-et, The moss-cov-ered

Fine

lec-tion pre-sents them to view! }
spot which my in - fan-cy knew: } The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood
noon, when re-turnd from the field, }
sweet-est that na-ture can yield. } How ar-dent I seized it, with hands that were
curb, it in-clined to my lips! }
nec-tar that Ju-pi-ter sips. } And now, far removed from the loved hab-i -

buck-et that hung in the well.

by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell, The cot of my
glow-ing, And quick to the white peb-bled bot-tom it fell. Then soon, with the
ta-tion, The tear of re-gret will in - trus-ive-ly swell, As fan-cy re -

D. C. for Chorus

fa-ther, the dai-ry-house nigh it, And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.
emblem of truth o-ver - flow-ing, And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
verts to my fa-ther's plan-tation, And sighs for the buck-et that hung in the well.

From 'The Golden Book of Favorite Songs.'

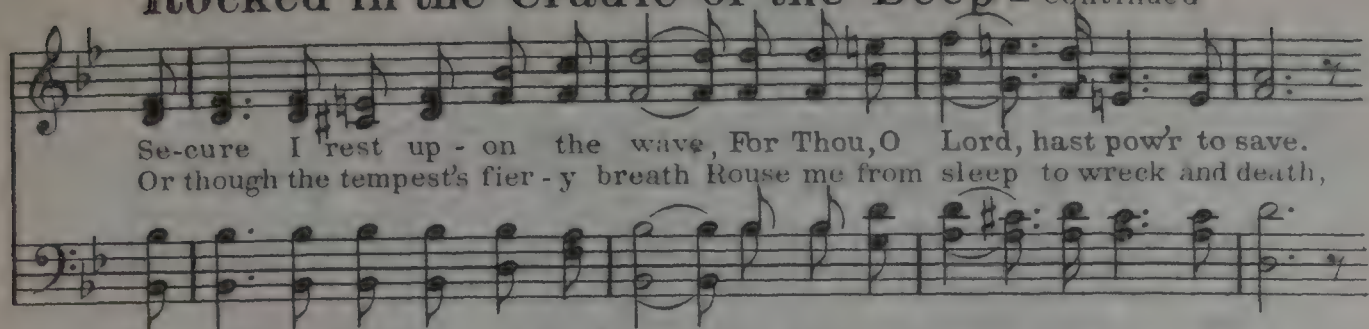
Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep

EMMA WILLARD

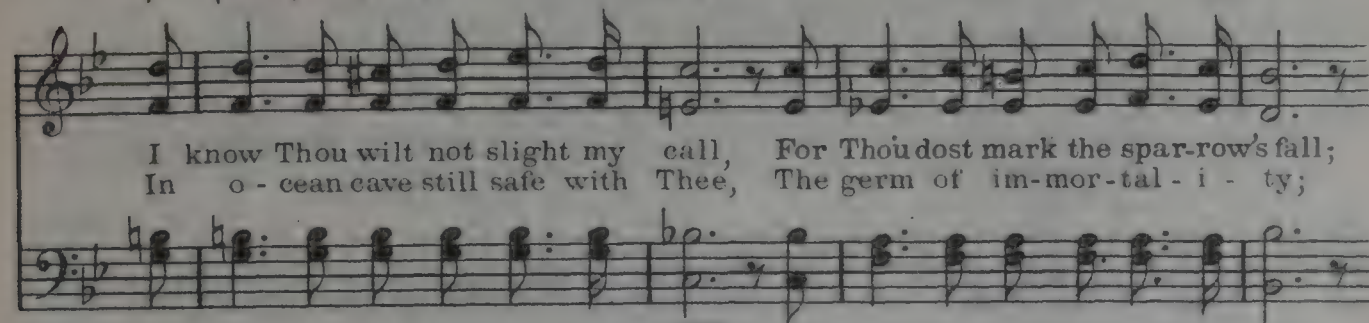
JOSEPH P. KNIGHT

1. Rocked in the cra-dle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep;
2. And such the trust that still were mine, Tho' stormy winds sweep o'er the brine,

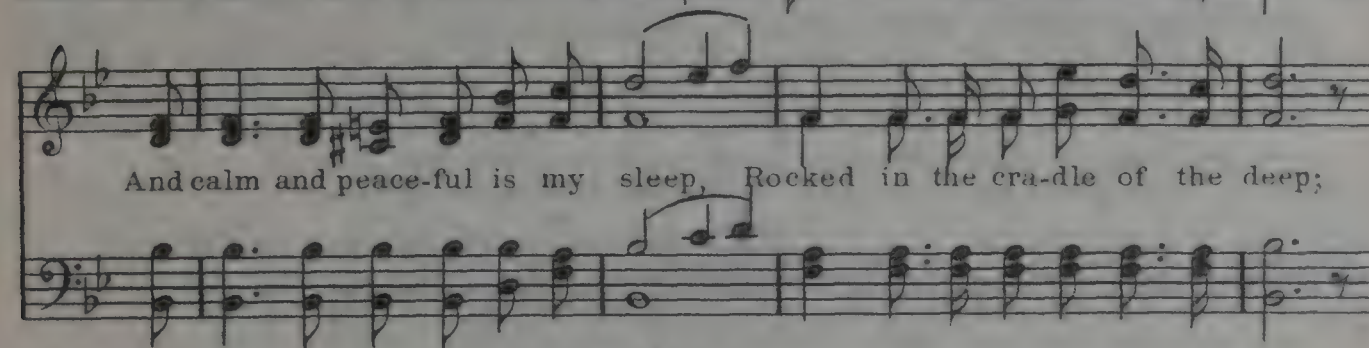
Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep - Continued



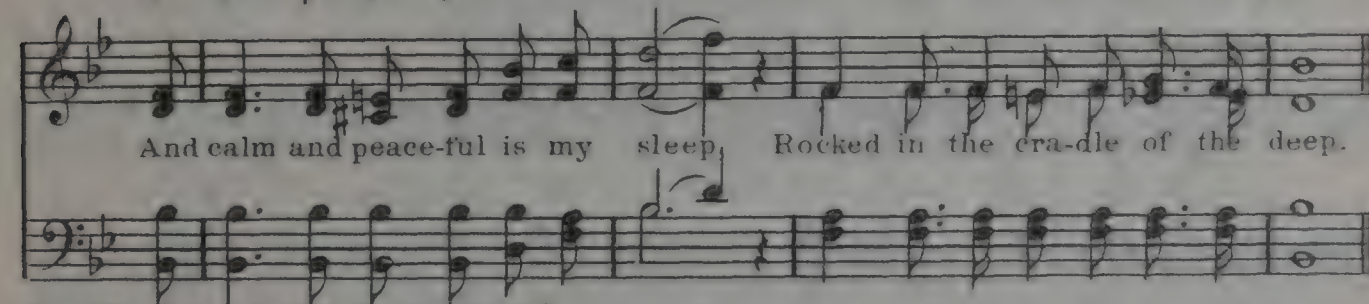
Se-cure I rest up - on the wave, For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save.
Or though the tempest's fier - y breath Rouse me from sleep to wreck and death,



I know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the spar-row's fall;
In o - cean cave still safe with Thee, The germ of im-mor-tal - i - ty;



And calm and peace-ful is my sleep, Rocked in the cra-dle of the deep;



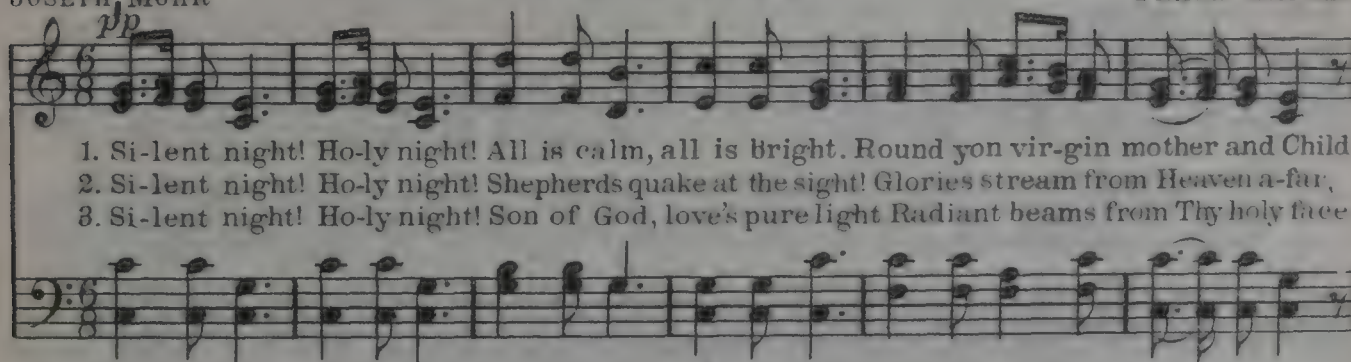
And calm and peace-ful is my sleep, Rocked in the cra-dle of the deep.

From "The Golden Book of Favorite Songs."

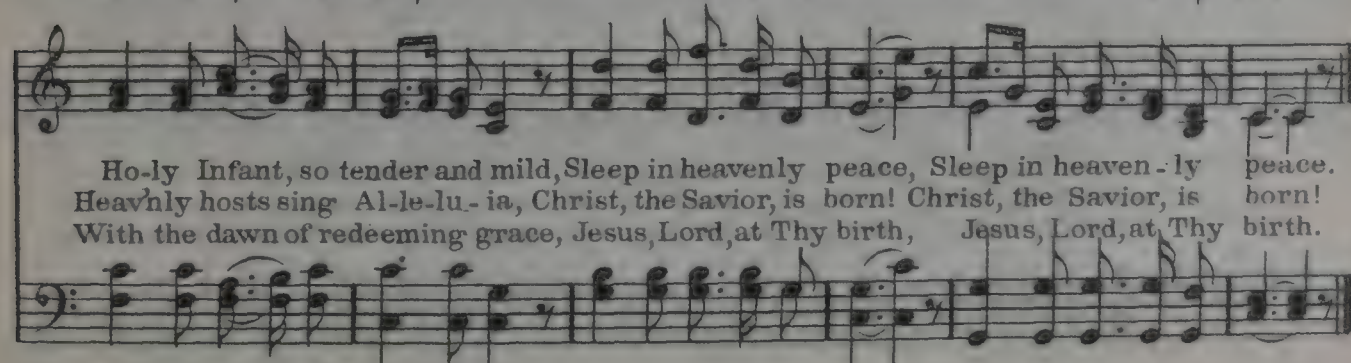
Silent Night

JOSEPH MÖHR

FRANZ GRUBER



1. Si-lent night! Ho-ly night! All is calm, all is bright. Round yon vir-gin mother and Child!
2. Si-lent night! Ho-ly night! Shepherds quake at the sight! Glories stream from Heaven a-far,
3. Si-lent night! Ho-ly night! Son of God, love's pure light Radiant beams from Thy holy face,



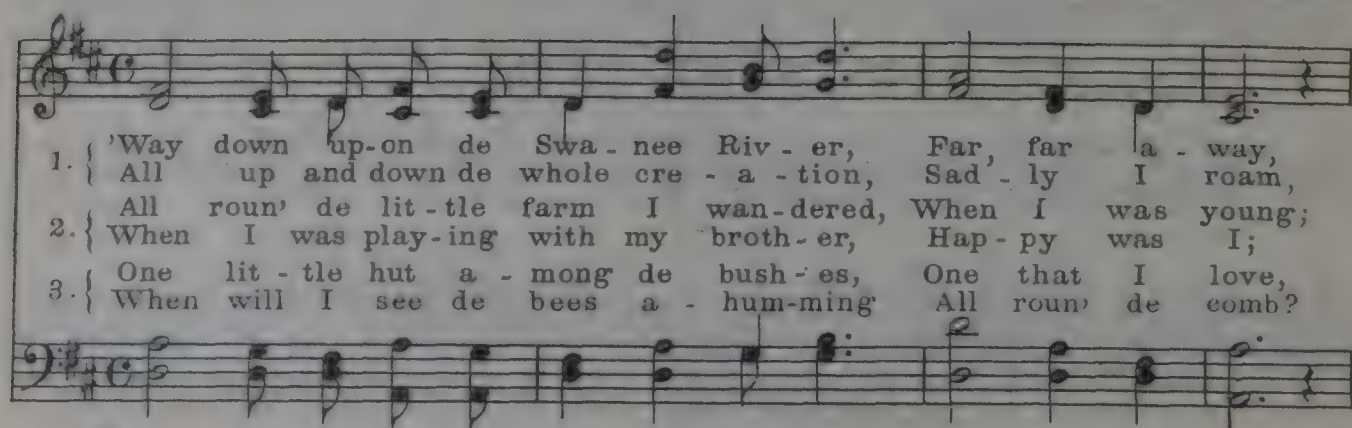
Ho-ly Infant, so tender and mild, Sleep in heavenly peace, Sleep in heaven-ly peace.
Heav'nly hosts sing Al-le-lu-ia, Christ, the Savior, is born! Christ, the Savior, is born!
With the dawn of redeeming grace, Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth, Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

From "The Golden Book of Favorite Songs."

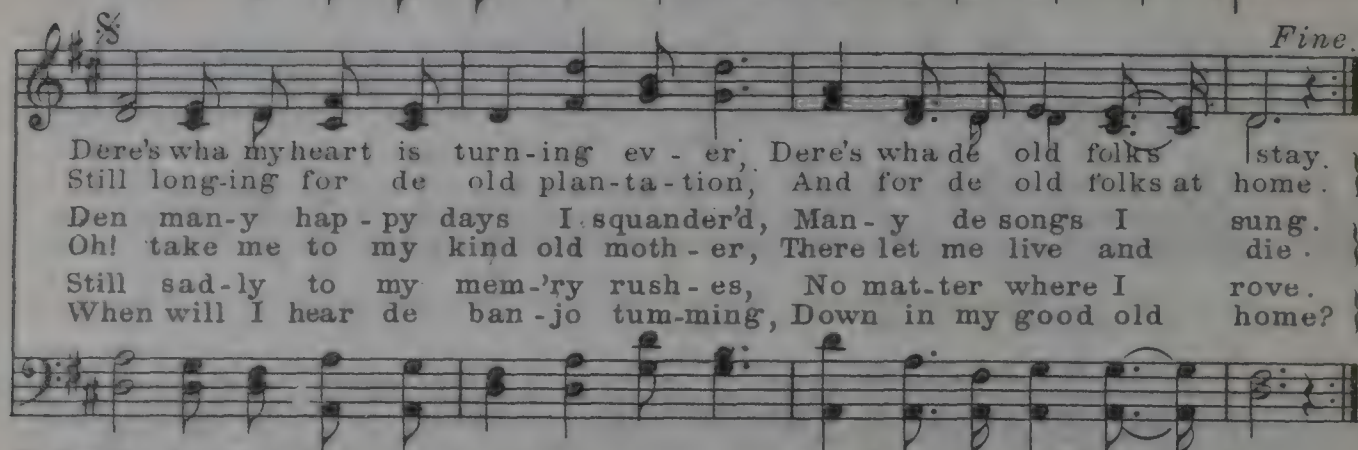
Old Folks At Home

S. C. F.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

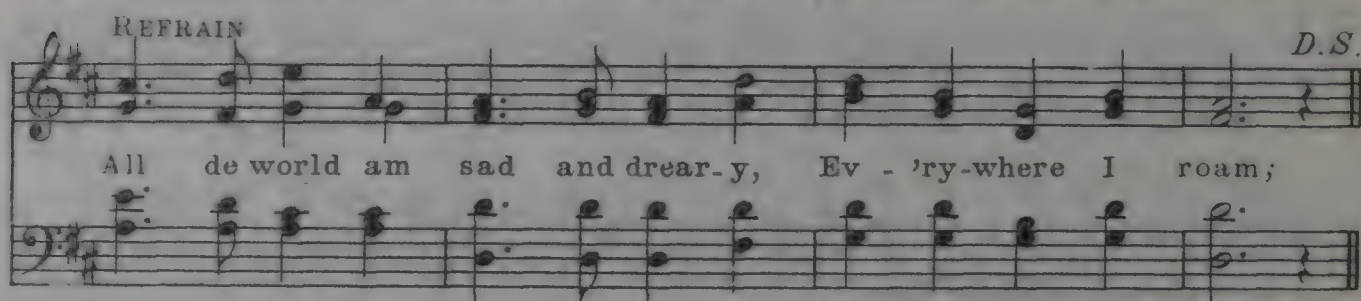


1. 'Way down up-on de Swa-nee Riv-er, Far, far a-way,
 All up and down de whole cre-a-tion, Sad-ly I roam,
 2. All roun' de lit-tle farm I wan-dered, When I was young;
 When I was play-ing with my broth-er, Hap-py was I;
 3. One lit-tle hut a-mong de bush-es, One that I love,
 When will I see de bees a-hum-ming All roun' de comb?



Fine.
 Dere's wha my heart is turn-ing ev-er, Dere's wha de old folks stay.
 Still long-ing for de old plan-ta-tion, And for de old folks at home.
 Den man-y hap-py days I squander'd, Man-y de songs I sung.
 Oh! take me to my kind old moth-er, There let me live and die.
 Still sad-ly to my mem-'ry rush-es, No mat-ter where I rove.
 When will I hear de ban-jo tum-ming, Down in my good old home?

D.S.—Oh! darkies, how my heart grows weary, Far from de old folks at home.

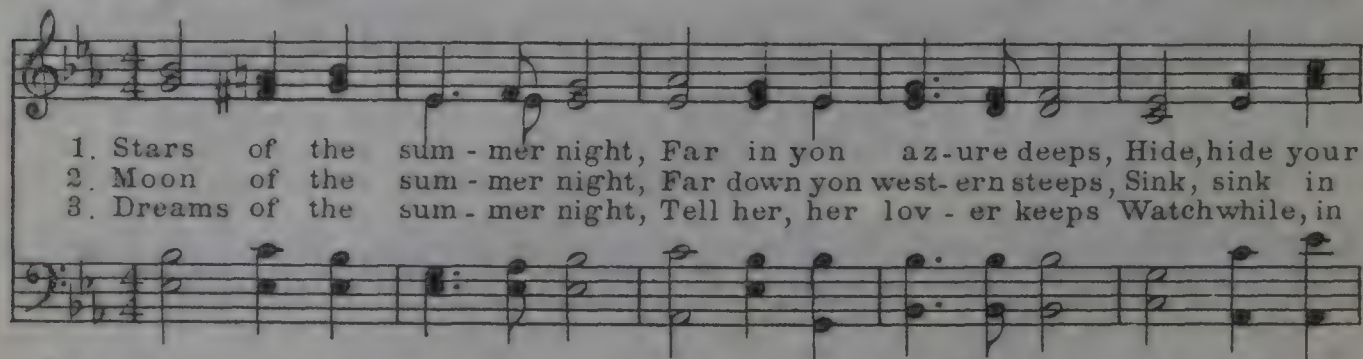


REFRAIN *D.S.*
 All de world am sad and drear-y, Ev-'ry-where I roam;

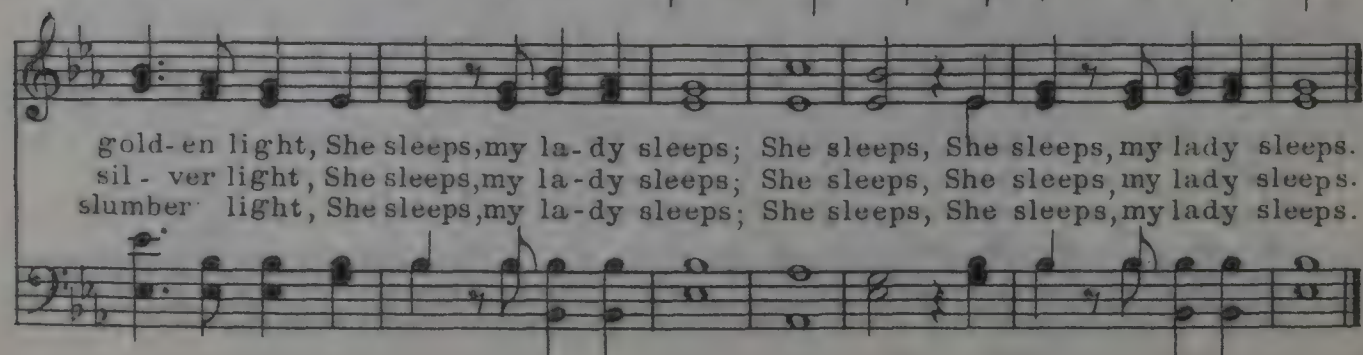
Stars Of The Summer Night

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

ISAAC B. WOODBURY



1. Stars of the sum-mer night, Far in yon az-ure deeps, Hide, hide your
 2. Moon of the sum-mer night, Far down yon west-ern steep, Sink, sink in
 3. Dreams of the sum-mer night, Tell her, her lov-er keeps Watchwhile, in



gold-en light, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps; She sleeps, She sleeps, my lady sleeps.
 sil-ver light, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps; She sleeps, She sleeps, my lady sleeps.
 slumber light, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps; She sleeps, She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

1. Soft o'er the fountain, Ling'ring falls the southern moon; Far o'er the mountain,
2. When in thy dreaming Moons like these shall shine again, And day-light beaming,

Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eyes, splendor, Where the warm light loves to dwell
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re-lent-ing, For thine ab-sent lov-er sigh?

Wear-y looks, yet ten-der, Speak their fond fare-well. Ni-ta! Jua - ni-ta!
In thy heart con-sent-ing To a pray'r gone by? Ni-ta! Jua - ni-ta!

Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni-ta! Jua - ni-ta!
Let me lin-ger by thy side! Ni-ta! Jua - ni-ta! Lean thou on my heart.
Be my own Fair Bride.

From The Golden Book of Favorite Songs.

The Quilting Party

COLLEGE SONG

In the sky the bright stars glittered, On the bank the pale moon shone;

And 'twas from Aunt Di-nah's quilt-ing par-ty I was see-ing Nel-lie home.

CHORUS *D. S. al Fine*

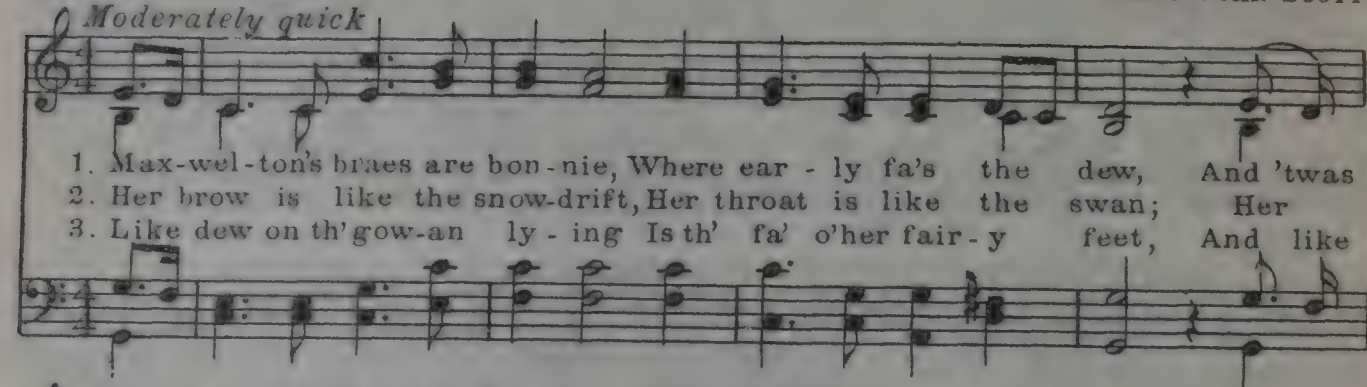
I was see-ing Nel-lie home I was see-ing Nel-lie home;

From The Golden Book of Favorite Songs.

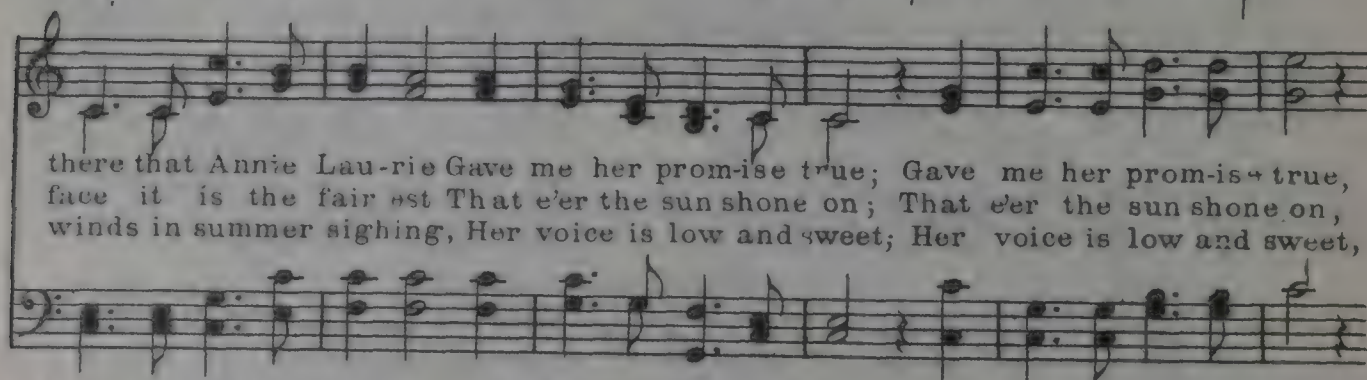
Annie Laurie

WILLIAM DOUGLASS

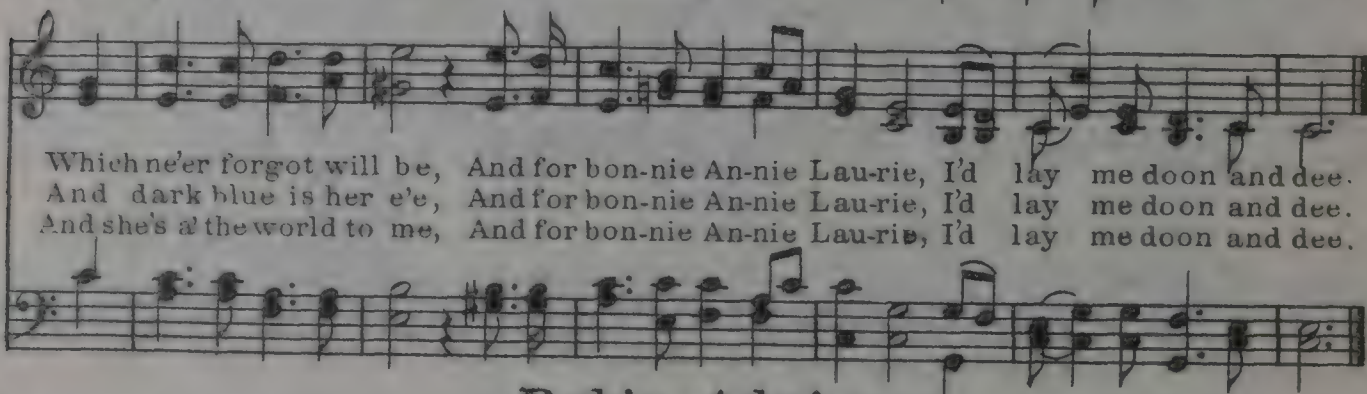
LADY JOHN SCOTT

Moderately quick


1. Max-wel-ton's braes are bon-nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew, And 'twas
 2. Her brow is like the snow-drift, Her throat is like the swan; Her
 3. Like dew on th'gow-an ly - ing Isth' fa' o'her fair-y feet, And like



there that Annie Lau-rie Gave me her prom-ise true; Gave me her prom-ise true,
 face it is the fair est That e'er the sun shone on; That e'er the sun shone on,
 winds in summer sighing, Her voice is low and sweet; Her voice is low and sweet,

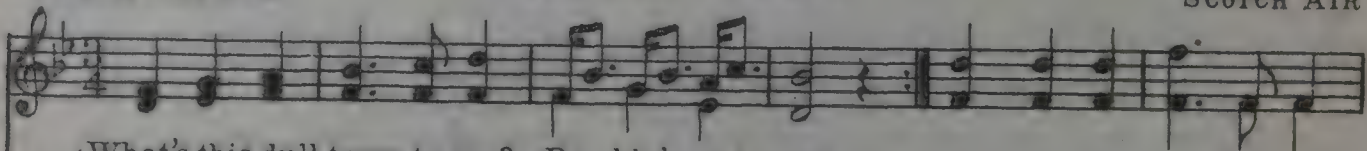


Which ne'er forgot will be, And for bon-nie An-nie Laurie, I'd lay me doon and dee.
 And dark blue is her e'e, And for bon-nie An-nie Laurie, I'd lay me doon and dee.
 And she's a' the world to me, And for bon-nie An-nie Laurie, I'd lay me doon and dee.

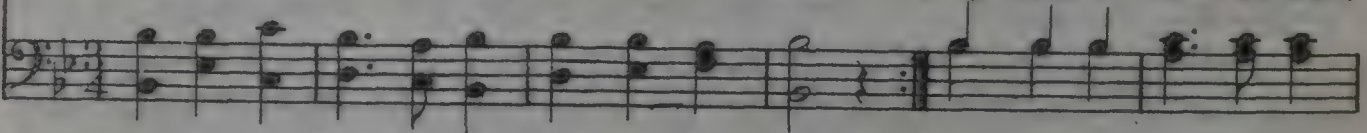
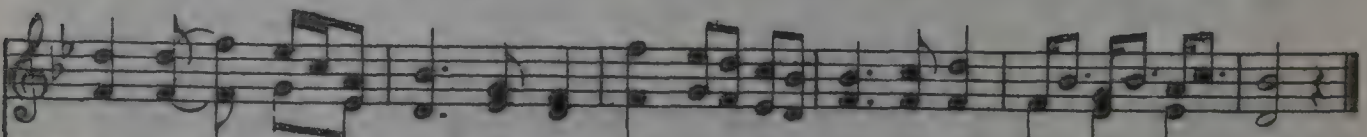
CAROLINE KEPPEL

Robin Adair

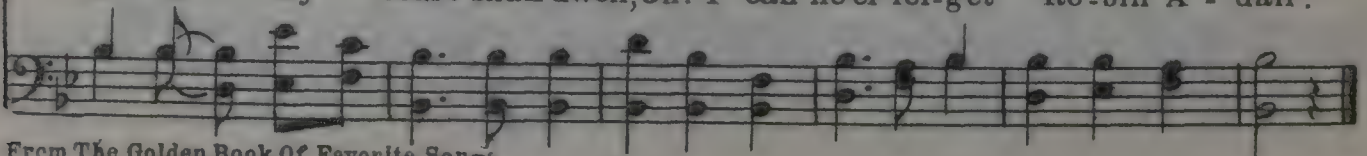
SCOTCH AIR



1. { What's this dull town to me? Ro - bin's not near;
 { What was't I wished to see, What wish'd to hear? } Where's all the joy and mirth
 2. { What made th'as-sembly shine? Ro-bin A - dair;
 { What made the ball so fine? Ro bin was there; } What, when the play was o'er,
 3. { But now thou'rt cold to me, Ro-bin A - dair;
 { But now thou'rt cold to me, Ro-bin A - dair; } Yet, him I loved so well,

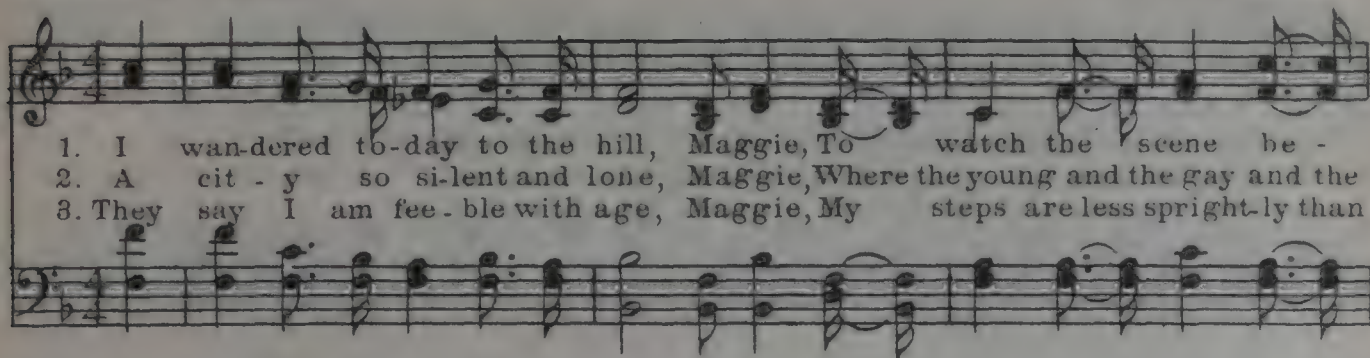
That made this town a heav'n on earth? Oh! they're all fled with thee, Ro-bin A - dair.
 What made my heart so sore? Oh! it was part-ing with Ro-bin A - dair.
 Still in my heart shall dwell, Oh! I can ne'er for-get Ro-bin A - dair.



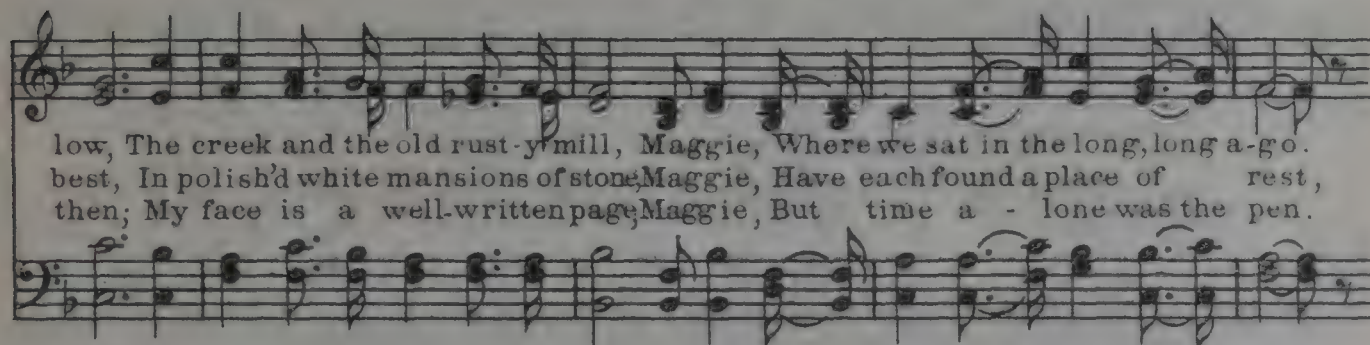
When You And I Were Young, Maggie

GEORGE W. JOHNSON

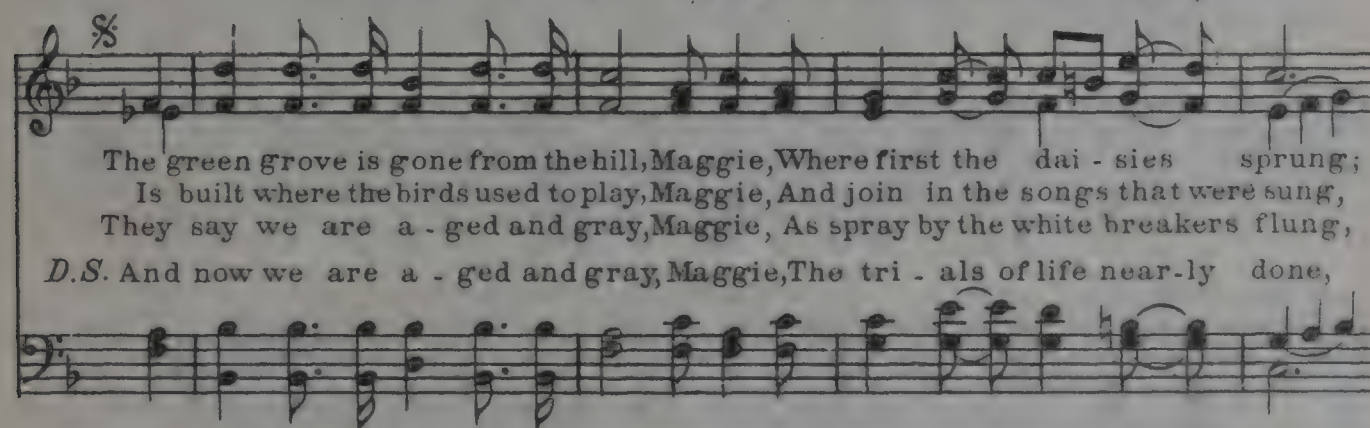
J. A. BUTTERFIELD



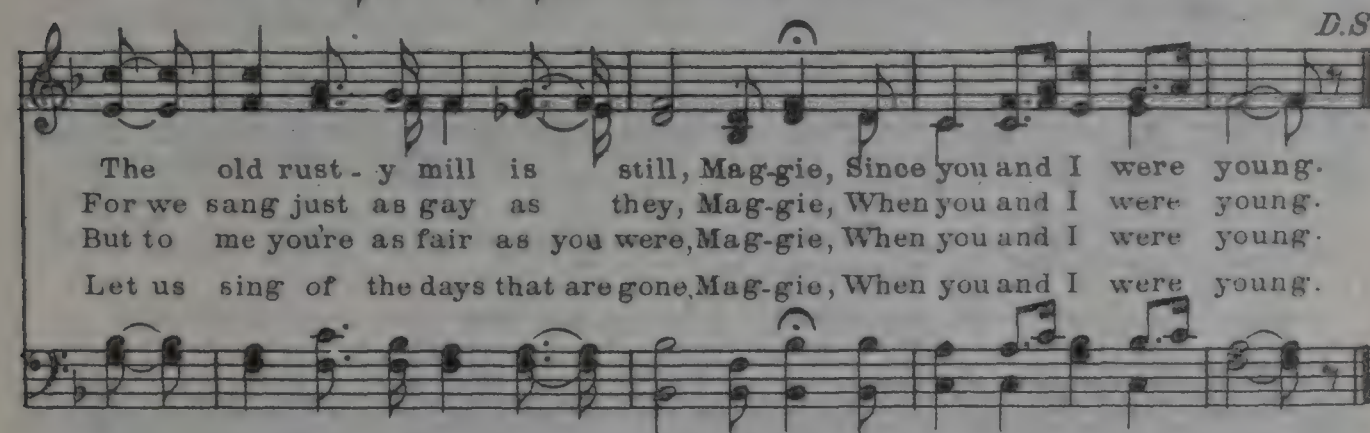
1. I wan-dered to-day to the hill, Maggie, To watch the scene be -
 2. A cit - y so si-lent and lone, Maggie, Where the young and the gay and the
 3. They say I am fee-ble with age, Maggie, My steps are less spright-ly than



low, The creek and the old rust-y mill, Maggie, Where we sat in the long, long a-go.
 best, In polish'd white mansions of stone, Maggie, Have each found a place of rest,
 then; My face is a well-written page, Maggie, But time a - lone was the pen.



The green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie, Where first the dai - sies sprung;
 Is built where the birds used to play, Maggie, And join in the songs that were sung,
 They say we are a - ged and gray, Maggie, As spray by the white breakers flung,
D.S. And now we are a - ged and gray, Maggie, The tri - als of life near-ly done,

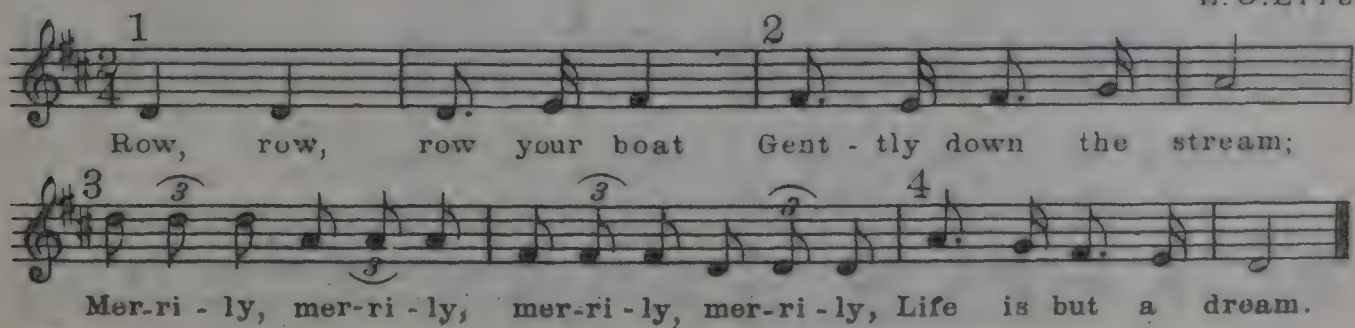


D.S.
 The old rust - y mill is still, Mag-gie, Since you and I were young.
 For we sang just as gay as they, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.
 But to me you're as fair as you were, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.
 Let us sing of the days that are gone, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.

Row, Row, Row Your Boat

(Round)

E. O. LYTE




1 2
 Row, row, row your boat Gent - tly down the stream;
 3 4
 Mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly, Life is but a dream.

Sweet and Low

ALFRED TENNYSON

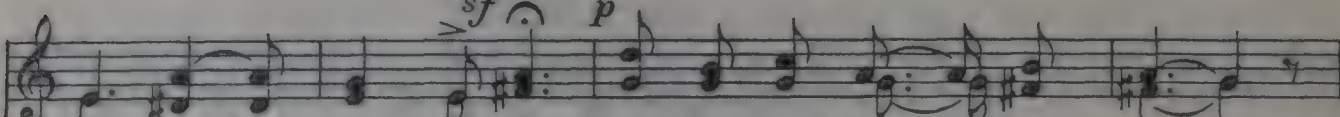
JOSEPH BARNBY

pp *Slowly*




1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea;
 2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;

sf *p*



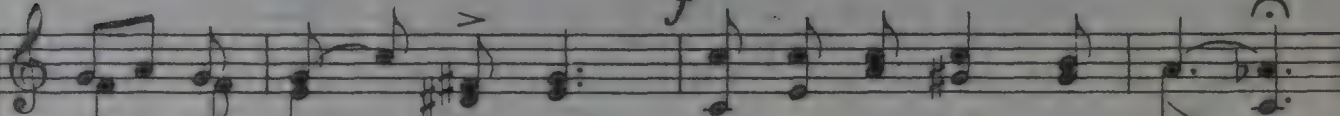
Low, low, breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea;
 Rest, rest, on moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;

mf *pp*



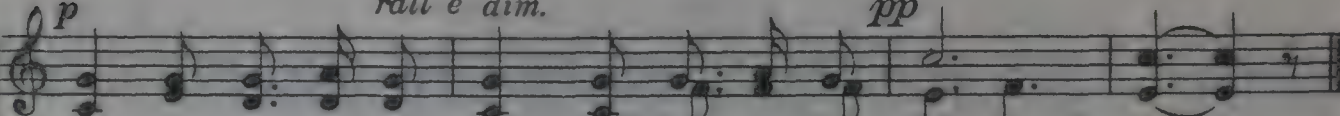
O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters go, Come from the
 O - ver the wa - ters go, Come
 Fa - ther will come to his babe in the nest, Sil - ver
 Fa - ther will come to his babe, Sil - ver

f



dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to me,
 from the moon and blow,
 sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver moon
 sails out of the west,

p *rall e dim.* *pp*



While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps.
 Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep.

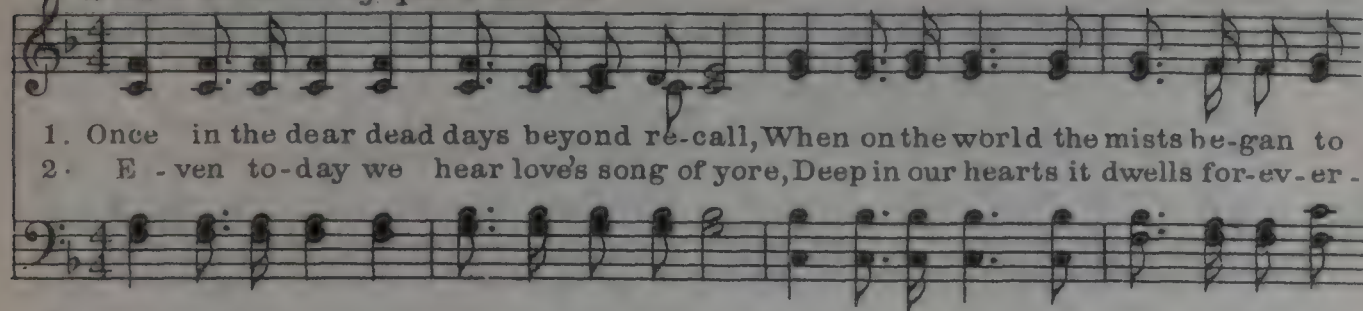
Love's Old Sweet Song

79

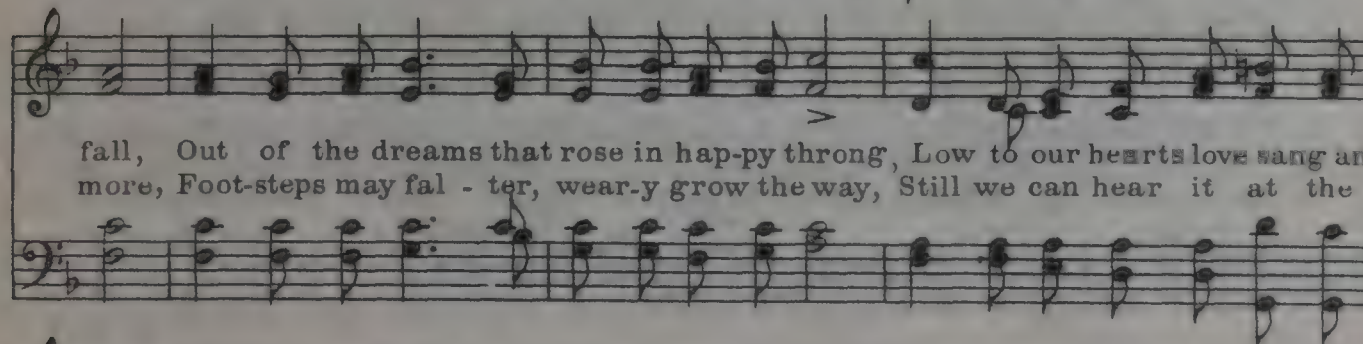
G. CLIFTON BINGHAM

J. L. MOLLOY

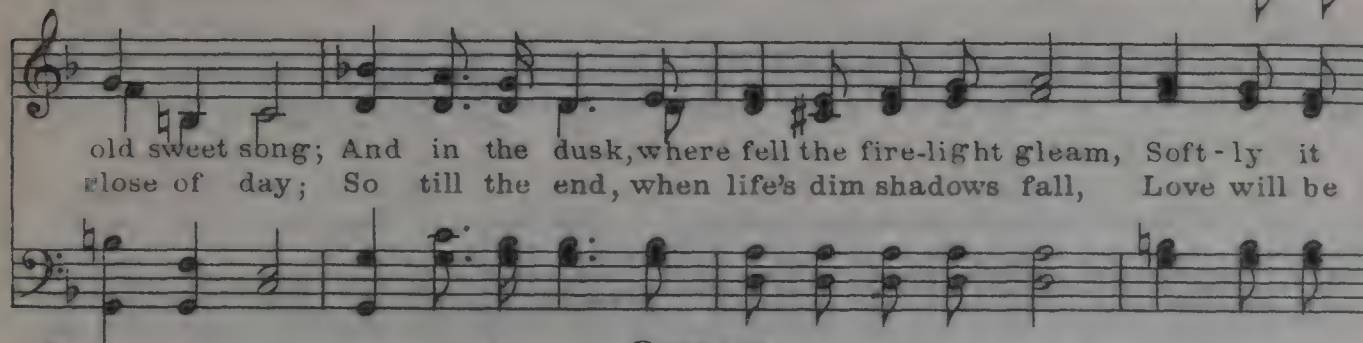
With a moderately quick motion



1. Once in the dear dead days beyond re-call, When on the world the mists be-gan to
2. E - ven to-day we hear love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it dwells for-ev-er.

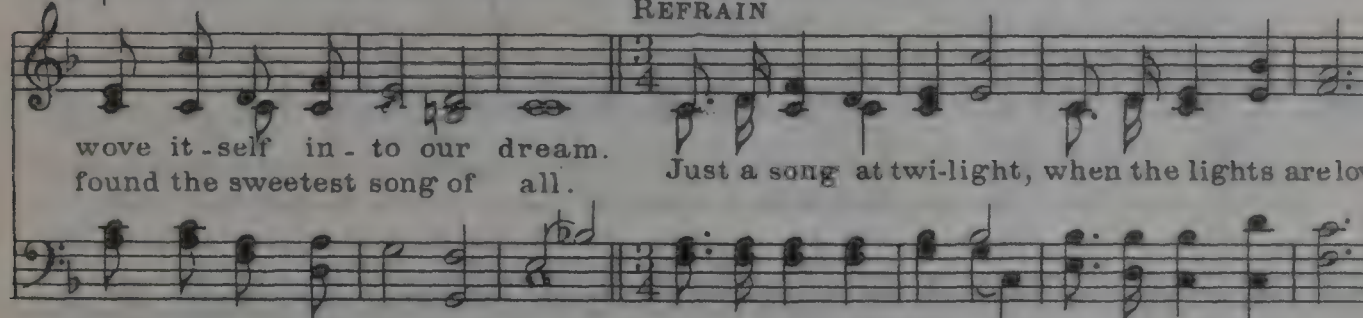


fall, Out of the dreams that rose in hap-py throng, Low to our hearts love sang an
more, Foot-steps may fal - ter, wear-y grow the way, Still we can hear it at the

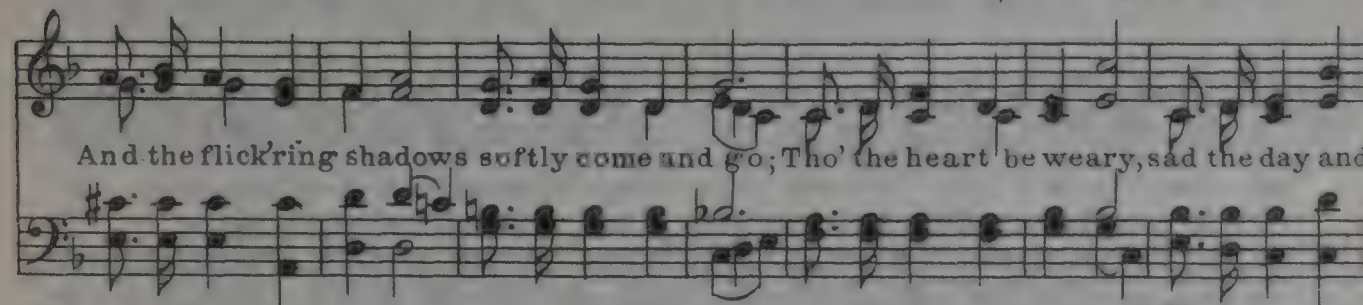


old sweet song; And in the dusk, where fell the fire-light gleam, Soft-ly it
close of day; So till the end, when life's dim shadows fall, Love will be

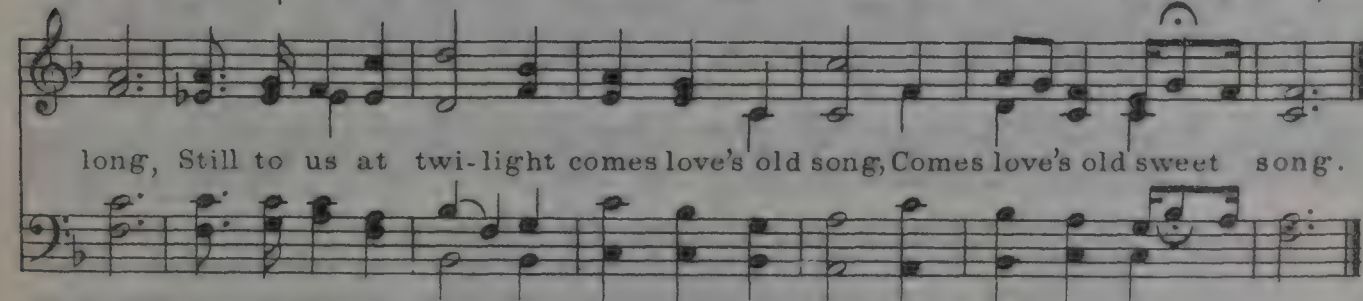
REFRAIN



wove it-self in - to our dream. Just a song at twi-light, when the lights are low,
found the sweetest song of all.



And the flick'ring shadows softly come and go; Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day and

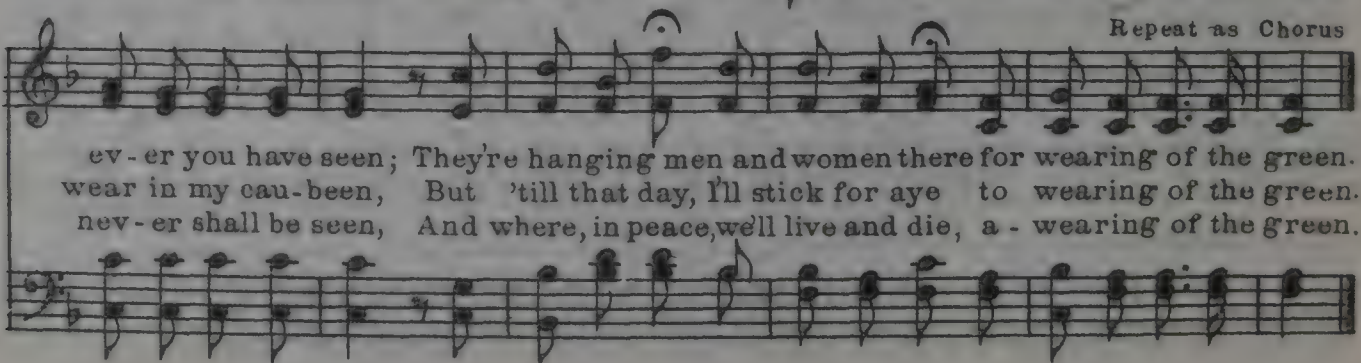
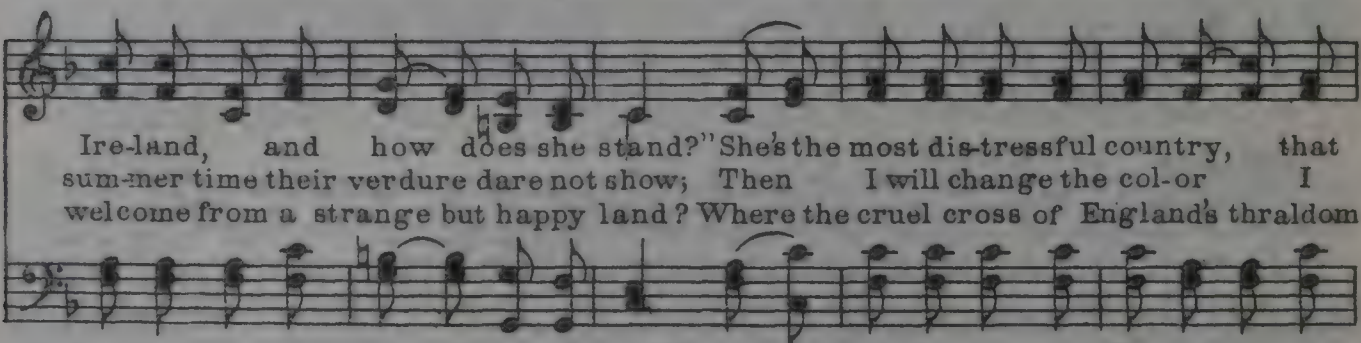
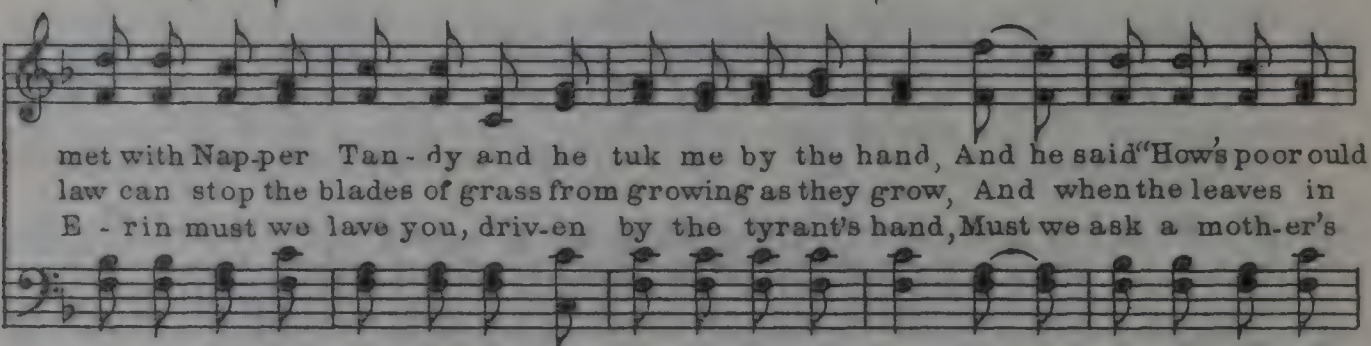
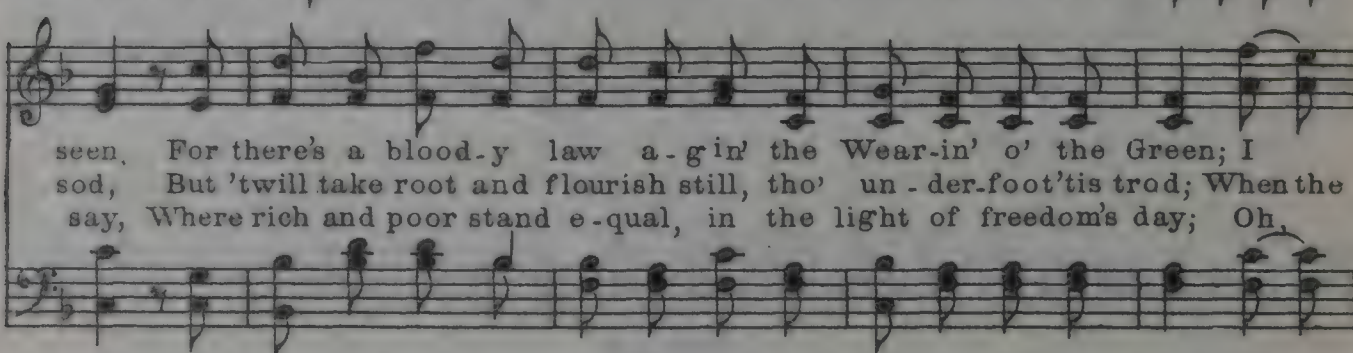
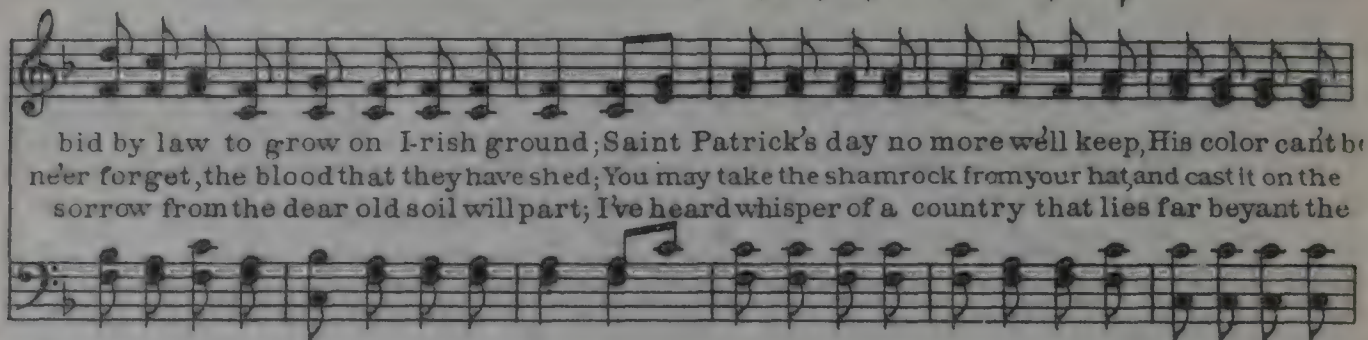
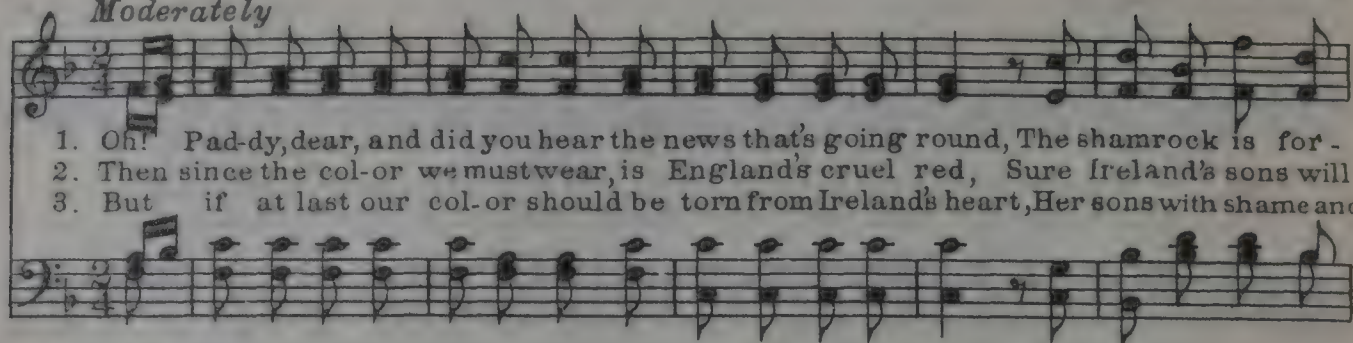


long, Still to us at twi-light comes love's old song, Comes love's old sweet song.

Better to say nothing than nothing to the purpose.

Wearing Of The Green

IRISH AIR

Moderately

A Merry Life

81

FROM THE ITALIAN

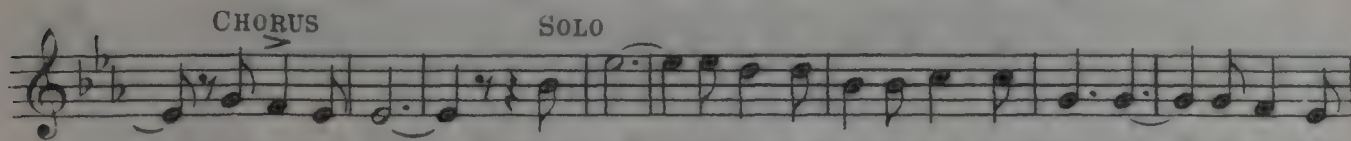
(Funiculi, Funicula)

LUIGI DENZA

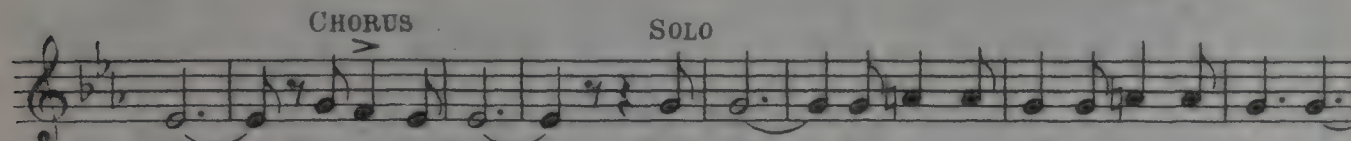
Rapidly and with spirit



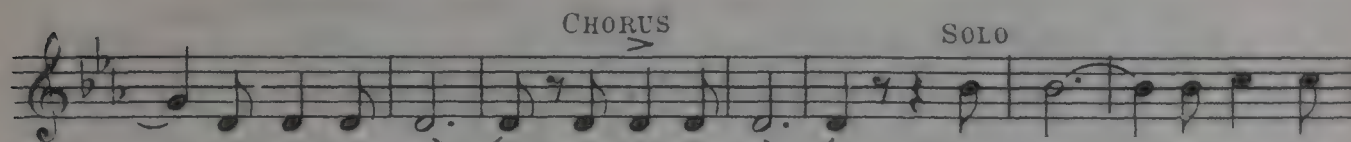
1. Some think the world is made for fun and frolic, And so do I!
2. Ah, me, 'tis strange that some should take to sighing, And like it well!



And so do I! Some think it well to be all mel-an-chol-ic, To pine and
And like it well! For me, I have not tho't it worth the trying, So can-not



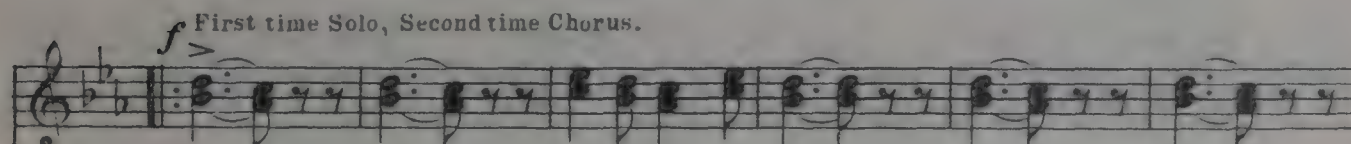
sigh; To pine and sigh; But I, I love to spend my time in sing-ing,
tell! So cannot tell! With laugh and dance and song the day soon passes,



Some joy-ous song, Some joyous song; To set the air with
Full soon is gone, Full soon is gone; For mirth, was made for



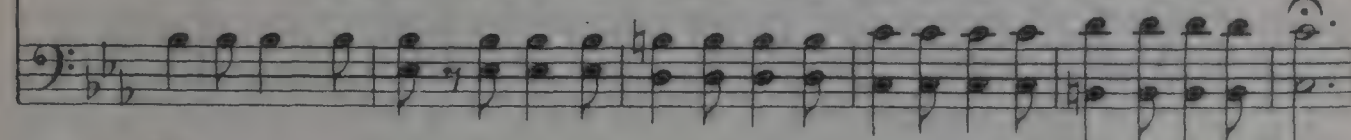
music brave-ly ring-ing Is far from wrong! Is far from wrong!
joyous lads and lasses To call their own! To call their own!



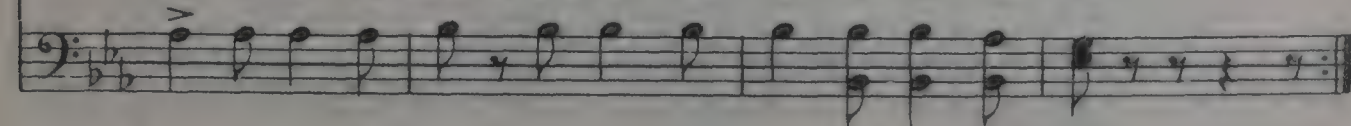
Harken! Harken! Music sounds a-far! Harken! Harken!



Music sounds a-far! Tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la!



Joy is ev-'ry-where, Tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la.



Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

NEGRO "SPIRITUAL"

lm CHORUS LEADER hm hm

Swing low sweet chari-ot, Com-in' fo' to carry me home, Swing low sweet chariot,

lm CHORUS *Fine.* LEADER CHORUS

Com-in' fo' to carry me home.

1. I looked e-ver Jordan and what did I see,
 2. If you get there be-fore I do,
 3. The brightest day that e-ver I saw,
 4. I'm some-times up and some-times down,

Comin' fo' to

LEADER CHORUS

A band of an-gels com-in' after me,
 Tell all my friends I'm com - in' too,
 carry me home, When Jesus wash'd my sins a - way,
 But still my soul feels heav'nly bound,

Comin' fo' to carry me home.

From The Golden Book of Favorite Songs.

Old Black Joe

S.C.F.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my
 2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I
 3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The chil - dren so

friends from the cot - ton fields a-way; Gone from the earth to a
 sigh that my friends come not a - gain? Griev - ing for forms now de -
 dear that I held up - on my knee? Gone to the shore where my

Old Black Joe— Continued

53

Fine.

bet - ter land I know, I hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"
 part - ed long a - go, I hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"
 soul has long'd to go, I hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"

mf **CHORUS** *pp* *D. S. al Fine.*

I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my head is bend - ing low:

From The Golden Book of Favorite Songs.

Massa's In The Cold Ground

S. C. F.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

1. Round de meadows am a - ring - ing De darkeys mournful song, While de mocking bird am sing - ing
 2. When de autumn leaves were fall - ing, When de days were cold, 'Twas hard to hear old Massa call - ing
 3. Massa makes de darkeys love him, Cayse he was so kind, Now dey sadly weep a - bove him

Hap - py as de day am long. Where de i - vy am a - creep - ing, O'er de grassy mound,
 Cayse he was so weak and old. Now de orange trees am bloom - ing, On de san - dy shore,
 Mourning cayse he leave dem behind. I cannot work before to - morrow, Cayse de tear drop now.

CHORUS

Dar old Massa am a - sleep - ing, Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.
 Now de summer days am com - ing, Massa neb - ber calls no more. } Down in de cornfield
 I try to drive a - way my sorrow, Picking on de old ban - jo.

Hear dat mournful sound; All de darkeys am a - weep - ing, Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

From The Golden Book of Favorite Songs.

My Lord, What A Mourning

NEGRO "SPIRITUAL"

CHORUS

My Lord, what a mourn-ing, My Lord, what a mourn-ing, My Lord, what a

Fine

LEADER

mourn-ing, When the stars begin to fall.

1. You'll hear the trumpet sound To wake the
2. You'll hear the sinner mourn, To wake the
3. You'll hear the Christians shout, To wake the

CHORUS

D.C.

nations under-ground, Looking to my God's right hand, When the stars begin to fall.
nations under-ground, Looking to my God's right hand, When the stars begin to fall.
nations under-ground, Looking to my God's right hand, When the stars begin to fall.

My Lord Delivered Daniel

NEGRO "SPIRITUAL"

CHORUS

My Lord de-liv-er'd Dan-iel, My Lord de-liv-er'd Dan-iel, My

Fine.

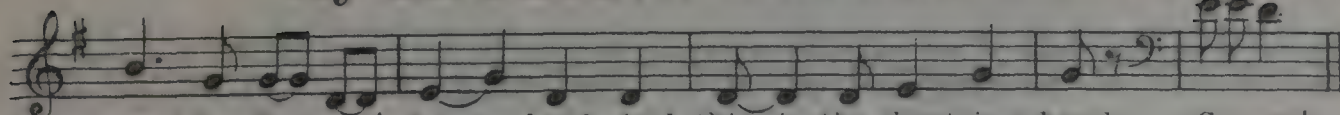
Lord de-liv-er'd Dan-iel; Why can't he de-liv-er me?

LEADER

1. I met a pil-grim on the way, And, I ask him where he's a go-ing. I'm
2. Some say that John the Baptist, Was nothing but a Jew, But the
3. Oh, Dan-iel cast in the li-on's den, He pray both night and day, The
4. He de-liver'd Daniel from the li-on's den, And Jonah from the belly of the whale, And the
5. The rich-est man that ever I saw Was the one that beg the most, His

My Lord Delivered Daniel-Concluded

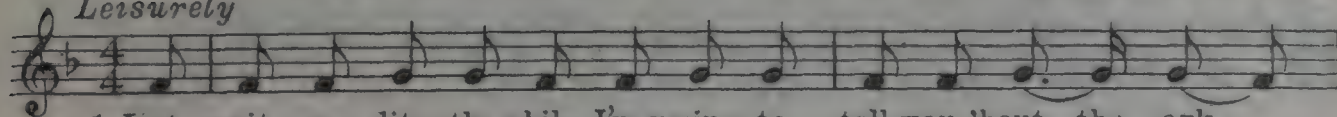
85
D.C.



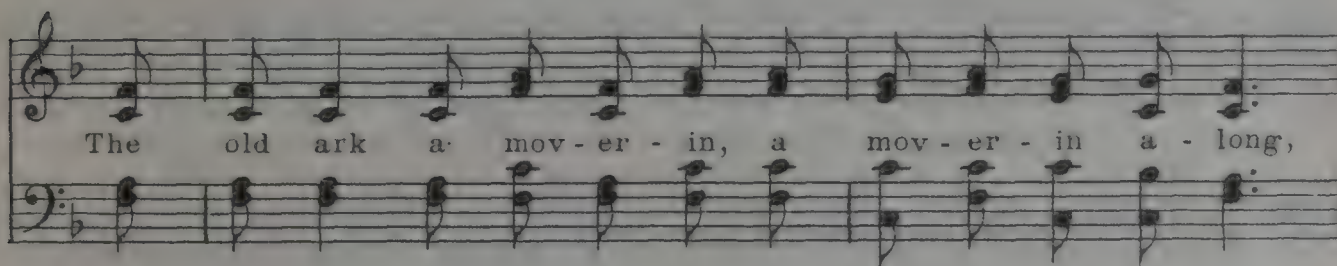
bound for Ca-naan's hap-py land, And this is the shout-ing band. Go on!
Bi - ble doth in - form us That he was a preach-er, too; Yes, he was!
an - gel came from Gal-i - lee, And lock the li - on's jaw. That's so!
He-brew children from the fiery furnace, And why not ev' - ry man? Oh, yes!
soul was filled with Je - sus, And with the Ho - ly Ghost. Yes, it was!

The Old Ark A-Moverin Along NEGRO "SPIRITUAL"

Leisurely



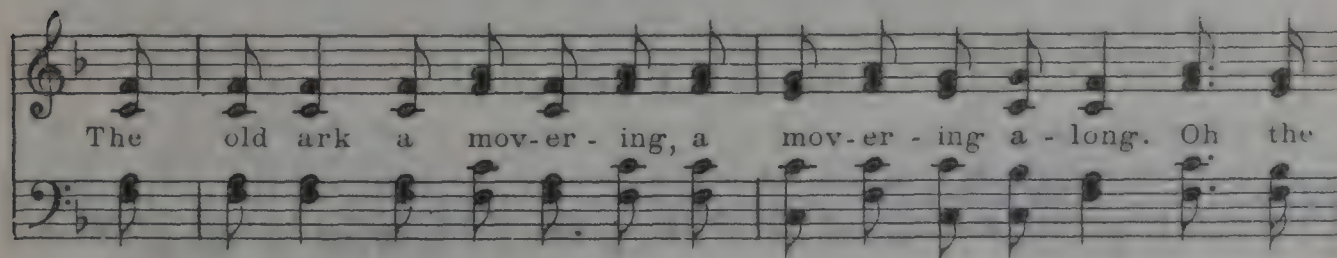
1. Just wait a lit - tle while I'm gwine to tell you 'bout the ark
2. Then No - ah and his sons they went to work up - on dry land
3. Old No - ah and his sons they went to work up - on the tim - ber
4. And when the ark was fin - ished all ac - cord - ing to the plan
5. Now when the rain be - gan to fall the ark be - gan to rise
6. For for - ty days and for - ty nights the rain it kept a fall - ing
7. That aw - ful rain it stopped at last the wat - ers sub - sid - ed



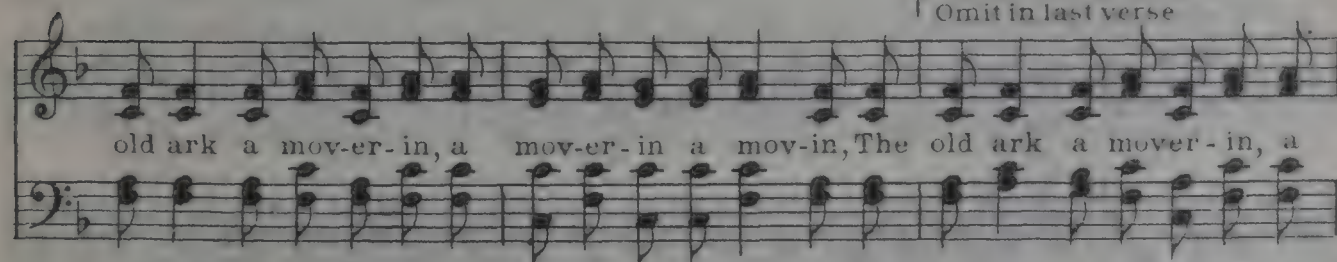
The old ark a mov - er - in, a mov - er - in a - long,



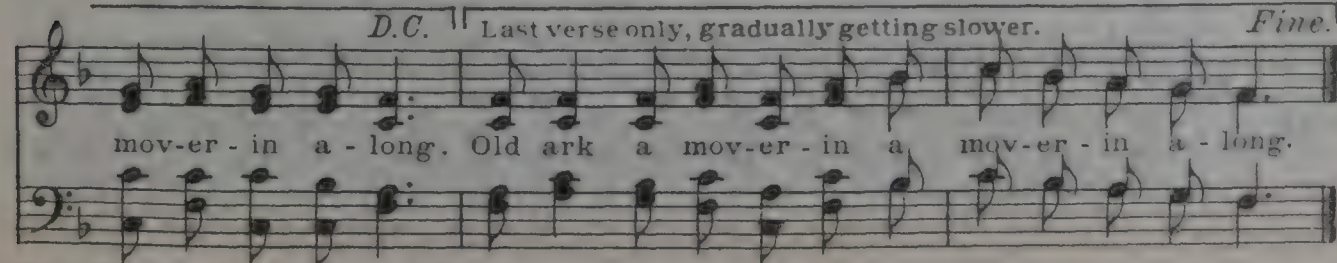
1. The Lord He told old No - ah for to build him an old ark.
2. They built that ark ac - cord - ing to the Lord's com - mand.
3. The proud be - gan to laugh, the sil - ly point their fin - ger.
4. Old Mas - ter No - ah took in fam - bly, an - i - mal and man.
5. The wick - ed they hung all a - round with groans and cries.
6. The wick - ed climbed the trees and loud for help they kept a call - ing.
7. And that old ark with all on board on Ar - a - rat rided.



The old ark a mov - er - ing, a mov - er - ing a - long. Oh the



old ark a mov - er - in, a mov - er - in a mov - in, The old ark a mover - in, a



mov - er - in a - long. Old ark a mov - er - in a mov - er - in a - long.

D.C. Last verse only, gradually getting slower.

Fine.

O Mary, Don't You Weep!

1st time *mf*: 2d time *pp*

O Ma-ry, don't you weep, don't you mourn, O Ma-ry, don't you weep, don't you mourn;

Pha-roh's ar-my got drown - ded, O Ma - ry, don't you weep! weep!

SOLO (Small notes may be hummed as an accompaniment)

The way of e-vil do-ing is - a wide and fair, And man-y, many, many they who
There was a mighty man who came on earth to save, Thro' Him westem the tide of trib-u-

CHORUS *dying away pp rall*

per-ish there; Pharoh's ar-my got drown - ded, O Ma-ry, don't you weep!
la-tion's wave; Pharoh's ar-my got drown - ded, O Ma-ry, don't you weep!

Santa Lucia

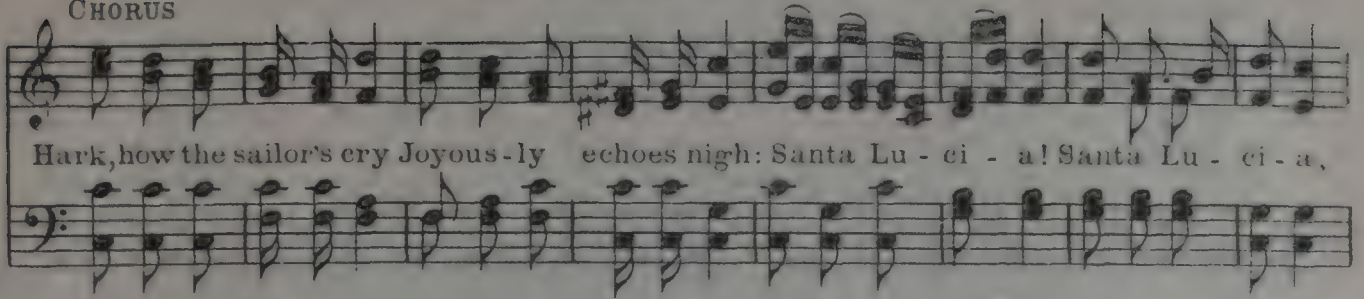
NEAPOLITAN BOAT SONG

With swinging motion

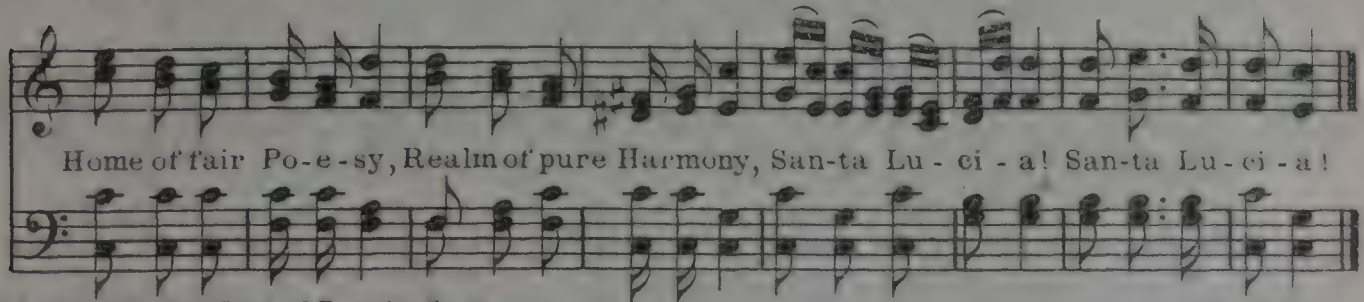
1. Now 'neath the silver moon Ocean is glowing, O'er the calm bil-low Soft winds are blowing;
2. When o'er thy waters Light winds are playing, Thy spell can soothe us, All care al-lay-ing;

Here balmy breezes blow, Pure joys in-vite us, And as we gently row, All things delight us.
To thee, sweet Na-po-li, What charms are given, Where smiles creation, Toil blest by heaven.

CHORUS



Hark, how the sailor's cry Joyous-ly echoes nigh: Santa Lu - ci - a! Santa Lu - ci - a,



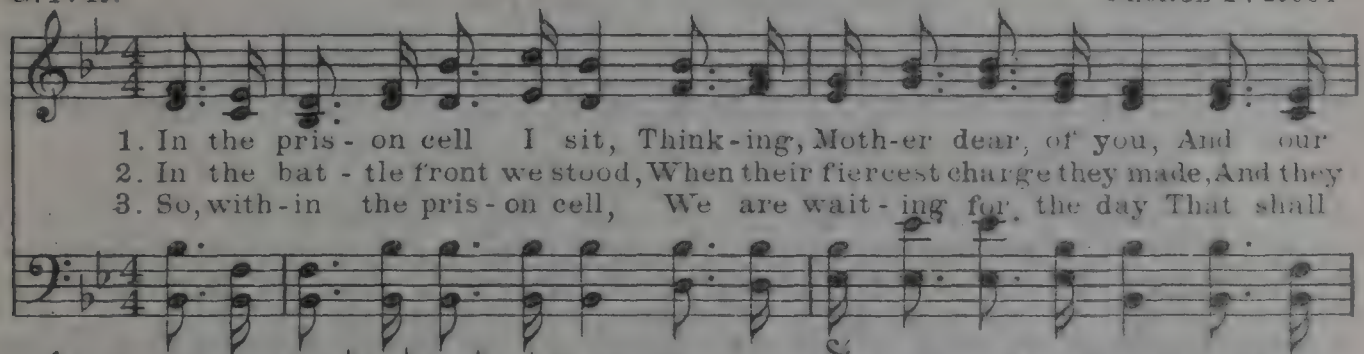
Home of fair Po-e-sy, Realm of pure Harmony, San-ta Lu - ci - a! San-ta Lu - ci - a!

From The Golden Book of Favorite Songs.

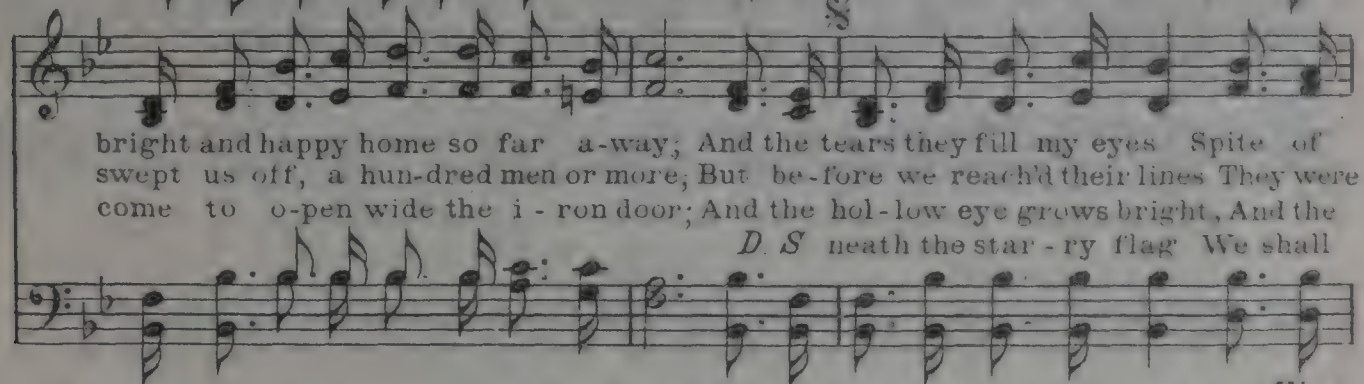
Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

G. F. R.

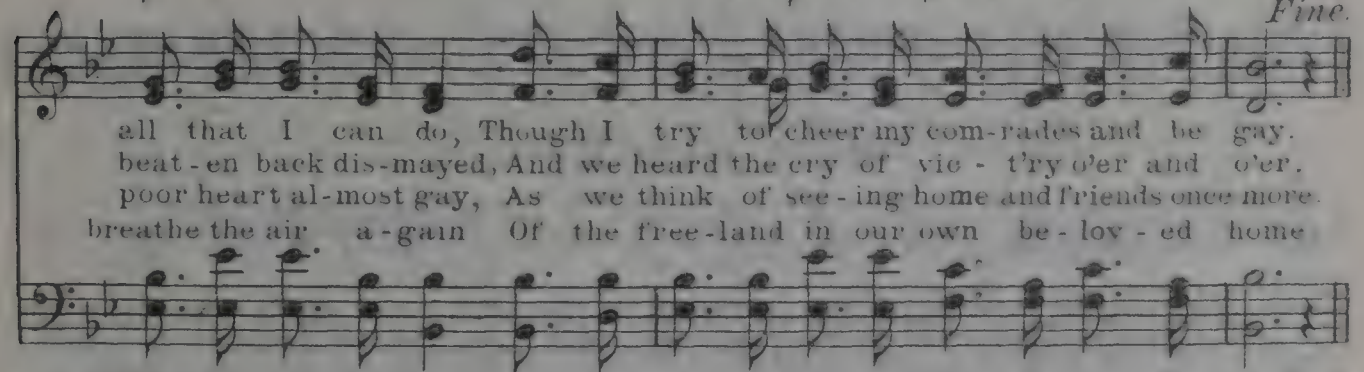
GEORGE F. ROOT



1. In the pris - on cell I sit, Think-ing, Moth-er dear, of you, And our
2. In the bat - tle front we stood, When their fiercest charge they made, And they
3. So, with-in the pris-on cell, We are wait-ing for the day That shall

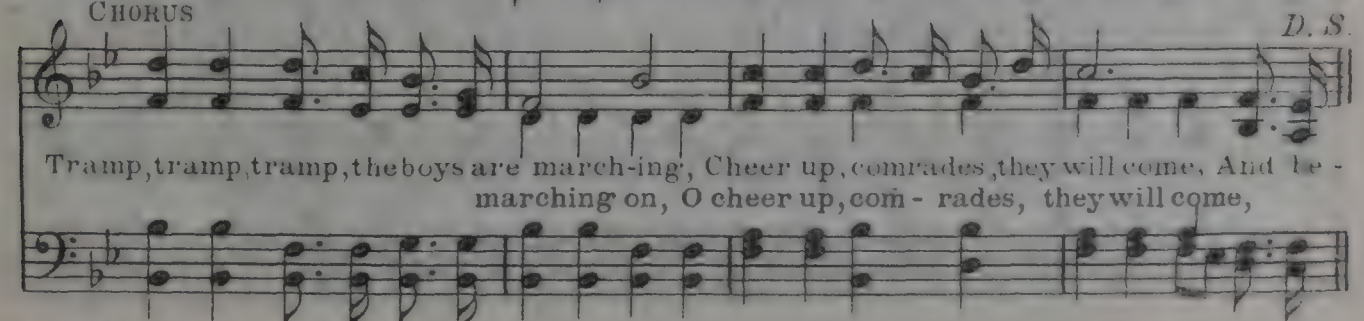


bright and happy home so far a-way; And the tears they fill my eyes Spite of
swept us off, a hun-dred men or more, But be-fore we reach'd their lines They were
come to o-pen wide the i - ron door; And the hol-low eye grows bright, And the
D. S. neath the star-ry flag We shall



Fine.
all that I can do, Though I try to cheer my com-rades and be gay.
beat-en back dis-mayed, And we heard the cry of vie - try o'er and o'er.
poor heart al-most gay, As we think of see-ing home and friends once more.
breathe the air a-gain Of the free-land in our own be-lov-ed home

CHORUS



D. S.
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march-ing, Cheer up, comrades, they will come, And be -
marching on, O cheer up, com - rades, they will come,

From The Golden Book of Favorite Songs.

Those Evening Bells

*Moderately**Fine*

1. Those evening bells! those evening bells! How man - y a tale their mu-sic tells,
 2. Those joy-ous hours have passed a-way; And man - y a heart that then was gay,
 3. And so 'twill be when I am gone, That tune-ful peal will still ring on,

Of youth and home, and that sweet time When last I heard their sooth-ing chime.
 With-in the tomb now dark-ly dwells, And hears no more those eve-ning bells.
 While oth-er bards shall walk these dells, And sing your praise, sweet eve-ning bells.

The Three Fishermen

COLLEGE SONG

1. O once there were three fishermen, O once there were three fishermen, Fisher, fisher,
 2. The first one's name was I - sa - ac, The first one's name was I - sa - ac, I - sa, I - sa,
 3. The second one's name was Ja - a - cob, The second one's name was Ja - a - cob, Ja - a, Ja - a,
 4. The third one's name was Abraham, The third one's name was A - bra - ham, A - bra, A - bra,
 5. They all sailed out for Amsterdam, They all sailed out for Am - ster - dam, Amster, Amster,

men, men, men Fisher, fisher, men, men, men, O once there were three fish-er - men.
 ac, ac, ac I - sa, I - sa, ac, ac, ac The first one's name was I - sa - ac.
 cob, cob, cob Ja - a, Ja - a, cob, cob, cob The second one's name was Ja - a - cob.
 ham, ham, ham A - bra, A - bra, ham, ham, ham The third one's name was A - bra - ham.
 sh, sh, sh Am - ster, Am - ster, sh, sh, sh They all sailed out for Am - ster - dam.

Hear Dem Bells

PLANTATION SONG

Hear dem bells, Don't you hear dem bells? Dey are ring-ing out de

glo - ry of de Lamb, Hal - le - lu - ia, lu - ia! Hear dem bells! Don't you

hear dem bells? Dey are ring - ing out de glo - ry of de Lamb?

Paraphrase on original
Foster text

Ring, Ring the Banjo

STEPHEN C. FOSTER
Arr. by J.W.B.

1. The time is nev - er drea-ry. If a fellow nev-er groans, A hooper's nev-er
2. Oh! nev-er count the bubbles When there's water in the spring. A trav'ler has no

CHORUS

wea-ry With the rat-tle of the bones. Ring, ring the ban-jo! I like that good old
troubles When he's got this song to sing.

song, Come a-gain good for-tune, Oh! where you been so long.

A "Stunt"

"The Girl I Left Behind Me" may be sung counter to "Ring, Ring the Banjo." A fine assembly "stunt" may be devised by having a group sing "Ring, Ring the Banjo" while others whistle "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

Briskly
mf

The Girl I Left Behind Me

1. I'm lonesome since I cross'd the hill, And o'er the moor and val-ley; Such heav-y tho'ts my
2. Oh, ne'er shall I for-get the night, The stars were bright above me, And gent-ly lent their

heart do fill, Since part-ing with my Sal-ly. I seek no more the fine and gay, For
sil-v'ry light, When first she vow'd she loved me. But now I'm bound to Bright-on camp, Kind

each does but remind me How swift the hours did pass away With the girl I've left behind me.
Heav'n, may fa-vor find me, And send me safe - ly back again To the girl I've left behind me.

A Warrior Bold-

The name of the composer, Steven Adams, is a nom-de-plume used by Michael Maybrick. "A Warrior Bold" and "Nancy Lee", which will also be found in this book, are among his most popular songs. Maybrick was born in Liverpool in 1844.

EDWIN THOMAS

STEPHEN ADAMS

With Spirit

With Spirit

1. In days of old, when knights were bold, And barons held their
2. So this brave knight, in armor bright, Went gaily to the

sway, A war-rior bold, with spurs of gold, Sang mer-ri-ly his lay; Sang
fray; He fought the fight, but ere the night, His soul had pass'd a-way, His

mer-ri-ly his lay: "My love is young and fair, My love hath gold-en
soul had pass'd a-way. The plighted ring he wore Was crush'd and wet with

A Warrior Bold-Concluded

hair, And eyes so blue, and heart so true, That none with her com-pare. So
gore, Yet ere he died, he brave-ly cried, "I've kept the vow I swore. So

what care I tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or die, So what care I, tho'
what care I tho' death be nigh, I've fought for love and die, So what care I, tho'

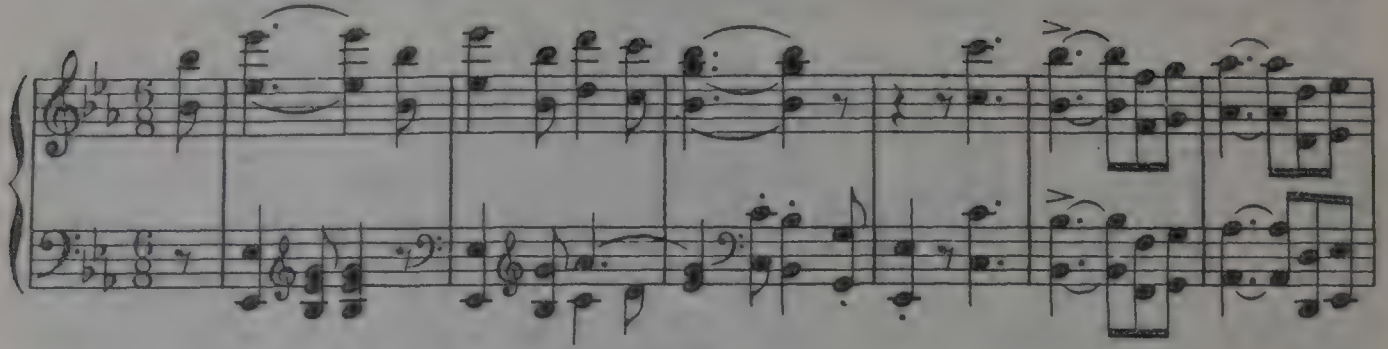
death be nigh, I'll live for love or die." death be nigh, I've fought for love, for love I die,

I've fought for love, For love, for love I die."

Nancy Lee

FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY

STEPHEN ADAMS



f *With spirit*

1. Of all the wives as e'er you know, _____ Yeo -
 2. The har - bor's past, the breezes blow, _____ Yeo -
 3. The bo' - s'n pipes the watch be-low, _____ Yeo -

 The piano accompaniment for the first three verses is shown on two staves. It features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

ho! lads! ho! Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho! There's none like Nancy Lee, I trow, _____
 ho! lads! ho! Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho! 'Tis long ere we come back, I know, _____
 ho! lads! ho! Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho! Then here's a health before we go, _____

 The piano accompaniment for the chorus is shown on two staves. It continues with the same eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

Yeo - ho! — Yeo - ho! — Yeo - ho!
 Yeo - ho! — Yeo - ho! — Yeo - ho!
 Yeo - ho! — Yeo - ho! — Yeo - ho!

See there she stands an'
 But true an' bright from
 A long, long life to

 The piano accompaniment for the final chorus and ending is shown on two staves. It includes a forte (*f*) section followed by a piano (*p*) section, ending with a final chord.

Nancy Lee—Concluded

waves her hand up - on — the quay, An' ev'-ry day when I'm a-way she'll
morn till night my home — will be, An' all so neat an' snug an' sweet for
my sweet wife an' mates — at sea, An' keep my bones from Da-vy Jones wher.

watch for me, An' whisper low when tempests blow, for Jack at sea; Yeo-
Jack at sea, An' Nancy's face to bless the place, an' wel - come me; Yeo-
e'er we be, An' may you meet a mate as sweet as Nan - cy Lee; Yeo-

ho! lads! ho! Yeo - ho! The sail - or's wife the sail-or's

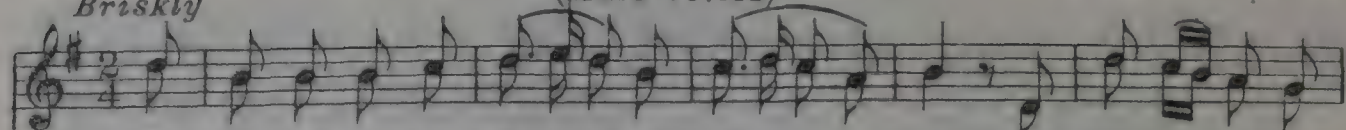
star shall be, Yeo - ho! we go a - cross the sea; The sail - or's

wife the sailor's star shall be, The sailor's wife his star shall be. —

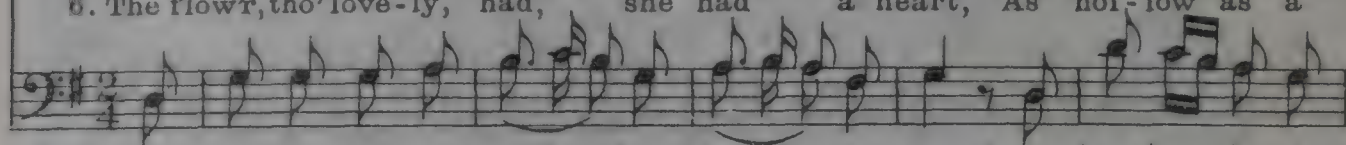
The Three Chafers

(Male Voices)

FRIEDRICH H. TRÜHN

Briskly

1. There were three young and gal - lant cha - fers, Who with a mer-ry
2. And soon they found a love - ly, love - ly flow'r, As tempt-ing as a
3. The pret - ty flow'r was wide, so wide a-wake, And art-ful-ler than
4. Her aunt the spi - der, heard, she heard the call, And came like Fee-faw
5. And while she sat she watch'd, she watch'd her prey, And when she saw them
6. The flow'r, tho' love-ly, had, she had a heart, As hol-low as a



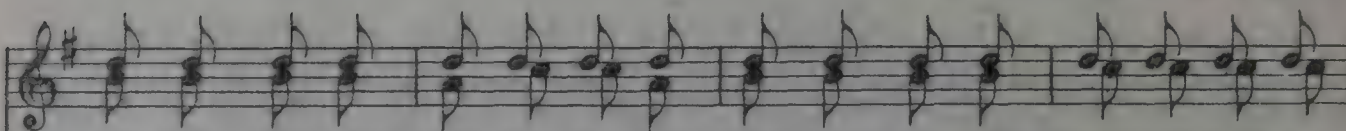
hum, hum, hum, * Sum-a,
 plum, plum, plum, Sum-a,
 some, some, some, Sum-a,
 fum, fum, fum, Sum-a,
 come, come, come, Sum-a,
 drum, drum, drum, Sum-a,

sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,

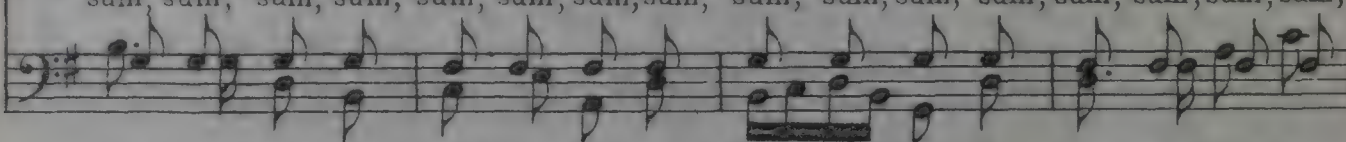


BASS OR ALTO SOLO.

In dew their nos-es
 They all at once were
 She call'd her aunt, the
 At once her net she
 She pounce'd up - on the
 She laugh'd and said we've



sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,

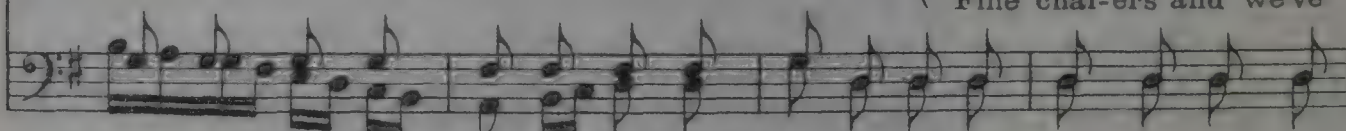


dip - ping, In dew their nos-es dip - ping, As tip - sy grew with
 bit - ten, They all at once were bit - ten, They all were deep-ly
 spi - der, She call'd her aunt, the spi - der, And begg'd she would pro-
 spun well, At once her net she spun well, And when she tho't it
 chaf - ers, She pounce'd up - on the chaf - ers, And suck'd them thin as
 caught ye, She laugh'd and said we've caught ye, Fine chaf-ers and we've



sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,

As tip - sy grew with
 They all were deep-ly
 And begg'd she would pro-
 And when she tho't it
 And suck'd them thin as
 Fine chaf-ers and we've



sip - ping, As an-y cask of rum, Sum, sum,
 smit - ten, Thus chafers can soft be-come, Sum, sum,
 done her A maze to hold like gum, Sum, sum,
 wa - fers, With - in it sat quite dumb, Sum, sum,
 taught ye, They nev-er-more could hum, Sum, sum,
 That love is all a hum, Sum, sum,

The Three Chafers-Concluded

sip - ping, As an - y cask of rum, As an - y cask of rum.
 smit - ten, Thus chafers can soft be - come, Thus chafers can soft be - come.
 vide her A maze to hold like gum, A maze to hold like gum.
 done well, With - in it sat quite dumb, With - in it sat quite dumb.
 wa - fers, They nev - er - more could hum, They nev - er - more could hum.
 taught ye That love is all a hum, That love is all a hum.

★ Pronounced Zoom.

Note: This number may be used for quartet of unchanged voices by pitching one octave higher than when sung by male voices.

Proudly As The Eagle

ALFRED STONE

(Male Voices)

LOUIS SPOHR

Vigorously

1. Proud - ly as the ea - gle Wings his flight on high, Let our song be
 2. Loud as mighty thun - ders Peal - ing thro' the skies, Soft as lov - er's
 3. Thee, O song we hon - or, 'Tis of thee we sing; Loud - er still and

swell - ing Up - ward to the sky, While each glow - ing breast
 sigh - ing Shall our car - ols rise; Heav'n - ly mu - sic's sound
 loud - er Shall thy praises ring, Ho - ly, heav'nly fire,

While each glow - ing
Heav'n - ly mu - sic's
Ho - ly, heav'nly

Thrills with rapture blest, While each glow - ing breast Thrills with rapture blest.
 Spread - ing joy a - round, Heav'n - ly mu - sic's sound Spreading joy a - round.
 Thou dost e'er in - spire, Ho - ly, heav'nly fire, Thou dost e'er in - spire.

breast
sound
fire,

Thrills with rapture blest, each glowing breast
Spreading joy a - round, sweet music's sound,
Thou dost e'er in - spire with heav'nly fire,

My name is Sol-o-mon Le-vi And my store's on Sa-lem Street; That's

where to buy your coats and vests And ev-'ry-thing else that's neat;

Sec-ond hand-ed ul-ster-ettes And o-ver-coats so fine, For

all the boys that trade with me at Hundred and for-ty-nine.

Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la.

O, Sol-o-mon Le-vi Tra-la-la-la-la-la.

Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la, *D.S. al Fine.*

Poor Sol-lie Le-vi, Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la, My

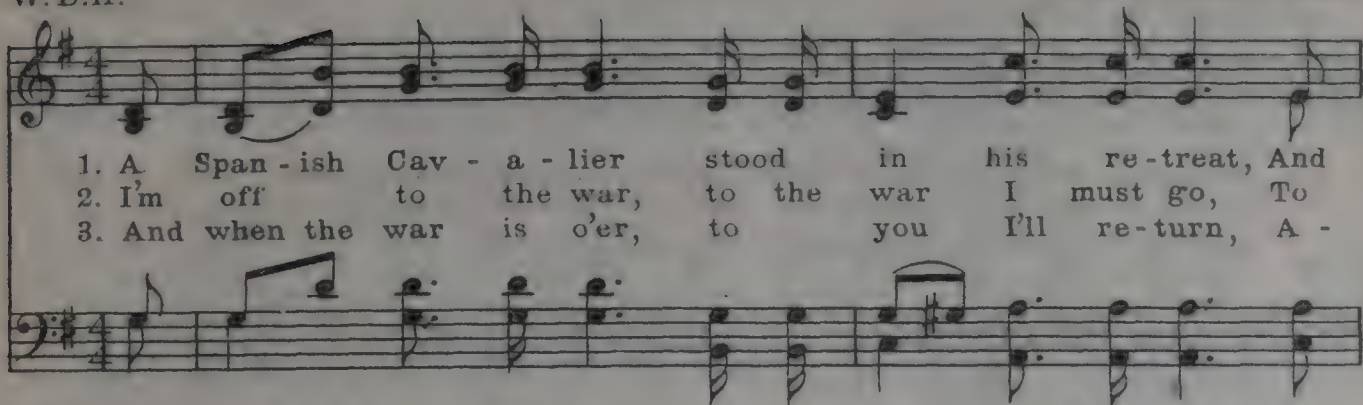
la-la, My

The Spanish Cavalier

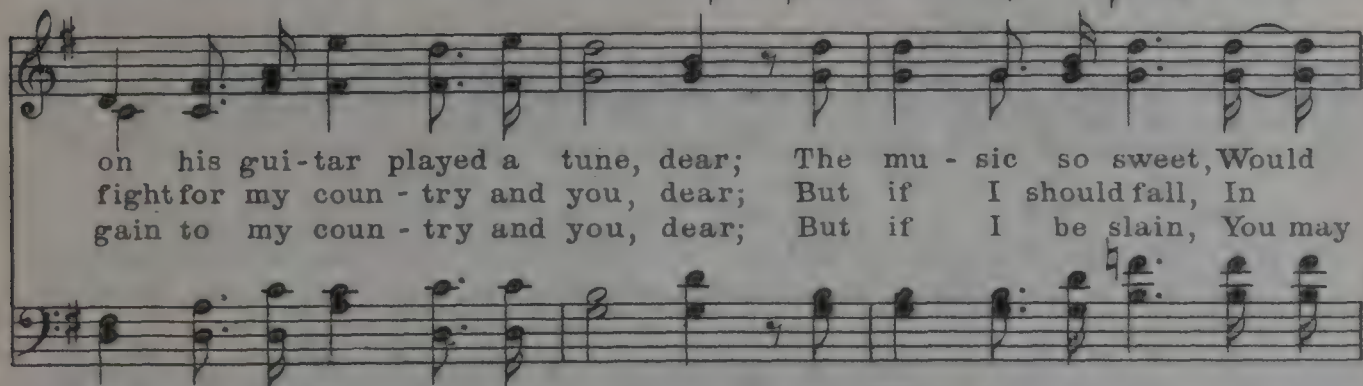
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W. D. H.

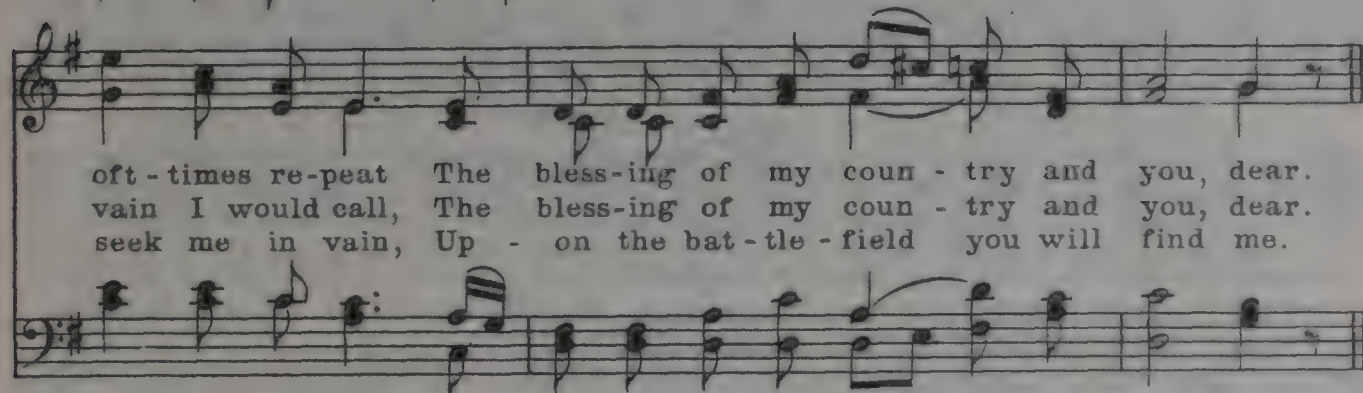
WM. D. HENDRICKSON



1. A Span - ish Cav - a - lier stood in his re - treat, And
 2. I'm off to the war, to the war I must go, To
 3. And when the war is o'er, to you I'll re - turn, A -

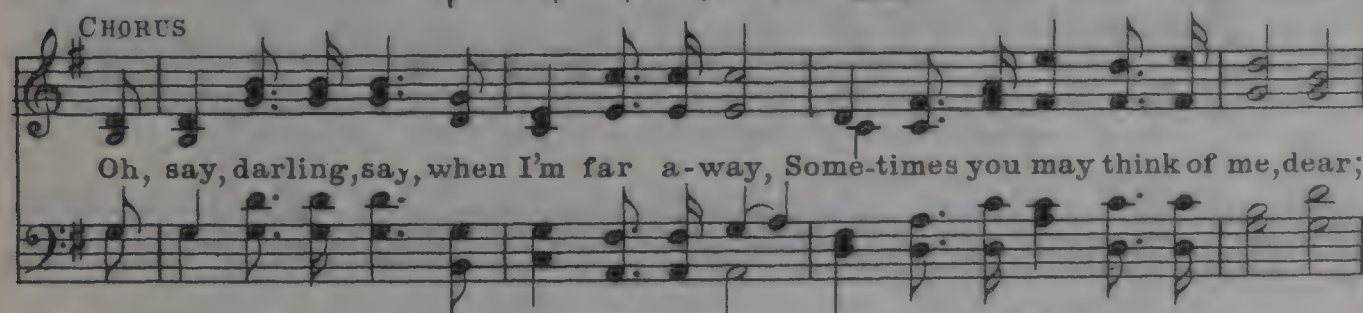


on his gui - tar played a tune, dear; The mu - sic so sweet, Would
 fight for my coun - try and you, dear; But if I should fall, In
 gain to my coun - try and you, dear; But if I be slain, You may

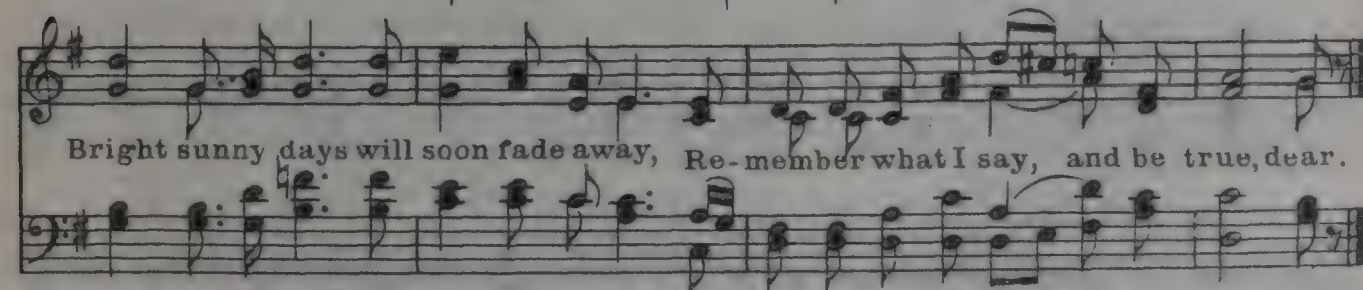


oft - times re - peat The bless - ing of my coun - try and you, dear.
 vain I would call, The bless - ing of my coun - try and you, dear.
 seek me in vain, Up - on the bat - tle - field you will find me.

CHORUS



Oh, say, darling, say, when I'm far a - way, Some - times you may think of me, dear;



Bright sunny days will soon fade away, Re - member what I say, and be true, dear.

A Vocal Combat

"The Spanish Cavalier" and "Solomon Levi" may be sung simultaneously by two groups of singers. The groups should be of equal strength and each group rehearsed on its song until it can sing it well. Then, under some capable leader who will mark the rhythm with strongly accented beat, let the two groups sing the numbers together. There should be no attempt at piano accompaniment. Singers of all ages will enjoy the "stunt".

John Peel

(Male Quartette)

ENGLISH HUNTING SONG

With spirit, but not too fast

1. D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay, D'ye ken John Peel at the
 2. Yes, I ken John Peel and Ru - by too, And Ranger and Ring-wood,
 3. D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay? He lived at Trout - beck

louder

break o' the day, D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far a-way With his
 Bell - man and True; From a find to a check, from a check to a view, From a
 once on a day; But now he has gone far a - way, far a-way, We shall

softer

CHORUS

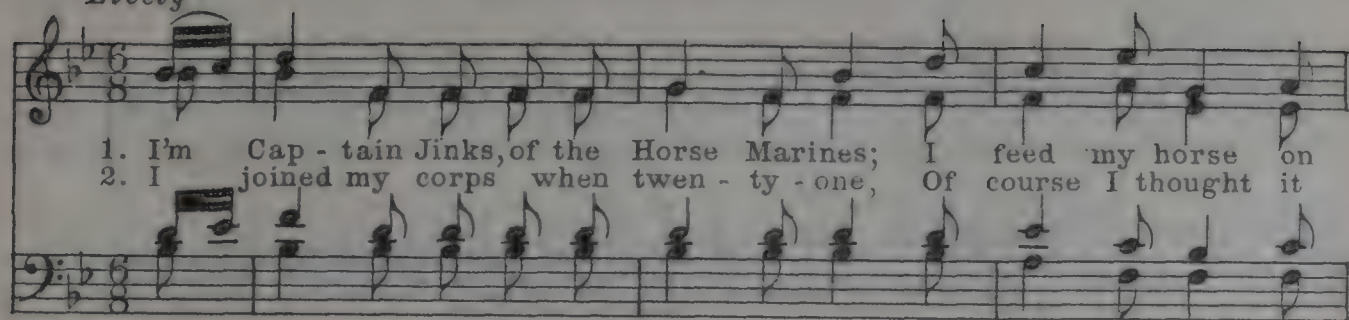
hounds and his horn in the morn-ing?
 view to a death in the morn-ing: For the sound of his horn brought
 ne'er hear his voice in the morn-ing.

me from my bed, And the cry of the hounds which he oft-times led;

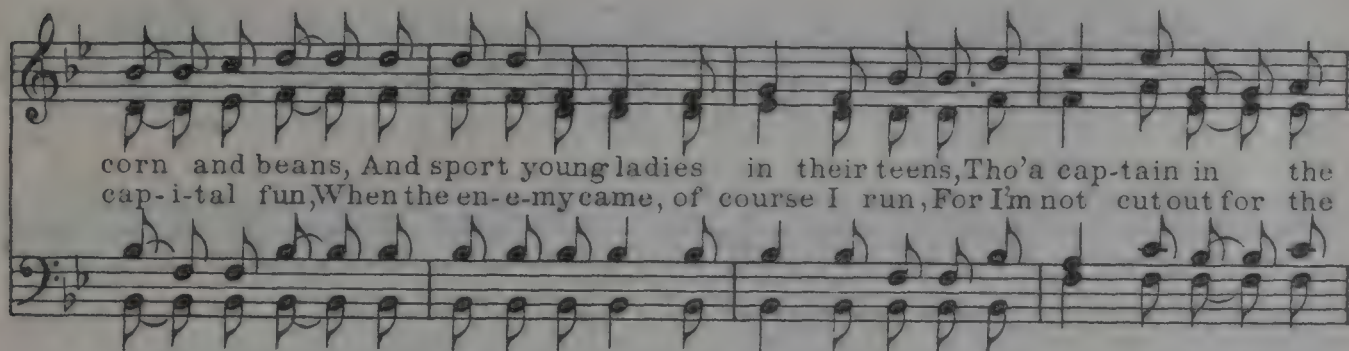
Peel's view halloo! would a-waken the dead, Or the fox from his lair in the morning.

Captain Jinks

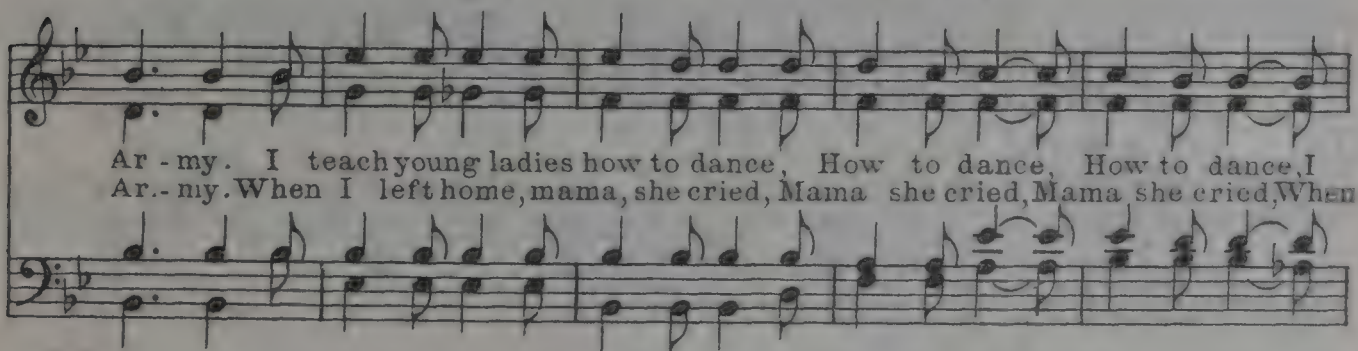
Lively



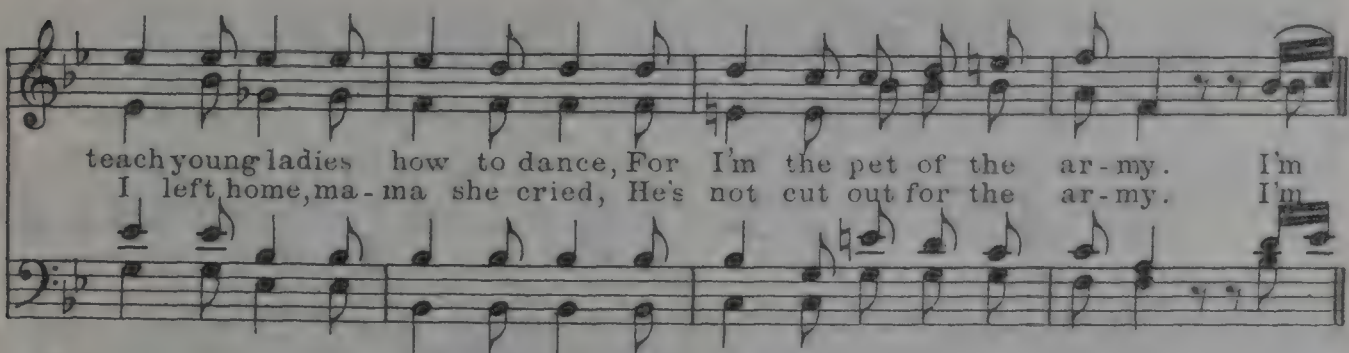
1. I'm Cap - tain Jinks, of the Horse Marines; I feed my horse on
2. I joined my corps when twen - ty - one, Of course I thought it



corn and beans, And sport young ladies in their teens, Tho'a cap-tain in the
cap-i-tal fun, When the en-e-my came, of course I run, For I'm not cut out for the



Ar - my. I teach young ladies how to dance, How to dance, How to dance, I
Ar - my. When I left home, mama, she cried, Mama she cried, Mama she cried, When

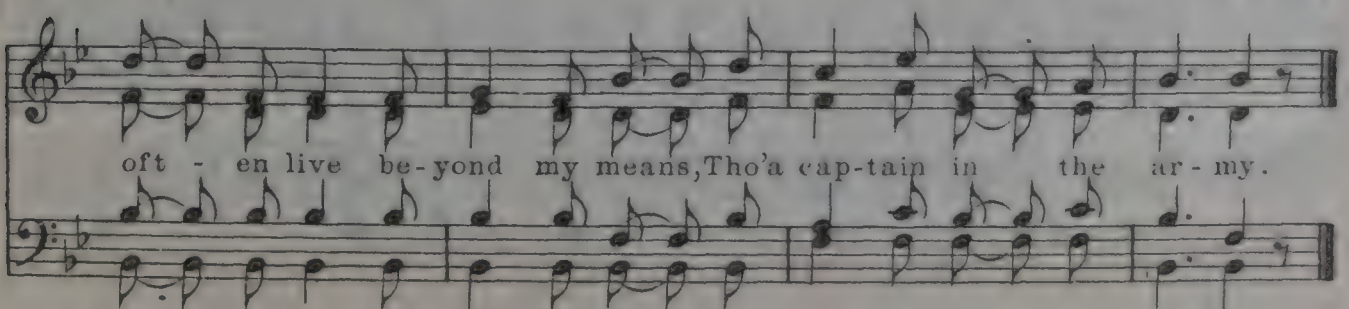


teach young ladies how to dance, For I'm the pet of the ar-my. I'm
I left home, ma-ma she cried, He's not cut out for the ar-my. I'm

CHORUS



Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines; I feed my horse on corn and beans, And



oft - en live be-yond my means, Tho'a cap-tain in the ar-my.

Leave Me With A Smile

CHAS. KOEHLER
EARL BURTNETT

CHORUS

Tho' — it's time for part-ing, and — my tears are starting, Leave me

p-f

with a smile. — Tho' your heart may cry, dear;

When — you say good-bye, dear, Leave me with a smile. —

— May - be it's for - ev - er, So — while we're to-gether,

For a lit - tle while; ——— Hold me like a flower,

For — one lit-tle hour, And leave me with a smile.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems. The first system has two staves for the piano accompaniment and one for the voice. The second system also has two piano staves and one voice staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the voice staff.

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Start It With A Smile

Tune: "Leave Me With a Smile"

When it's time for meeting
And the friendly greeting,
Start it with a smile;
What's the use of sighing,
Send all gloom a-flying,
Start it with a smile.

And while we're together,
Always fair the weather
Sunshine all the while;
Ev'ry song we sing
Just make the rafters ring so
Start it with a smile!

Good Old Lions' Smile

Tune: "Leave Me With a Smile"

When a Lion meets you
You will find he greets you
Always with a smile;
If with care you're weary,
He will make you cheery,
With that little smile,

Doubt will flee forever,
If you get together
For a little while;
Like a youth elixir,
Doubt and trouble fixer,
Good old Lions' smile.

Faith can move mountains — when coupled with work.

(A) Keep The Home Fires Burning

Keep the Hometires burning
While your hearts are yearning,
Tho' your lads are far away
They dream of home.
There's a silver lining
Thro' the dark clouds shining,
Turn the dark cloud inside out,
Till the boys come home.

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(B) She Wears a Yeller Ribbon

Round her neck she wears a yeller ribbon,
She wears it in the winter and the
summer, so they say.

If you ask her "Why the decoration?"

She'll say, "It's fur my lover who is
fur, fur away;"

Fur away—fur away—

If she is milkin' cows or mowin' hay,
'Round her neck she wears a yeller
ribbon,

She wears it fur her lover, who is fur,
fur away.

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(C) Smiles

There are smiles that make us happy,
There are smiles that make us blue,
There are smiles that steal away the
tear-drops,

As the sunbeams steal away the dew.
There are smiles that have a tender
meaning

That the eyes of love alone may see,
But the smiles that fill my life with sun-
shine,

Are the smiles that you give to me.

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(D) That Old Gang of Mine

Gee, but I'd give the world to see

That old gang of mine,

I can't forget that old quartette

That sang Sweet Adeline.

Goodbye forever old fellows and gals,

Goodbye forever old sweethearts and pals,
(God bless them.)

Gee, but I'd give the world to see

That old gang of mine.

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(E) I'd Love to Call You My Sweetheart

I'd love to call you my sweetheart;
Honest, I love you, I do.

I cry for you in the daytime

When I sleep I dream of you.

I've always wanted a sweetheart,

That's why I'm lonesome and blue.

In my heart I'm praying

To the world I'm saying

"I'd love to call you my sweetheart."

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(F) Old Fashioned Garden

It was an old fashioned garden,

Just an old fashioned garden,

But it carried me back

To that dear little shack

In the land of long ago.

I saw an old fashioned Missus

Getting old fashioned kisses

In that old fashioned garden

From an old fashioned beau.

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(G) Let the Rest of the World Go By

With someone like you,

A pal good and true,

I'd like to leave it all behind,

And go and find

Someplace that's known

To God alone—

Just a spot to call our own.

We'll find perfect peace

Where joys never cease,

Out there beneath a kindly sky.

We'll build a sweet little nest,

Somewhere in the West,

And let the rest of the world go by.

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(H) There's a Long, Long Trail

There's a long, long trail a-winding

Into the land of my dreams,

Where the nightingales are singing,

And a white moon beams;

There's a long, long night of waiting

Until my dreams all come true;

Till the day when I'll be going down

That long, long trail with you.

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*Just when we are beginning to think we can make both
ends meet, along comes some bird and moves the ends.*

(A) Hi-Diddle-Dididdle

Hi-Diddle-Dididdle,
 And the cat and the fiddle,
 And the cow jumped over the moon,
 Now, how the devil can a cat and a fiddle,
 And a cow jump over the moon?—
 But just like the Kid I start to croon,
 Mother Goose's fav-rit tune,
 The cow and the fiddle with the cat in
 the middle,
 Has me Hi-Diddle-Diddling too.

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(B) Mother Machree

Sure I love the dear silver that shines in
 your hair
 And the brow that's all furrowed and
 wrinkled with care.
 I kiss the dear fingers so toilworn for me,
 O, God bless you and keep you, Mother
 Machree!

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(C) My Buddy

Nights are long since you went away,
 I think about you all thru the day,
 My Buddy, my Buddy, no Buddy quite
 so true,
 Miss your voice, the touch of your hand,
 Just long to know that you understand,
 My Buddy, my Buddy, your Buddy misses
 you.

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 permission.

(D) Mickey

Mickey, pretty Mickey,
 With your hair of raven hue;
 In your smiling, so beguiling,
 There's a bit of Killarney, a mite of
 Blarney, too.
 Childhood in the wildwood,
 Like a mountain flow'r you grew;
 Pretty Mickey, pretty Mickey,
 Can you blame anyone for falling in
 love with you?

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 sion.

(E) Memories

Memories, memories, dreams of love so
 true,
 O'er the sea of memory, I'm drifting back
 to you.
 Childhood days, wildwood days,
 Among the birds and bees,
 You left me alone, but still you're my
 own,
 In my beautiful memories.

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**(F) Where the Dear Old
Shannon's Flowing**

Where the dear old Shannon's flowing,
 Where the three-leaved shamrock
 grows,
 Where my heart is I am going,
 To my little Irish rose.
 And the moment that I meet her.
 With a hug and kiss I'll greet her,
 For there's not a colleen sweeter
 Where the River Shannon Flows.

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**(G) Ev'rything's Made for
Love**

What've we got lips for,
 What've we got arms for,
 Why do we have stars above?
 Oh! You know—I know—
 Ev'ry thing's made for love.
 What've we got eyes for,
 What do we sigh sighs for,
 Why do we say "Dovey dove?"
 Oh! You know—I know ev'rything's made
 for love.
 What is the dark for,
 What is the park for,
 Why are shady lanes?
 Why is a cozy corner so rosy ev'ry time
 it rains?
 What've I got you for,
 What've you got me for,
 What are we both thinking of?
 Oh! You know—I know—ev'ry thing's
 made for love.

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(H) Sweet Adeline

Sweet Adeline, sweet Adeline,
 For you, dear heart, alone I pine,
 In all my dreams your fair face beams,
 You're the flower of my heart, sweet
 Adeline.

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(I) Ali Alone

I'm all alone, I'm so all alone
 Cause there's no one else but you—
 All alone by the telephone
 Waiting for a ring, a ting-a-ling
 I'm all alone in the evening
 All alone, feeling blue—
 Wondering, where you are and how you
 are,
 And if you are, all alone. too.

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 mission.

*The number of square people, not the number
 of square miles, make a country great.*

(A) There's a Little White House

There's a little white house on a little
green hill,
Where the red, red roses grow,
There's a little white light, in the win-
dow to-night,
And it shines for me I know,
Tho' the skies may be cloudy, say what
do I care,
Mother's eyes will say "How-dy,"
She'll welcome back her rowdy,
To that little white house, on a little
green hill,
Where the red, red roses grow.

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by special permission.

(B) Where'd You Get Those Eyes?

Where'd you get those eyes?
Where'd you get those lips?
Where'd you get those dimples, honey?
Where'd you get that smile so sunny?
Those chin—those nose—those rosy
cheeks,
I'm gone—been gone, for weeks and
weeks,
How'd you grow so sweet?
How'd you grow so nice?
Where'd you get that new blue bonnet,
with the doo-wack-e doo-does on it?
Please make me happy and put me wise.
Where'd you get those great big eyes?

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(C) Sunday

I'm blue ev'ry Monday, thinking over
Sunday,
That one day when I'm with you,
It seems that I sigh all day Tuesday,
I cry all day Wednesday,
Oh, my! how I long for you;
And then comes Thursday,
Gee! it's long, it never goes by.
Friday makes me feel like I'm gonna die,
But after pay day is my fun day,
I shine all day Sunday
That one day when I'm with you.

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(D) I Want a Girl

I want a girl just like the girl
That married dear old dad,
She was a pearl and the only girl
That daddy ever had,
A good old-fashioned girl with heart so
true
One who loves nobody else but you.
I want a girl just like the girl
That married dear old dad.

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(E) Hello Bluebird

All day long I jump and run about
You can always hear me shoutin' out
Hello Bluebird.
Got no time for blues or anything
I'm so happy I just wanna sing
Hello Bluebird.

Blue skies, sunshine, friends that are real
Old folks, sweetheart, Oh! How I feel
I'll not go roamin' like I did again
I'll stay home and be a kid again
Hello Bluebird, Hello.

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(F) Ain't We Got Fun?

Ev'ry morning, ev'ry evening, ain't we
got fun?
Not much money; oh, but honey, ain't
we got fun?
The rent's unpaid, dear; we haven't a bus,
But smiles were made, dear, for people
like us.
In the winter, in the summer, don't we
have fun?
Times are bum and getting bummer, still
we have fun.
There's nothing surer, the rich get rich
and the poor get children.
In the meantime, in between time, ain't
we got fun?

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(G) When I First Met Mary

Ene mene mine mo, brings back days of
long ago
When I first met Mary, my sweetheart
Mary,
There's a farmer in the dell,
Games we played and loved so well,
When I first met Mary.
Believe me, eyes of blue, her heart was
true,
The whole wide world knew.
Just like kids, the things we did were
innocent, too,
Now that we are old and gray,
I just live and bless the day,
When I first met Mary, my own.

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(H) My Wild Irish Rose

My wild Irish rose,
The sweetest flower that grows,
You can search everywhere,
But none can compare,
With my wild Irish rose.
My wild Irish rose,
The sweetest flower that grows,
And some day for my sake,
She will let me take,
The bloom from my wild Irish rose.

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(A) A Perfect Day

When you come to the end of a perfect day,
And you sit alone with your thoughts,
While the chimes ring out with a carol gay

For the joy that the day has brought,
Do you think what the end of a perfect day
Can mean to a tired heart,

When the sun goes down with a flaming ray,
And the dear friends have to part?

Well, this is the end of a perfect day,
Near the end of a journey, too;
But it leaves a thought that is big and strong,

With a wish that is kind and true,
For mem'ry has painted this perfect day
With colors that never fade,
And we find at the end of a perfect day
The soul of a friend we've made.

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(B) I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles

I'm forever blowing bubbles, pretty bubbles in the air,
They fly so high, nearly reach the sky,
Then like my dreams, they fade and die;

Fortune's always hiding, I've looked everywhere,
I'm forever blowing bubbles, pretty bubbles in the air.

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(C) Mary Lou

Mary Lou, Mary Lou,
Cross my heart I love you!
Ev'ry bell in the steeple is ready to ring,
And all the people are planning pretty presents all for you,
Mary Lou, Won't you give your promise true?

Why for miles around they're waiting
To start their celebrating,
When you say "I do," Mary Lou!

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(D) Peggy O'Neil

If her eyes are blue as skies,
That's Peggy O'Neil;
If she's smiling all the while,
That's Peggy O'Neil;
If she walks like a sly little rogue,
If she talks with a cute little brogue,
Sweet personality full of rascality,
That's Peggy O'Neil.

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(E) Little Ray of Sunshine

Put away a little ray of golden sunshine
For a rainy day,
Just a ray may come in mighty handy sometime

When the skies are gray;
Anyone can laugh when it's Spring
But who knows what tomorrow may bring.

So put away a little ray of golden sunshine for a rainy day.

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(F) Till We Meet Again

Smile the while you kiss me sad adieu,
When the clouds roll by I'll come to you;
Then the skies will seem more blue,
Down in lovers' lane, my dearie,
Wedding bells will ring so merrily.
Every tear will be a memory;
So wait and pray each night for me
Till we meet again.

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(G) O Lad of Mine

Tune: "Sweet Adeline"

O lad of mine, O lad of mine,
We'll stand as one, in rain or shine,
Each night and day I'll always say,
"You're the best lad in the world, O lad of mine."

(H) Hi Ho the Merrio

I wake up each morning singing merrily,
Hi, Ho, the Merrio as long as she loves me.

I can laugh at troubles, I'm happy as can be

Hi, Ho, the Merrio as long as she loves me.

Just like a rooster I keep crowin'
She started something and she's got me going'

Bring on all your bundles, bring 'em C. O. D.

Hi, Ho, the Merrio as long as she loves me.

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(I) For My Sweetheart

Love made the birds that sing
The flow'rs in Spring and ev'rything
For my sweetheart

Love made the skies of blue
The morning dew, the sunbeams, too,
For my sweetheart

Love built a bungalow where roses grow
Where we will go and never part
I know that I'm glad as I can be
Love picked out a little girl (boy) like me
For my Sweetheart.

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If you can laugh at yourself, there's hope.

(A) Blue Skies

Blue Skies—smiling at me—
 Nothing but Blue Skies, do I see,
 Blue-birds—singing a song—
 Nothing but blue-birds—all day long;
 Never saw the sun, shining so bright,
 Never saw things, going so right,
 Noticing the days, hurrying by,
 When you're in love, my! how they fly,
 Blue days, all of them gone—
 Nothing but Blue Skies, from now on.

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(B) Put On Your Old Gray Bonnet

Put on your old gray bonnet
 With the blue ribbon on it,
 While I hitch old Dobbin to the shay;
 And through the fields of clover
 We'll drive up to Dover
 On our golden wedding day.

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(C) Yawnin' in The Mornin'

Tune: "Roamin' in the Gloamin'"

Yawnin' in the mornin'
 when the breakfast bell we hear,
 Yawnin' in the mornin'
 when our sleep is very dear,
 And when we are fully dressed,
 and we think we look our best
 Still we go on yawnin' in the mornin'.

(D) That's Why I Love You

When skies were gray you came my way,
 That's why I love you, that's why I love you.

I learned to smile, like sweethearts smile
 That's why I love you, who wouldn't love you.

Your sweet caress just thrilled me it seems

And filled my heart with wonderful dreams,

Sweet dreams of stars above,
 And I'm in love, that's why I love you, sweetheart.

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(E) Bye, Bye, Blackbird

Pack up all my care and woe, here I go,
 singing low,

Bye, bye, blackbird,

Where somebody waits for me, sugar's sweet, so is she,

Bye, bye, blackbird

No one here to love or understand me,
 Oh, what hard luck stories they all hand me.

Make my bed and light the light

I'll arrive late tonight,

Bye, bye, blackbird.

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(F) In the Good Old Summer Time

In the good old summer time,
 In the good old summer time,
 Strolling thro' the shady lanes,
 With your baby mine;
 You hold her hand and she holds yours,
 And that's a very good sign
 That she's your tootsey wootsey
 In the good old summer time.

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(G) I Want to Be Happy

I want to be happy, but I won't be happy,
 till I make you happy, too.

Life's really worth living when we are
 mirth giving, why can't I give some
 to you.

When skies are gray and you say you
 are blue,

I'll send the sun smiling through.
 I want to be happy, but I won't be happy,
 till I make you happy, too.

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(H) Ting-A-Ling

Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling
 I love the waltz of the bells,
 Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling
 I love the story it tells
 Each little tingle of every ding-dong
 Rings out the jingle of love's old sweet
 song

Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling
 I love the waltz of the bells.

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(I) Sidewalks of New York

East side, West side, all around the town,
 The tots sang "ring-a-rosie"
 "London Bridge is falling down;"
 Boys and girls together, Me and Mamie
 O'Rorke,

Tripped the light fantastic, on the
 Sidewalks of New York.

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(J) Roamin' in The Gloamin'

Roamin' in the gloamin' on the bonnie
 banks o'Clyde,

Roamin' in the gloamin' wae my lassie
 by my side.

When the sun has gone to rest,
 That's the time that we love best—

O, it's lovely roamin' in the gloamin'!

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*The rest of your days depend
 upon the rest of your nights.*

(A) I Never Knew

I never knew, that roses grew,
Or if skies were blue or gray,—
I never knew when breezes blew,
What a summer breeze could say.
I never knew that dreams came true,
And took your cares away,
I never knew what love could do,
Until I met you today.

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(B) Red, Red, Robin

When the red, red robin comes bob, bob,
bobbin' along, along,
There'll be no more sobbin' when he
starts throbbin' his old sweet song,
Wake up, wake up you sleepy head,
Get up, get up, get out of bed,
Cheer up, cheer up, the sun is red, live—
love—laugh and be happy.
What if I've been blue, now I'm walking
through fields of flowers
Rain may glisten but still I listen for
hours and hours
I'm just a kid again doin' what I did
again, singin' a song,
When the red, red, robin comes bob, bob,
bobbin' along.

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(C) Susie's Feller

I don't cut no fancy capers,
To get my picture in the papers,
Just "wanna" be known as Susie's "Feller,"—
I get a thrill when I hear 'em yellin'
"Who's got the sweetest water-melon!"
Nobody, no one but Susie's "Feller"
I love to hear 'em say,
Look at those lips and who kisses 'em?
He kisses 'em,
Oh! what eyes, blue as skies,
Who does she roll 'em for?
Havin' dough is not essential,
Knowin' her is my credential,
I just "wanna" be known as Susie's "Feller."

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(D) I Never See Maggie Alone

She brings her father, her mother, her
sister and her brother,
Oh, I never see Maggie alone;
She brings her Uncles and Cousins,
she's got 'em by the dozens,
I never see Maggie alone.
And if I phone her, say to her sweet,
Where shall we meet, supposing that
we eat,
She brings her father, her mother, her
sister and her brother,
Oh, I never see Maggie alone.

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(E) Take In the Sun, Hang Out The Moon

Take in the sun, Hang out the moon,
And rock me in a cradle of dreams.—
I wanna see—those dear to me,
It's the only time I'm happy it seems.—
Let my little "Train of thoughts"
Go trav'lin' back once more,
To a place I'm always longing for,—
Oh, won't you take in the sun,
Hang out the moon,
And rock me in a cradle of dreams.

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(F) In a Little Garden

In a little garden—You made Paradise,
Brought a bit of Heaven—Down from out
the skies
'Stead of little angels—Birdies on the
wing,
Thrill me with their music,—Ev'ry time
they sing.
Ev'ry bee a-buzzin', Hums a little pray'r,
Ev'ry shady pathway, Seems a Golden
Stair—
All my dreams are answered—In your
smiling eyes

In a little garden, You made Paradise.
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(G) The Prisoner's Song

Oh! I wish—I had some one to love me,
Some one to call me their own,
Oh! I wish I had some one to live with.
'Cause I'm tired of livin' alone:—
Now if I had wings like an angel,
Over these prison walls I would fly,
And I'd fly to the arms of my poor darlin'
And there I'd be willing to die.

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(H) Just a Bird's-Eye View

(of My Old Kentucky Home)

What I'd do for a bird's-eye view of a
place I knew
Where the sun-flow'rs grew
Just a bird's-eye view of my old Ken-
tucky Home
What I'd do for a postal card, or a pic-
ture card
Of the old back yard
And the golden rod in my old Kentucky
Home.
Somewhere a voice is calling, and there's
where I'm gonna roam
The birds are glad 'cause they have
some view
But I'll be sad until I get one too,
Just a bird's-eye view of my old Ken-
tucky Home.

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*Our Community's need is our
opportunity for service.*

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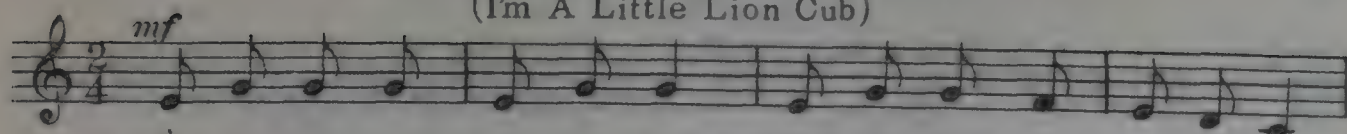
For other Popular Songs used by your club.

*Remember, your presence, not your
money, makes a Live Lions Club.*

Prairie Flower

(I'm A Little Lion Cub)

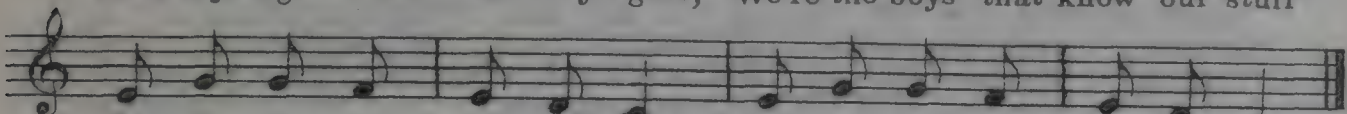
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1. I'm a lit - tle prair - ie flow'r, Grow - ing wild - er ev - 'ry hour;
2. I'm a lit - tle wrink - led prune, May get stewed, and ver - y soon;
3. I'm a lit - tle a - corn brown, Ly - ing here up - on the ground;
4. I'm a lit - tle Li - on Cub, Don't take me for an - y dub;
5. We're the bunch that's full of pep; When you see us, watch us step;



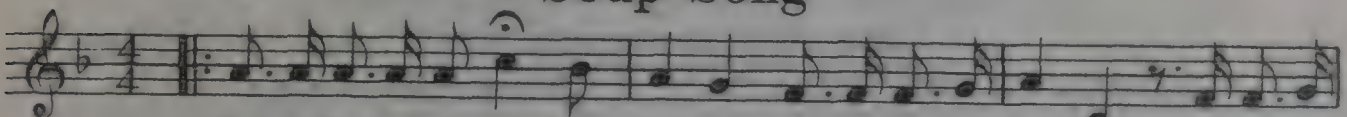
No-bod-y cares to cul-ti-vate me, I'm as wild as wild can be.
 If I do, look out for me, I'm as bad as bad can be.
 No-bod-y wants to pick me up, I'm a nut, for I'm a nut
 Let me give you a lit-tle hunch, We're the gang that's got the punch,
 Don't try to give us an - y guff, We're the boys that know our stuff



I'm as wild as wild can be, Tu - ra - lu - ra, Tu - ra - le.
 I'm as bad as bad can be, Tu - ra - lu - ra, Tu - ra - le.
 I'm a nut, for I'm a nut Tu - ra - lu - ra, Tu - ra - le.
 We're the gang that's got the punch, Tu - ra - lu - ra, Tu - ra - le.
 We're the boys that know our stuff Tu - ra - lu - ra, Tu - ra - le.

Stand while singing, On last two measures, last time, pivot with right forefinger on top of head.

Soup Song



Ev-'ry bod-y hap-py! Well I should say. To-day is Mon-day! To-day is



Mon-day. Monday wash-day Ev-'ry bod-y hap-py Well I should say. To day is



Tues-day! To-day is Tues-day! Tuesday string-beans Mon-day wash day.

3. To-day is Wednesday. Sou-oop etc. 4. To-day is Thursday. Roast Beef etc.

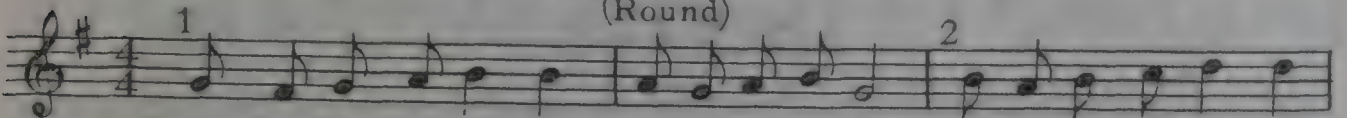
5. To-day is Friday. Fish etc. 6. To-day is Saturday. Pay day etc.

7. To-day is Sunday. Church etc. Everybody happy Well I should say.

Add on each day until all days are named as the strain is repeated.

The Donkey

(Round)



Sweet-ly sings the donk-ey, On his way to hay; If you don't go with him,



He will run a-way. Ka-hi, ka-ho, ka-haa. Ka-hi, ka-ho, ka-haa,



Ka-hi, ka-ho, ka-haa, Ka-hi, ka-ho, ka-haa.

For He's A Jolly Good Fellow

1. For he's a jol-ly good fel-low, For he's a jol-ly good fel-low, For he's a
 1. We won't go home un-til morn-ing, We won't go home un-til morn-ing, We won't go
 1. The bear went o-ver the mountain, The bear went o-ver the mountain, The bear went
 2. Was the oth-er side of the mountain, The oth-er side of the mountain, The oth-er
 1. Oh, my father and mother were I-rish, My father and mother were I-rish, My father and

jol-ly good fel-low, Which nobody can de-ny! Which nobody can de-ny,
 home un-til morn-ing, Till day-light doth ap-pear! Till day-light doth ap-pear!
 o-ver the mountain, To see what he could see! (Yell) And all that he could see -
 side of the mountain, Was all that he could see! *To verse 2*
 moth-er were I-rish, And I'm an I-rish man too. I'm an I-rish-man too.

Fine *D.C.*

I'd Rather Belong to the Lions

Tune: "For He's A Jolly Good Fellow"

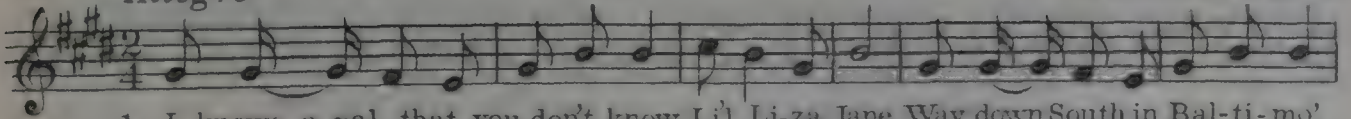
I'd rather belong to the Lions,
 I'd rather belong to the Lions,
 I'd rather belong to the Lions
 Than any club I know.
 Than any club I know.

Than any club I know.
 I'd rather belong to the Lions,
 I'd rather belong to the Lions,
 I'd rather belong to the Lions
 Than any club I know.

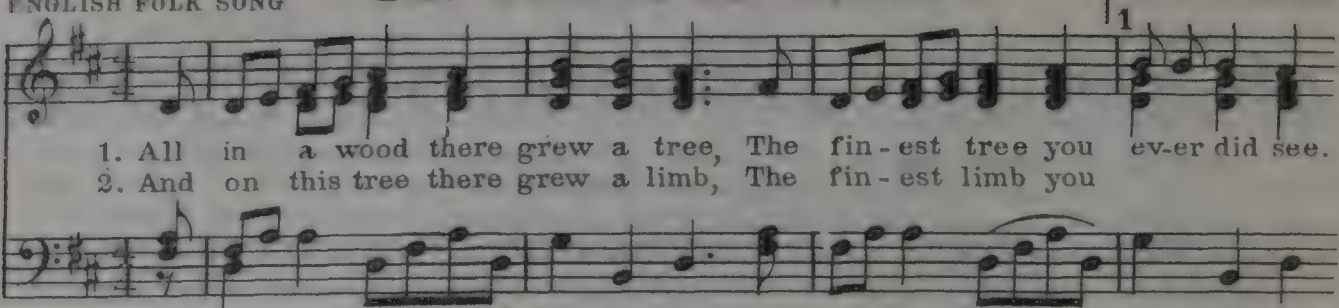
Bohunkus

1. There was a farm-er had two sons, And these two sons were brothers;
 2. Now, these two boys had suits of clothes, And they were made for Sun-day;
 3. Now, these two boys to the thea-ter went, When-ev-er they saw fit;
 4. Now, these two boys are dead and gone Long may their ash-es rest!
 5. Now, these two boys their sto-ry told, And they did tell it well:

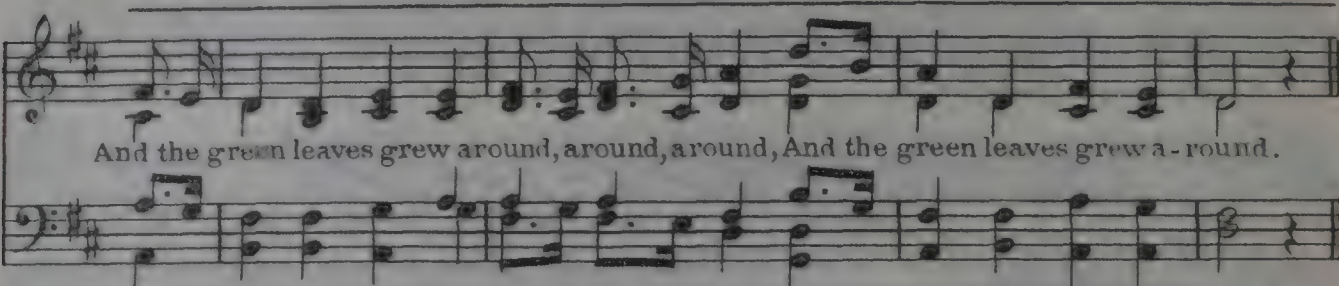
Bo-hunk-us was the name of one, Jo-se-phus was the oth-er's.
 Bo-hunk-us wore his ev-'ry day, Jo-se-phus, his on Mon-day.
 Bo-hunk-us in the gal-l'ry sat, Jo-se-phus in the pit.
 Bo-hunk-us of the chol-era died, Jo-se-phus by re-quest.
 Bo-hunk-us he to heav-en went; Jo-se-phus he to



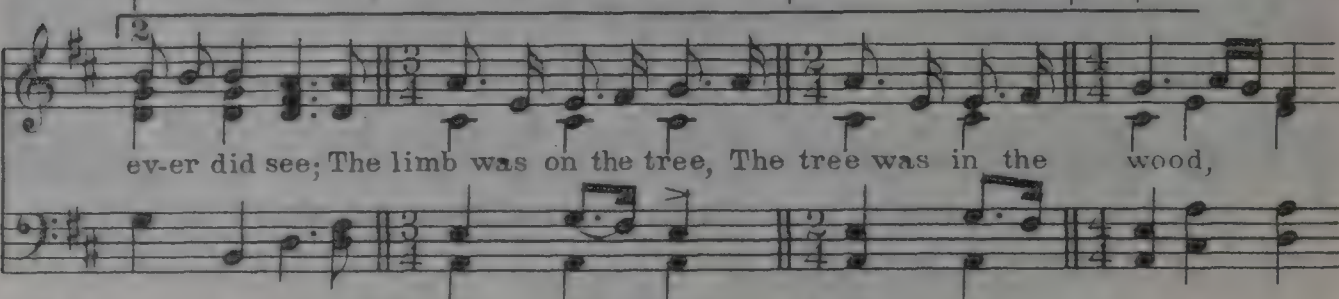
The Tree In The Wood



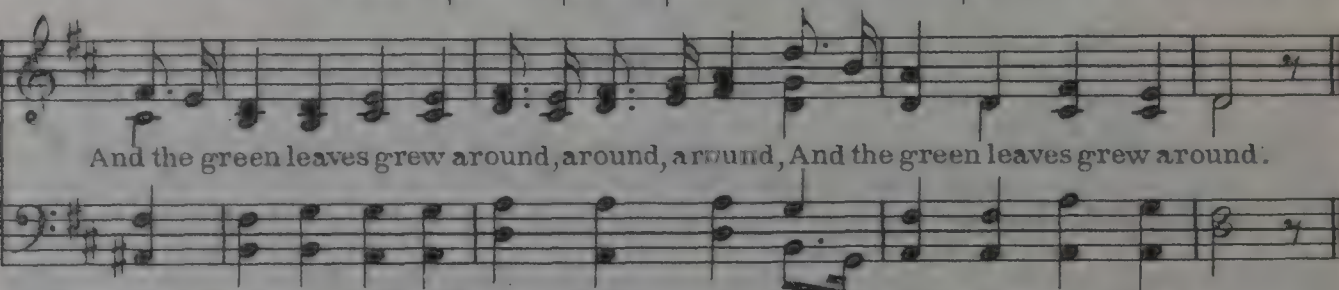
1. All in a wood there grew a tree, The fin-est tree you ev-er did see.
2. And on this tree there grew a limb, The fin-est limb you



And the green leaves grew around, around, around, And the green leaves grew a-round.



ev-er did see; The limb was on the tree, The tree was in the wood,



And the green leaves grew around, around, around, And the green leaves grew around.

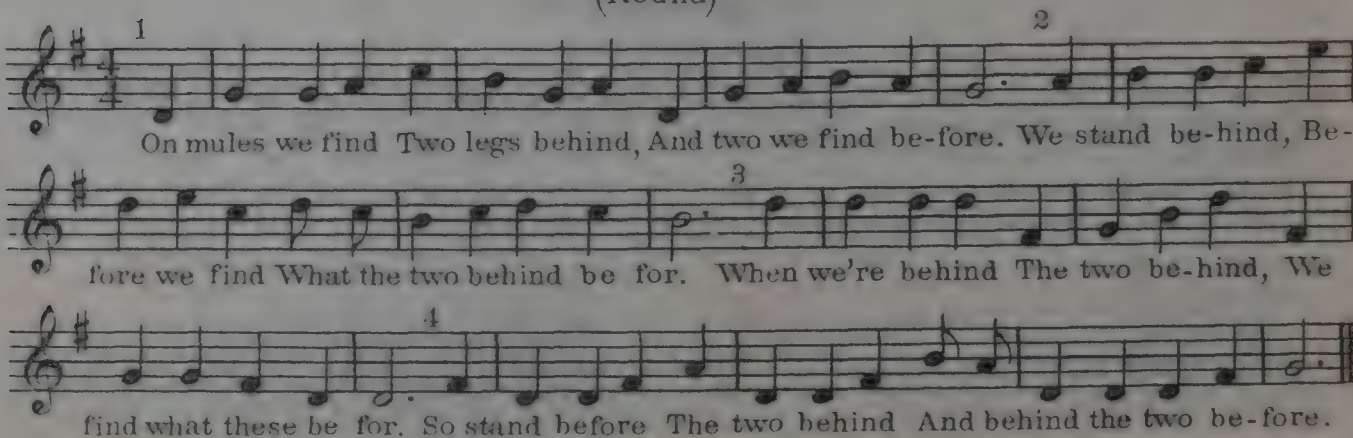
3. Branch. 4. Nest. 5. Egg. 6. Yolk. 7. Bird. 8. Wing. 9. Feather.

As each item is added in successive verses, the preceding items are repeated in reverse order. Thus the last verse would run as follows:

And on the wing there was a feather,
The finest feather you ever did see,
The feather was on the wing,
The wing was on the bird,
The bird was in the yolk,
The yolk was in the egg,
The egg was in the nest,

The nest was on the branch,
The branch was on the limb,
The limb was on the tree,
The tree was in the wood,
And the green leaves grew around, around, around,
And the green leaves grew around.

Mules (Round)



1 On mules we find Two legs behind, And two we find be-fore. We stand be-hind, Be-
2 fore we find What the two behind be for. When we're behind The two be-hind, We
3 find what these be for. So stand before The two behind And behind the two be-fore.
4

Sailing

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GODFREY MARKS

CHORUS

Sail - ing, sail - ing o - ver the bound - ing main. For man - y a storm - y
wind shall blow ere Jack comes home a - gain! Sail - ing, sail - ing o - ver the
bound - ing main, For man - y a storm - y wind shall blow ere Jack comes home a - gain.

De Bezem (Round)

This Dutch round is great fun, whether the singers can pronounce the words correctly or not. The phonetic pronunciation, with translation is given below.

FROM THE NETHERLANDS

DUTCH WORDS: De be-zem, de be-zem, Wat do je er mee, Wat doe je er mee?
PRONUNCIATION: Dă bay-sŭm, dă bay-sŭm, Wat doo yă airmay, Wat doo yă air may?
TRANSLATION: The broom, the broom, What do you with it, What do you with it?

Wij ve-gen er mee, Wij ve-gen er mee, De vloer aan, de vloer aan.
Way fay-gan air may, Way fay-gan air may, Da fluur on, da fluur on.
We sweep with it, We sweep with it, The floor up, the floor up.

Three Blind Mice (Round)

Three blind mice, Three blind mice, See how they run, See how they
run! They all ran af-ter the farm-er's wife, She cut off their tails with a
carving knife; Did you ever see such a thing in your life, As three blind mice?

Street Urchins' Medley

(Male Voices)

Arr. by J. W. B.

Sing a song of cities, Cities great and small; Rhyming lit-tle ditties

Tell a-bout them all. New-York has her lobsters, Boston has her

beans Bal-timore's the place for oysters, But for 'lasses New Or-leans.

Quickly

Roll dem bones, roll dem bones, Roll 'em on the square; Roll 'em on the sidewalks, the

streets or an-y-where. We roll 'em in the morning, We roll 'em in the night, We

slower *Fine*

roll dem bones the whole day long, While the cops are out of sight.

we roll dem bones.

Billy Boy

mf

1. Oh, where have you been, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly Boy, Oh, where have you
 2. Did she bid you to come in, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly Boy, Did she bid you to come
 3. Did she set for you a chair, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly Boy, Did she set for you a
 4. Can she make a cherry pie, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly Boy, Can she make a cherry
 5. How old is she, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly Boy, How old is

been, charming Bil-ly?
 in, charming Bil-ly?
 chair, charming Bil-ly?
 pie, charming Bil-ly?
 she, charming Bil-ly?

I have been to seek a wife, She's the
 Yes, she bade me to come in, There's a
 Yes, she set for me a chair, She has
 She can make a cher-ry pie, Quick's a
 Three times six and four times seven, Twenty -

(charming Bil-ly)

joy of my life, She's a young thing and can-not leave her moth-er.
 dimple in her chin, She's a young thing and can-not leave her moth-er.
 ringlets in her hair, She's a young thing and can-not leave her moth-er.
 cat can wink her eye, She's a young thing and can-not leave her moth-er.
 eight and e-lev-en, She's a young thing and can-not leave her moth-er.

Blow The Man Down

mf SOLO CHORUS CHANTEY SOLO

1. As I was a walk-ing down Paradise Street Way! Hey! Blow the man down! A
 2. Says she to me, "Will you stand treat?" Way! Hey! Blow the man down! De-

CHORUS

pret-ty young damsel I chanced for to meet. Give me some time to blow the man down.
 lighted," says I, "for a charm-er so sweet." Give me some time to blow the man down.

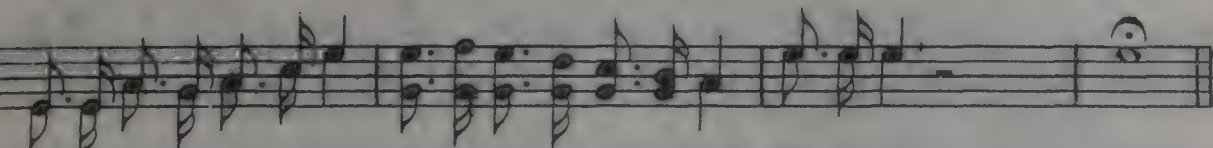
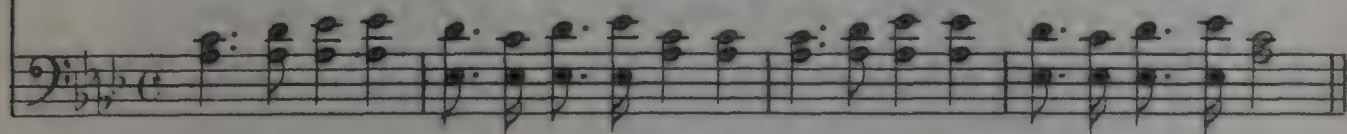
Alouette

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FRENCH CANADIAN FOLK SONG



1. A-lou-et-te, gen-tle A-lou-et-te, A-lou-et-te, Je te plu-me-rai.
2. A-lou-et-te, gen-tle A-lou-et-te, A-lou-et-te, Je te plu-me-rai.



Je te plume-rai la tete, Je te plume-rai la tete, Et la tete,
Je te plume-rai la bec, Je te plume-rai la bec, Et la bec, Oh!
Et la tete,

3. Le nez. 5. Les pattes.
4. Le dos. 6. Le cou.

Et la tete.
Et la bec.
Et la tete.

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Damper Song

(To be sung with appropriate action)

OLD MELODY



You can shove the damper in, you can pull the damper out, But the

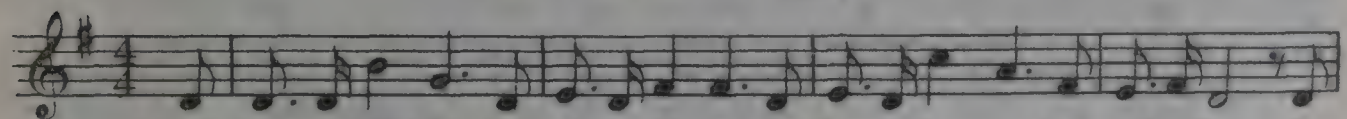


smoke goes up the chim-ney just the same, Just the same,

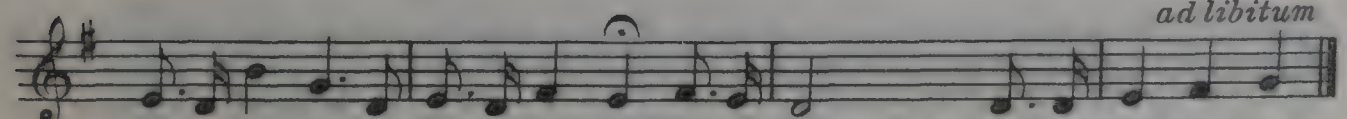


just the same, But the smoke goes up the chim-ney just the same.

Oh, Mrs. Shady



1. Oh, Mis-tress Shady, she is a la-dy, she has a daughter whom I a-dore, I



go to court her, I mean the daughter, Ev'ry Sunday afternoon at half-past four.

2. Monday. 4. Wednesday. 6. Friday.
3. Tuesday. 5. Thursday. 7. Saturday.

Levee Song

1. { Oh I was b^un in Mu-bile town, A wuk-kin on de lev-ee,
All day I roll de cot-ton down, A wuk-kin on de lev-ee.
2. { I use' to have a dawg name' Bill, A wuk-kin on de lev-ee,
He run a-way but I'm here still, A wuk-kin on de lev-ee.
3. { Dat li'l ole dawg set up and beg, A wuk-kin on de lev-ee,
Till I done gⁱve him chick-en leg, A wuk-kin on de lev-ee.

CHORUS

I've been wukkin' on de rail-road All de live-long day; I've been wukkin' on de

rail-road, To pass de time a - way. Doan yo' hyar de whis-tle blow-in',

Rise up so ear-ly in de mawn; Doan' yo' hyar de cap'n shout in: "Dinah blow yo' hawn!"

Taps

U.S. ARMY BUGLE CALL


1. Day is done, gone the sun, From the lake, from the hill,
2. Fad - ing light dims the sight, And a star gems the sky,
3. Dear one, rest. In the west Sa - ble night lulls the day
4. Love, sweet dreams! Lo the beams Of the light fai - ry moon

from the sky, All is well, Safe-ly rest, God is nigh.
gleam - ing bright, From a - far draw-ing nigh, falls the night.
on her b^reast; Sweet, good-night! Now a - way, To thy rest.
kiss the streams; Love, good-night! Ah, too soon! Peace - ful dreams.

My Bonnie


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COLLEGE SONG



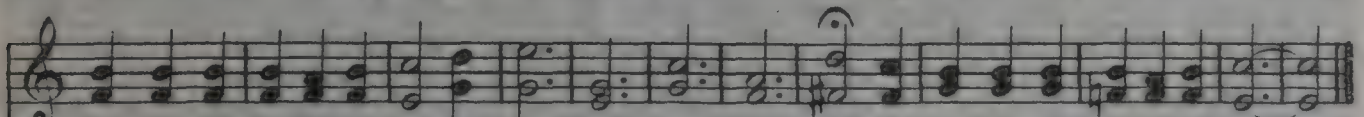
1. My Bon-nie is o-ver the o-cean, My Bon-nie is o-ver the sea, My Bon-nie is
 2. O blow, ye winds, o-ver the o-cean, And blow, ye winds, over the sea, O blow, ye winds,
 3. Last night as I lay on my pil-low, Last night as I lay on my bed, Last night as I
 4. The winds have blown over the ocean, The winds have blown over the sea, The winds have blown

CHORUS



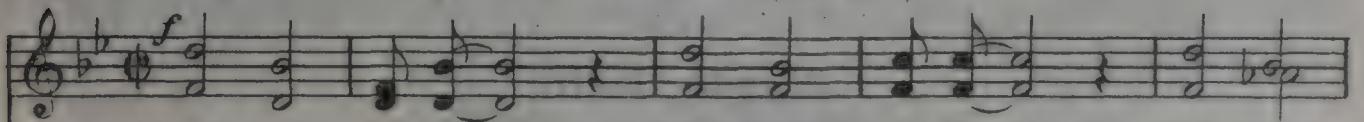
o-ver the o - cean, O bring back my Bonnie to me.
 o-ver the o - cean, And bring back my Bonnie to me.
 lay on my pil-low, I dream'd that my Bonnie was dead.
 o-ver the o - cean, And bro't back my Bonnie to me.

Bring back, bring back,




Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me; Bring back, bring back, O bring back my Bonnie to me.


Good-Night, Ladies



1. Good-night, la-dies! Good-night, la-dies! Good-night,
 2. Fare-well, la-dies! Fare-well, la-dies! Fare-well,
 3. Sweet dreams, la-dies! Sweet dreams, la-dies! Sweet dreams,



la-dies! We're going to leave you now. Mer-ri-ly we roll a-long,
 la-dies! We're going to leave you now. Mer-ri-ly we roll a-long,
 la-dies! We're going to leave you now. Mer-ri-ly we roll a-long,



roll a-long, roll a-long, Mer-ri-ly we roll a-long, O'er the dark blue sea.

Good-Bye, My Lover, Good-Bye

SOLO OR UNISON CHORUS SOLO

1. The ship is sail - ing down the bay, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye; We
1. My heart will ev - er-more be true, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye; Tho'
2. Then cheer up till we meet a - gain, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye; I'll
2. Tho' far I roam a-cross the sea, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye; My

CHORUS

may not meet for man-y a day, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye! By - low, my
now we sad - ly say a-dieu, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye! By - low, my
try to bear my wea-ry pain, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye! By - low, my
ev - 'ry thought of you shall be, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye! By - low, my

good-bye.

ba-by, By-low, my ba-by, By-low, my ba-by, Good-bye my lover, good-bye!
good-bye.

J. P. Jingle, Bells J. PIERPONT

CHORUS (Accompanied by jingling glasses)

Jin-gle, bells! jin-gle, bells! Jin-gle all the way! Oh, what fun it is to ride

In a one-horse o - pen sleigh! In a one-horse o - pen sleigh!

Ginger Ale

(Tune - "Jingle Bells")

Ginger ale, ginger ale, ginger all the time,
Oh! how the bubbles get up your nose
And make you feel so fine.
Ginger ale, ginger ale, ginger all the time,
Isn't it great to get on a spree
In the good old summer time?

Regular Folks

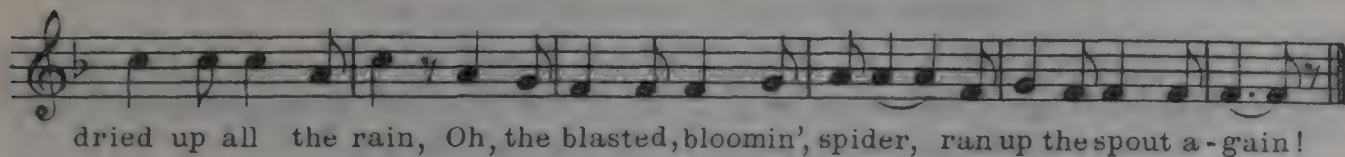
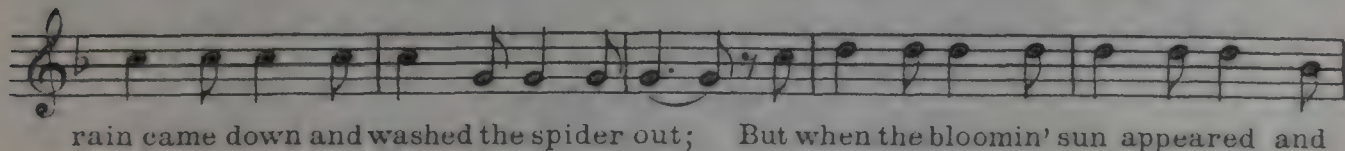
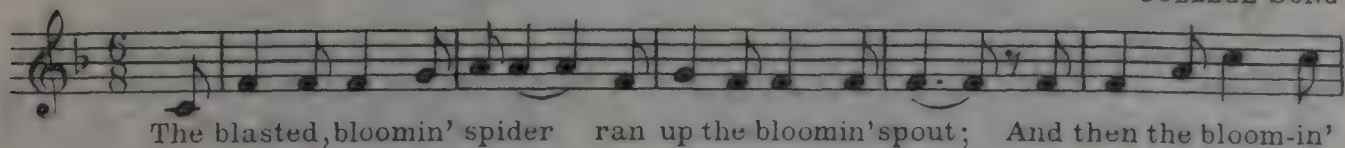
(Tune - "Jingle Bells")

We are Lions! We are Lions! Lions all the while,
Full of fun, every one, ready with a smile;
We are Lions! We are Lions!
Roaring all the while,
Regular folks, cracks and jokes,
Get on to our funny style.

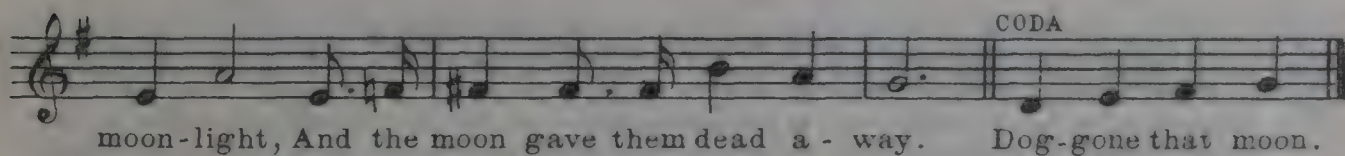
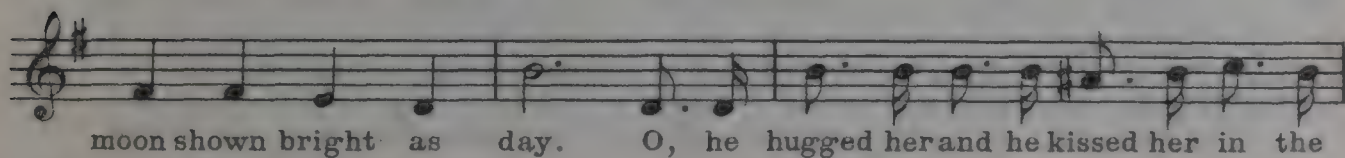
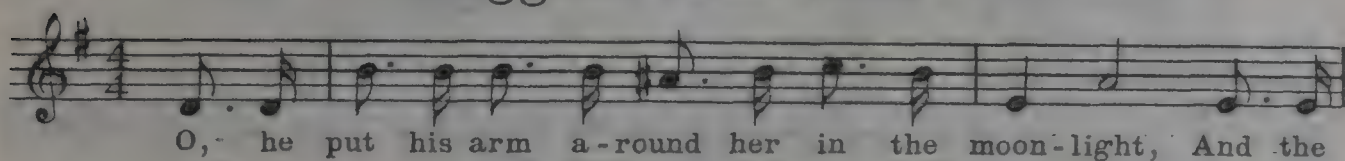
The Spider And The Spout

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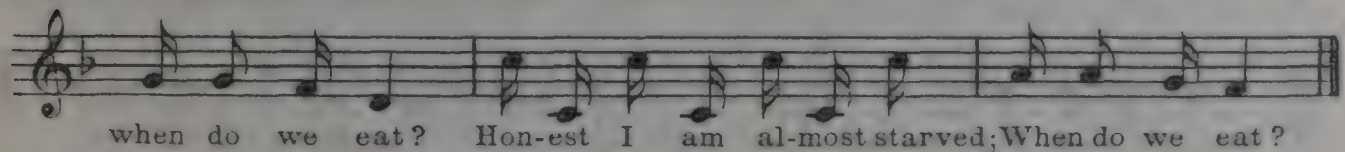
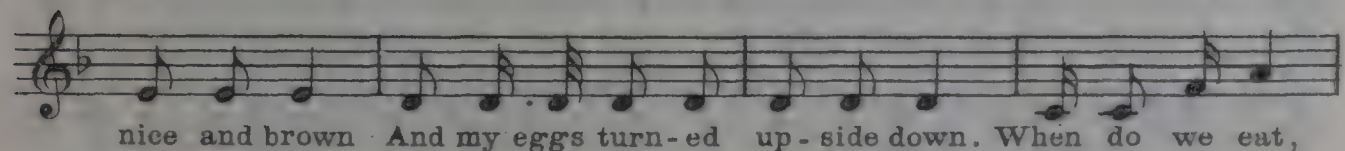
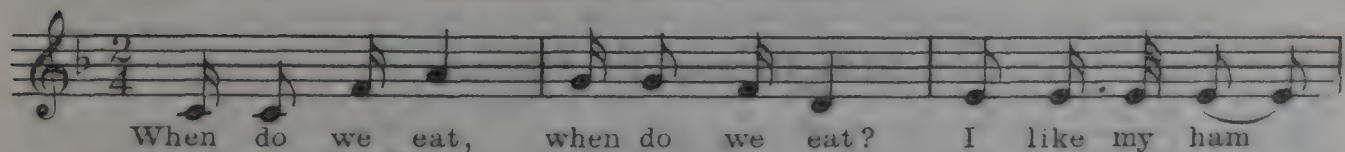
COLLEGE SONG



Doggone That Moon



When Do We Eat ?



*The man who thinks that he has reached the end
of his rope can still tie a knot and hang on.*

"Stunt" Songs

Welcome, Neighbor

Hello Speaker

Not too slowly



Wel-come, neigh-bor, how de do? We're mighty glad to meet with you.
Hel-lo, Speak-er, we're your friend, We'll stay with you un-til th'end.

O Me! O My!

(A TOAST)

(Substitute any name for the words "the speaker")

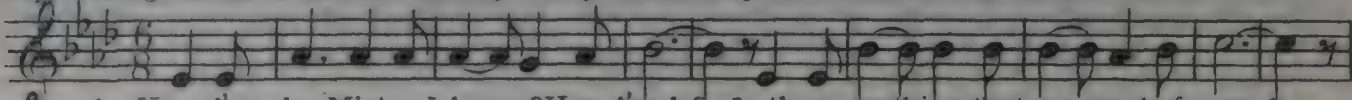


O me! O my! Well get there by and by. If anybody likes the speaker, It's I, I, I, I, I.
O my! O me! We're happy as can be. If anybody likes the speaker, It's me, me, me, me, me.

How D'ye Do

Laff It Off

(The first verse may be used at banquets by having various tables compete with one another in improvising words to suit the melody. Any name may be substituted for "Mister Johnson.")



1. How d'ye do Mister Johnson? How d'ye do? Is there anything that we can do for you?
2. If your bank roll is bent laff it off. When they call for the rent, laff it off.
3. If you feel on the bum, laff it off. If you're caught selling rum, laff it off.
4. If your hair is falling out laff it off. If your wife is getting stout, laff it off.
5. If you slip on a peel, laff it off. If you choke up on a meal, laff it off.



We will do it if we can, Well stand by you to a man How d'ye do Mister Johnson How d'ye do, How d'ye do
When a fellow borrows "ten" and you lend it to him then All you can do is whistle "till we meet again."
If your wife runs away, and they bring her back next day laff it off Yes my brother laff it off.
When the world looks black and blue,
Think of this because it's true, Graveyards are fill'd with guys who'd gladly change with you,
If the doctor says you're dead Never argue, keep your head Laff it off oh my brother laff it off change with you.
laff it off.

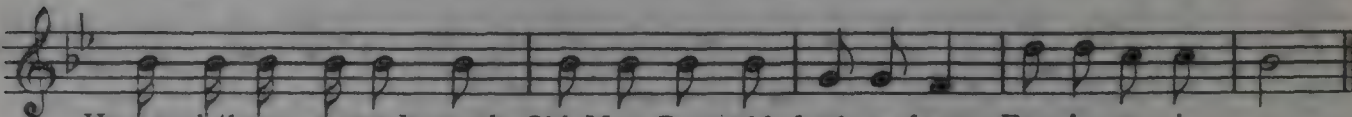
MacDonald's Farm



Old Mac Don-ald had a farm, Ee-i, ee-i - o, And on this farm he had a duck



Ee-i, ee-i - o, With a quack, quack here, and a quack, quack there, Here a quack, there a quack,



Here and there a quack, quack, Old Mac Don-ald had a farm, Ee-i, ee-i - o.

Continue indefinitely by using names and sounds of other animals. Do not overlook the Ford, with its "rattle" as a necessary farm adjunct.

The Mummy Song

Tune—"The Long, Long Trail"—Key of G.

It's a short, short life we live here
So let us give while we may
And a song for every moment
Of the whole bright day.

What's the use of looking gloomy,
Or what's the use of our tears,
When we know a Mummy's had no fun
For more'n Three Thousand Years.

What's the matter with — — — He's all right, — — — What's the matter with

— — — He's all right — — — He has a smile and he brings good cheer, And

we'll be happy while he is here, What's the matter with — — — He's all right. — — —

The Bells Of Hell

(Tap glass with knife for each ring-a-ling.)

The bells of Hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling For you and not for me. For me the an-gels
sing-a-ling-a-ling, For me and not for thee. O, death where is thy sting-a-ling-a-ling, Oh
grave, thy vic-to-ry? For the bells of Hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling, For you but not for me.

Stand Up (Tune "My Bonnie")

Stand up, stand up, stand up
Bill Jones stand up, stand up
(Repeat)

Sit down, sit down, sit down
Bill Jones sit down, sit down
(Repeat)

Here's To You (Tune "Boola Boola")

We are singing, praises ringing
Praises ringing we are singing
We will never find your equal
— — — — — here's to you.

The hard thing about making money last is making it first.

Note: All songs on this page are to be sung to the tune of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" given on page 29.

(A) John Brown's Body

John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in
the grave,
John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in
the grave,
John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in
the grave,
His soul goes marching on!

Chorus:

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
His soul is marching on.

The stars of heaven are looking kindly
down,
The stars of heaven are looking kindly
down,
The stars of heaven are looking kindly
down,
On the grave of old John Brown!

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of
the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of
the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of
the Lord,
His soul goes marching on!

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon
his back,
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon
his back,
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon
his back,
His soul is marching on.

(B) Greedy Nellie

Nellie ate some oysters,
Nellie ate some clams,
Nellie ate some marmalade,
Nellie ate some ham;
Nellie ate some Johnny cake,
Then she drank some beer,
And Nellie never knew
What made her feel so queer.
Up came the oysters,
Up came the clams,
Up came the marmalade,
Up came the ham,
Up came the Johnny cake,
Up came the beer,
Then Nellie knew what made her
Feel so queer.

(C) Lions' Club Smile

It isn't any trouble just to smile,
It isn't any trouble just to smile,
If ever you're in trouble
It will vanish like a bubble,
If you'll only take the trouble just to
s-m-i-l-e.

Other verses substituting following:

L-a-u-g-h.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

(Repeat last verse and instead of spell-
ing the word simulate a hearty "Ha, ha,
ha, ha, ha.")

(D) They Were Only Boost- ing Lions

One new member jumped right on an-
other new member's back,
And another new member jumped right
on another new member's back,
And that new member jumped right on
the other new member's back,
When the other new member jumped
right on the first new member's
back.

Chorus:

But they were only boosting Lions.
They were only boosting Lions.
They were only boosting Lions.
When one new member jumped upon an-
other new member's back.

(E) John Brown's Baby

John Brown's baby had a cold upon its
chest

(Repeat twice.)

And they rubbed it with camphorated oil.
Note.—Keep repeating, eliminating one
word each time and substituting as
follows:

"Baby"—Rocking motion.

"Cold"—Sneezing.

"Chest"—Indicating.

"Camphorated oil"—Making face.

(F) Leap Frog

One grasshopper jumped right over the
other grasshopper's back,
One grasshopper jumped right over the
other grasshopper's back,
One grasshopper jumped right over the
other grasshopper's back,
And the other grasshopper jumped right
over the other grasshopper's back.
They were only playing leap frog,
They were only playing leap frog,
They were only playing leap frog,
And the other grasshopper jumped right
over the other grasshopper's back.

*Past performances count, but not
as much as today's and tomorrow's.*

(A) Way Down Yonder in the Cornfield

Some folks say that a nigger won't steal,
Way down yonder in the cornfield,
But I found two in my cornfield,
Way down yonder in the cornfield,
One had a shovel and the other had a hoe,
Way down yonder in the cornfield,
If that ain't stealing, well I don't know,
Way down yonder in the cornfield,
There's a steamboat coming 'round the bend

Whoo——, Whoo——, Whoo——,
Way down yonder in the cornfield,
Everybody says that Lionism is all right,
All around the City of _____.

(B) The Old Family Toothbrush

Tune: "The Old Oaken Bucket" (Page 72)

The old family toothbrush, the old family toothbrush,
The old family toothbrush that hung by the sink,
First it was father's, then it was mother's,
Then it was sister's, and now it is mine.
The old family toothbrush, the old family toothbrush,
The old family toothbrush, that hung by the sink.

(C) Mary Had a William Goat

Mary had a William goat,
William goat, William goat,
Mary had a William goat,
'Twas lined inside with zinc.

Whoop-ti-doodle, doodle, do
Doodle do, doodle do;
Whoop-ti-doodle, doodle do,
'Twas lined inside with zinc.

It fed on nails and circus bills,
And relished hobble skirts.

One day it ate an oyster can
And a clothes-line full of shirts.

The shirts can do no harm inside,
But the oyster can.

The can was filled with dynamite,
Which Billy thought was cheese.
He rubbed against poor Mary's side
For the pain to ease.

A sudden flash of girl and goat,
And they no more were seen.

Mary's soul has gone to heaven,
But Billy's went—there, too.

(D) A Gymnastic Relief

After or during a long speaking program

Tune: "Till We Meet Again"

Smile awhile and give your face a rest,
(All smile)
Stretch awhile and ease your manly chest,
(Arms to side)
Reach your hands up toward the sky,
(Hands up)
While you watch them with your eye.
(Heads up)
Jump awhile, and shake a leg there sir!
(Jump lively)
Now step forward, backward—as you were.
(Step back and forth)
Then reach right out to someone near,
(Shake hands with your neighbor)
Shake his hand and smile.
(All smile)

(E) Ham and Eggs

Tune: "Tammany"

Leader: Ham and Eggs.
Echo: Ham and Eggs.
L: I like mine fried good and brown.
E: I like mine fried upside down.
L: Ham and Eggs.
E: Ham and Eggs.
L: Flip 'em.
E: Flop 'em.
L: Flip 'em.
E: Flop 'em.
All: Ham and Eggs.

(F) There Are No Flies on Us

Tune: "Ain't Gonna' Rain No Mo'"

There are no flies on us, on us,
There are no flies on us,
There may be flies
On some of you guys
But there are no flies on us.

(G) Where Has My Little Dog Gone?

Oh, where, oh, where has my little dog gone?

Oh, where, oh, where, can he be?
With his tail cut short and his ears cut long,

Oh, where, oh, where can he be?

(H) Ain't No Wives

Tune: "Ain't Gonna' Rain No Mo'"

There ain't no wives with us, with us,
There ain't no wives with us;
There may be wives with some of you guys,
But there ain't no wives with us.

(Everyone clap hands while singing this chorus.)

Don't worry—try thinking.


(A) That Wild Irish Nose

Tune: "Wild Irish Rose"

That Wild Irish Nose!
 It spoils my sweet repose,
 Pugnacious and grim
 It always butts in,
 That Wild Irish Nose!
 That Wild Irish Nose!
 You'll hear it when it blows;
 And some day for my sake,
 Prohibition will take
 The bloom from that Wild Irish Nose.

(B) She Had A—

Tune: "Ja Da"

She had a ——— She had a ———
 She had an artificial limb.
 She had a ——— She had a ———
 She had an artificial limb.
 And every time she danced with me,
 She had to stop and fix her
 She had a ——— She had a 
 She had an artificial limb.

(C) Ice Breaker Song

Tune: "Tipperary"

It's a good time to get acquainted,
 It's a good time to know
 Who is sitting close beside you
 And to smile and say Hell-O.
 Good-bye that lonesome feeling,
 Good-bye glassy stare,
 Here's my hand
 My name is (Shout your name)
 Now put your's right there.
 (Shake hands.)

(D) Dummy Dummy Line

There was a doctor by the name of Beck
 He fell in the well and broke his neck.
 It served him right, as you may own.
 He ought to tend the sick and leave the
 well alone.

Chorus:

On the dummy line, on the dummy line,
 Rain or shine, you pay your fine.
 Rain or shine, you pay your fine
 When ridin', ridin', ridin',
 On the dummy, dummy line.

Farmer Jones went out in a boat,
 The boat capsized and we threw him a
 rope.

Said Farmer Jones, "Well, I can't swim,
 But I'll be gosh darned if I'll be roped in."

I once had a girl down in Mobile,
 She had a face like a lemon-peel.
 She had a wart on the end of her chin,
 She said it was a dimple, but a dimple
 turns in.

A little boy coming home from school
 Saw a half dollar at the foot of a mule.
 He stooped down as sly as a mouse,
 Funeral next day at the little boy's house.

The engine stopped with a jerk and cough,
 The porter said, "Shall I brush you off."
 "No," says I, "you colored jay,
 I prefer to get off in the usual way."

(E) Waiter, Waiter

Tune: "Ja Da"

Waiter, waiter, waiter, won't you wait
 on me?
 Waiter, waiter, I'm as hungry as can be.
 Bring a little chicken or some other kind
 of fowl,
 I'm so blooming hungry I could eat a
 Turkish towel,
 Waiter, waiter, waiter, won't you wait
 on me?

(F) Sweet Ivory Soap

Tune: "Sweet Adeline"

Sweet Ivory Soap, You are the dope,
 You clean me so, Like Sapolio;
 In all my dreams, Your square face beams,
 You're the fragrance of my bath, Sweet
 Ivory Soap.

(G) Yes, We Wear Our Pajamas

Tune: "Yes, We Have No Bananas"

Yes, we wear our pajamas.
 In winter and springtime and fall
 We've short ones and long ones
 And right ones and wrong ones
 But summer style beats them all
 'Cause when hot nights get too many
 We don't wear any!!!
 But, Yes, We wear our pajamas,
 In winter and springtime and fall.

(H) Give Us a Speech

Tune: "Bridal Chorus from Lohengrin"

Give us a speech, make it a peach;
 Let it be brief, brother; let it be bright,
 But be a sport, and cut it short,
 Tomorrow I work—I must sleep some
 tonight.

(I) My Flannel ShirtTune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic"
(Page 29)

I used to wear my flannel night shirt
 when the nights were cold;
 I used to wear by pink pajamas, now
 they're getting old.
 So, often in the summer, and sometimes
 in the fall,
 I have to crawl between the sheets with
 nothing on at all.

(J) If

Tune: "Silver Threads Among the Gold"

If your hungry, you must eat,
 If you drink, you must be dry;
 If you sleep, you must be sleepy;
 If you don't breathe, you must die.
 —Parody by Will J. White.

(K) Piggy O'Neil

Tune: "Peggy O'Neil"

If she eats pie with her knife,
 That's Piggy O'Neil;
 Can't keep clean to save her life,
 That's Piggy O'Neil;
 You should hear her inhaling her soup,
 She makes music like having the croup,
 And when she eats noodles, she plays
 Yankee Doodle,
 For that's Piggy O'Neil.

Use This Page

For other "Stunt" songs used by your club.

*Genius is the infinite capacity for
taking pains, and sometimes, blames.*

Use This Page

For other "Stunt" songs used by your club.

*Knowledge and timber should not
be used until they are seasoned.*

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Rules Code of Ethics

To show my faith in the worthiness of my vocation by industrious application to the end that I may merit a reputation for quality of service.

To seek success and to demand all fair remuneration or profit as my just due, but to accept no profit or success at the price of my own self respect lost because of unfair advantage taken or because of questionable acts on my part.

To remember that in building up my business it is not necessary to tear down another's; to be loyal to my clients or customers and true to myself.

Whenever a doubt arises as to the right or ethics of my position or action towards my fellow men, to resolve such doubt against myself.

To hold friendship as an end and not a means. To hold that true friendship exists not on account of the service performed by one to another, but that true friendship demands nothing but accepts service in the spirit in which it is given.

Always to bear in mind my obligations as a citizen to my nation, my state and my community, and to give to them my unswerving loyalty in word, act and deed. To give them freely of my time, labor and means.

To aid my fellow men by giving my sympathy to those in distress, my aid to the weak, and my substance to the needy.

To be careful with my criticisms and liberal with my praise; to build up and not destroy.



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SONGS *for* LIONS

